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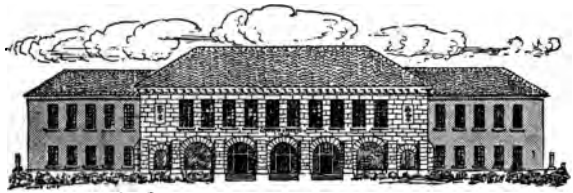
ELODIC THIRD READER

FREDERIC H. RIPLEY
THOMAS TAPPER

AMERICAN BOOK COMPANY



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Natural Music Course

MELODIC THIRD READER

BY

FREDERIC H. RIPLEY

PRINCIPAL OF THE LONGFELLOW SCHOOL, BOSTON

AND

THOMAS TAPPER

LECTURER ON MUSIC AT THE INSTITUTE OF MUSICAL ART
OF THE CITY OF NEW YORK

NEW YORK .·. CINCINNATI .·. CHICAGO

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MELODIC THIRD READER

W. P. 2

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FREEDOM.

JOHANN WOLFGANG VON GOETHE.
Translated by ELIZABETH M. TRAQUAIR.

CARL REINECKE.

Merrily and with full tone. *softly.*

1. A boy once caught a tom - tit gay, hm, hm, so, so. And
2. He laughed a - loud in sil - ly glee, hm, hm, so, so, Put
3. The bird flew high and sang for joy, hm, hm, so, so, And

f *p*

as at first. *softly.* *slower.*

in a cage he put his prey, hm, hm, so, so, hm, hm, so, so.
in his hand right clum-si-ly, hm, hm, so, so, hm, hm, so, so.
laughed to scorn the stu - pid boy, hm, hm, so, so, hm, hm, so, so.

f *p* *poco rit.*

(8)

Mel. Third Rd.

SUNBEAMS.

MILDRED TRAVERS ANDERSON. DANIEL PROTHEROE.

mf

1. Ev'r - y pret - ty morn - ing,
2. They are bits of sun - shine,
3. 'Tis be-cause the sun - beams

Moderato allegretto.

p

When the sun is high, Ti - ny lit - tle sun-beams Come from out the sky,
And they dance all day, But you ne'er can catch them, For they flit a - way.
At the close of day Go to make the sun - sets, And then fade a - way.

p

THE PRIMROSE.

AGNES GODFREY GAY. CÉSAR MALAN.

1. From hill - side, field and hol - low The win - ter snows have fled,
2. Oh, pret - ty yel - low prim - rose, First her - ald of the spring,

The sil - ver brook runs bab - bling, Blue skies are o - ver - head;
You tell us, bright-eyed flow'r - et, The cold has tak - en wing;

The south wind calls the rob - in, The lark sings from the sky,
And from your gold - en gob - let Up - turned to catch the sun,

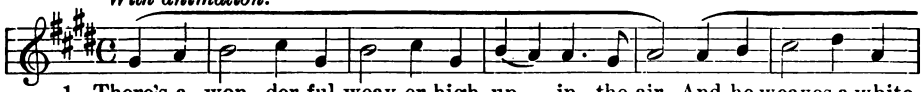
And where the sun lies warm - est There blooms the prim - rose sky.
With sound of bus - y dron - ing, The bees sip, one by one.

Mel. Third Rd.

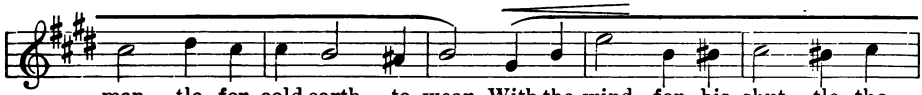
THE WONDERFUL WEAVER.

W. C. Levey.

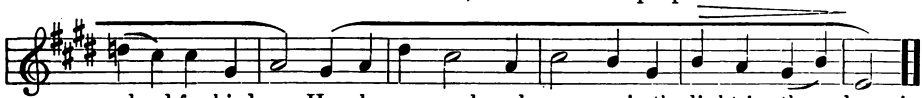
With animation.



1. There's a won - der-ful weav-er high up in the air, And he weaves a white
2. Oh! with fin - est of la - ces he decks bush and tree: On the bare, flint-y
3. But this won - der-ful weav-er grows wea-ry at last; And the shut-tle lies



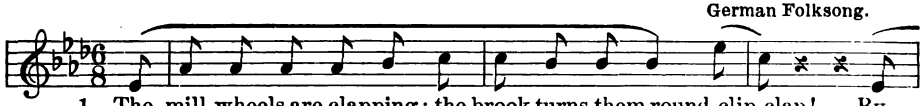
man - tle for cold earth to wear. With the wind for his shut - tle, the
mead - ows a cov - er lays he. Then a quaint cap he pla - ces on
i - dle that once flew so fast, Then the sun peeps a - broad on the



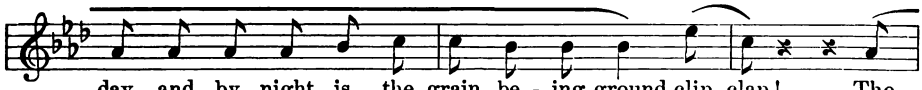
cloud for his loom, How he weaves, how he weaves, in the light, in the gloom!
pil - lar and post, And he chan-ges the pump to a grim, si - lent ghost!
work that is done; And he smiles, "I'll un-rav - el it all, just for fun!"

THE MILL WHEEL.

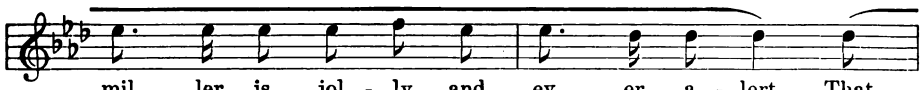
German Folksong.



1. The mill wheels are clapping; the brook turns them round, clip, clap! By
2. How bus - y the wheels are in turn - ing the stone, clip, clap! And



day and by night is the grain be - ing ground, clip, clap! The
grind - ing so fine - ly the grain we have grown, clip, clap! The



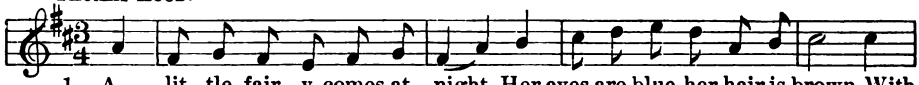
mil - ler is jol - ly and ev - er a - lert, That
bak - er the flour for the bak - ing will use, And

we may have bread and be glad like a bird, clip, clap, clip, clap, clip, clap!
make us a roll or a cake if we choose, clip, clap, clip, clap, clip, clap!

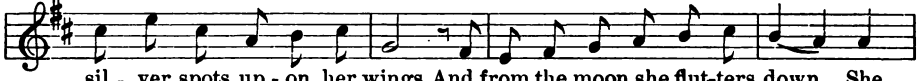
Mel. Third Rd.

QUEEN MAB.

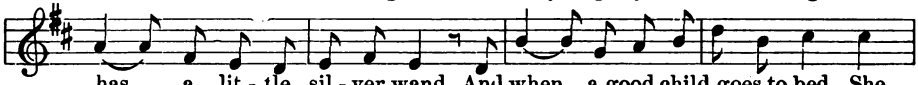
THOMAS HOOD.



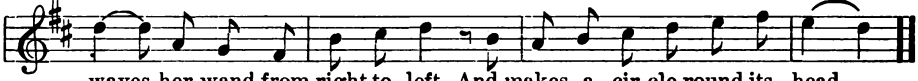
1. A lit - tle fair - y comes at night, Her eyes are blue, her hair is brown, With
2. But when a bad child goes to bed, From left to right she weaves her rings, And



sil - ver spots up - on her wings, And from the moon she flut-ters down. She
then it dreams all thro' the night Of on - ly ug - ly, hor - rid things! This



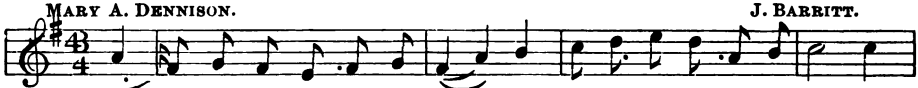
has a lit - tle sil - ver wand, And when a good child goes to bed She
child will then a-wake and weep, And wish the long, black gloom away: But



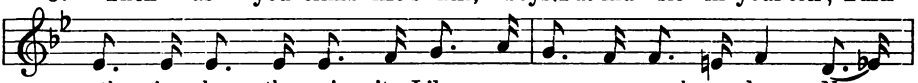
waves her wand from right to left, And makes a cir-cle round its head. .
good ones love the dark, and find The night as pleas-ant as the day. .

WHISTLE THEM AWAY.

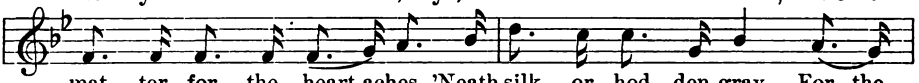
MARY A. DENNISON. J. BARRITT.



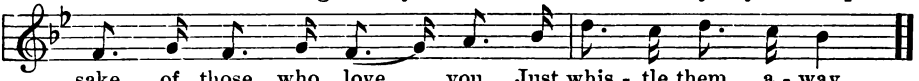
1. Have you a - ny pet - ty cares, boys? Whis-tle them a-way, There's
2. 'Tis strange how soon friends gath - er A - bout a cheer-ful face; That
3. Then as you climb life's hill, boys. Put mu - sic in your toil; Turn



noth - ing cheers the spir - its Like a mer - ry round - e - lay. No .
smil - ing eyes and lips count more Than beau-ty, wealth, or grace; But
to your trai - tor tri - als, boys, A whis - tle for a foil; Be .



mat - ter for the heart-aches, 'Neath silk or hod - den gray, For the
I have seen it tried, boys, When trou - ble comes to stay, The
stead - fast in the right, boys, What-e'er the world may say, Temp -

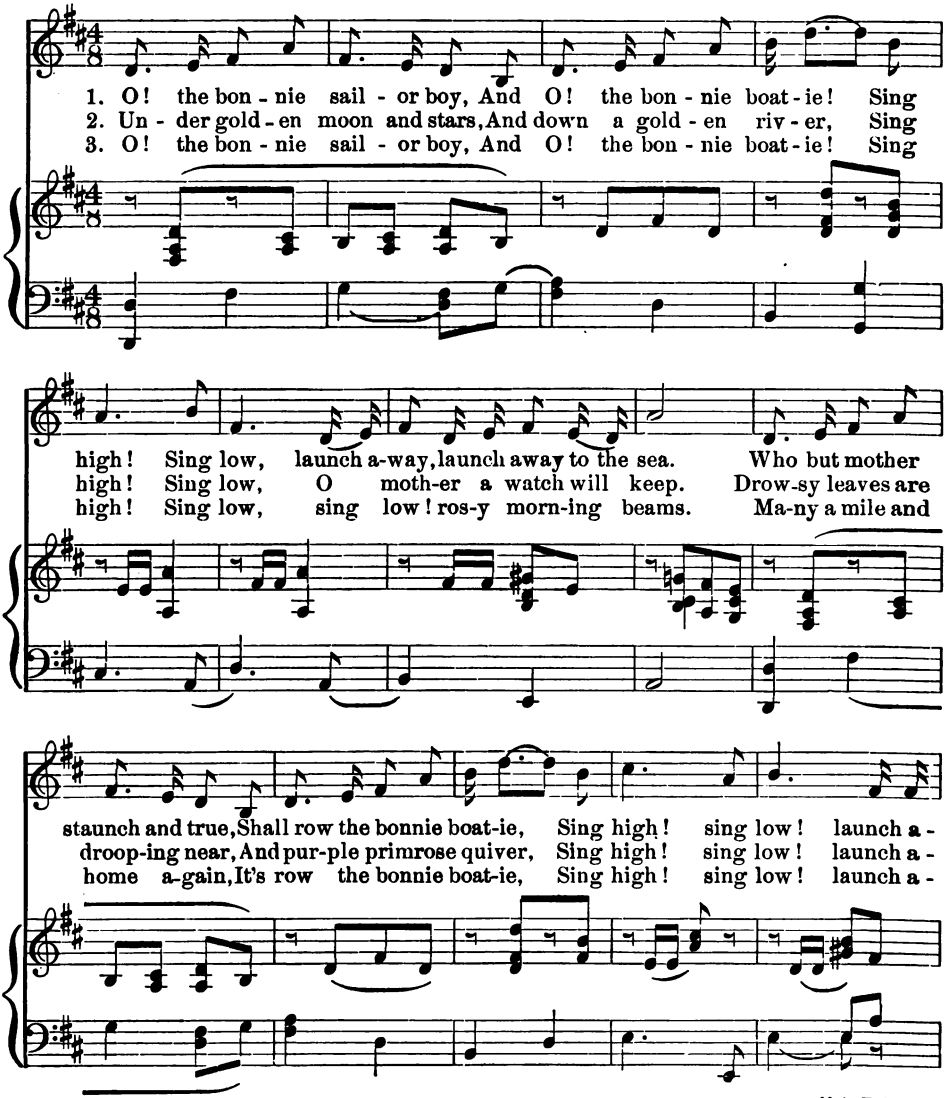


sake of those who love . you, Just whis - tle them a - way.
brave heart leaps to work, and strives To whis - tle it a - way.
ta - tions nev - er con - quer those Who whis - tle them a - way.

Mel. Third Rd.

O! THE BONNIE SAILOR BOY.

W. W. GILCHRIST.



Mel. Third Rd.

way, launch a-way to the sea. Sail - ing to the lil - y land
way, launch a-way to the sea. Drop the an - chor soft - ly in the
way, launch a-way to the sea. Moth - er clasps her sail - or from the

Ped.

where the love-ly dreams may be, Sing high! sing low! sing high! sing low! And
qui - et, qui - et cave of sleep, Sing high! sing low! sing high! sing low! And
pret - ty, pret-ty port of dreams, Sing high! sing low! sing high! sing low! And

O! the bon-nie, bon-nie boat - ie, And O! the bon-nie, bon-nie boat - ie.

THERE WAS A PIPER.

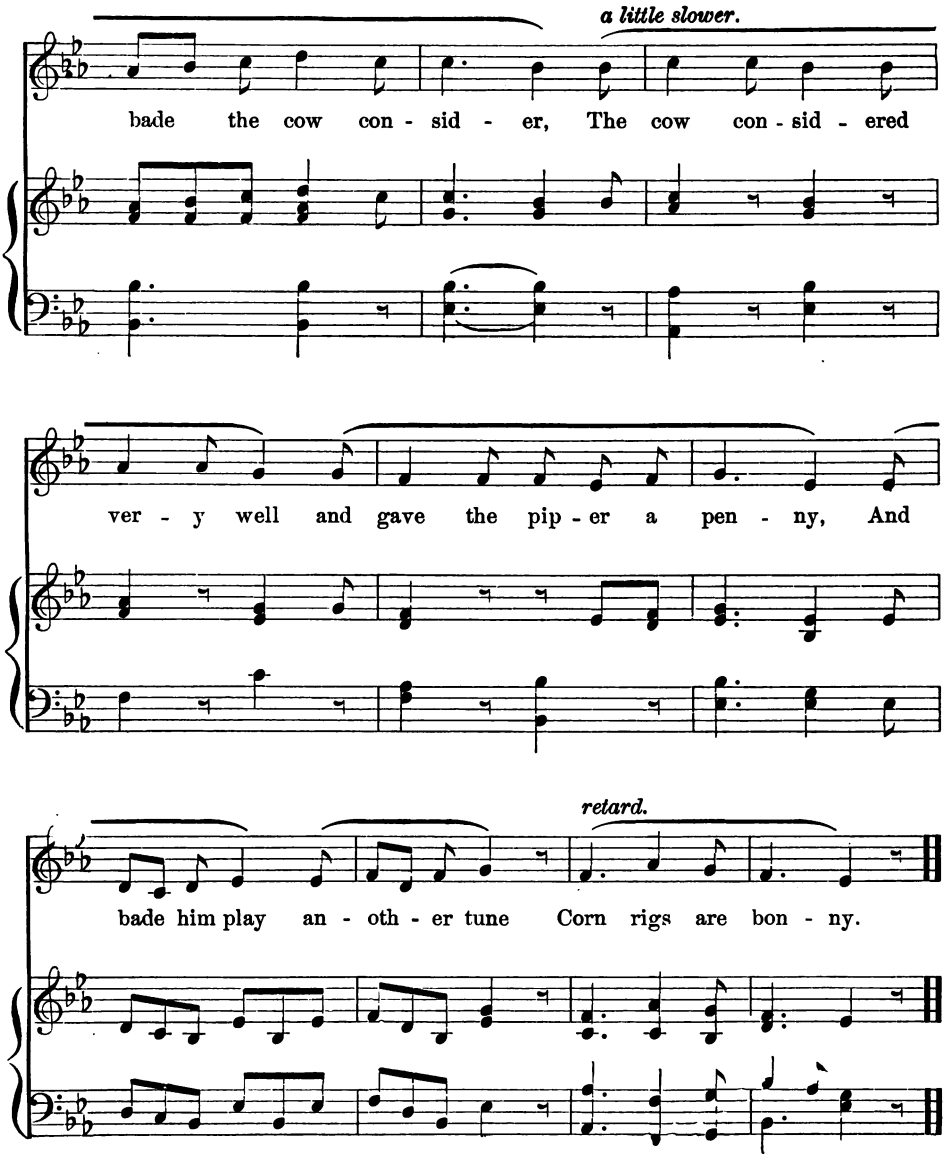
Mother Goose.

Quietly.

There was a pip - er had a cow, and he had naught to

merrily.

give her, He pulled out his pipes and played her a tune and


a little slower.
bade the cow con - sid - er, The cow con - sid - ered
ver - y well and gave the pip - er a pen - ny, And
retard.
bade him play an - oth - er tune Corn rigs are bon - ny.

HOW THE DREAMS COME.

HARRIET FAIRCHILD BLODGETT. MARGARET RUTHVEN LANG.

Slowly. *softly.*

1. O

mf *mp*

Ped. *Ped.*

how do the lit - tle dreams come down From Slum - ber Town, from
long . the Sea of twi - light gray, The mist - y way, the
this . is how the dreams come down From Slum - ber Town, from

mp

louder.

Shad-ow Town? How do the lit - tle dreams come down To meet you at the
sleep - y way,— O - ver the Sea of Twi - light gray The lit - tle dreams must
Shad-ow Town,— And this is how the dreams come down, Lest they should be too

cres.

gate? . . Of pop - py leaves they make a boat To glide and float, to
go; . . .While bat-wings fan the snow - y sail, Lest breez - es fail, lest
late; . . A-cross the dew - y Twi- light Sea, With sails set free, with

mf

louder.

glide and float; They make of pop - py leaves a boat, Lest
breez - es fail,—While bat - wings fan the snow - y sail,— And
sails set free, A - cross the stretch of Twi - light Sea, To

cres.

retard.

1 & 2 *3*

they should be too late. . . 2. A -
crick - ets pipe: "Heave, ho!" . 3. And
meet you at the gate. . .

8ve..... *8ve.....*

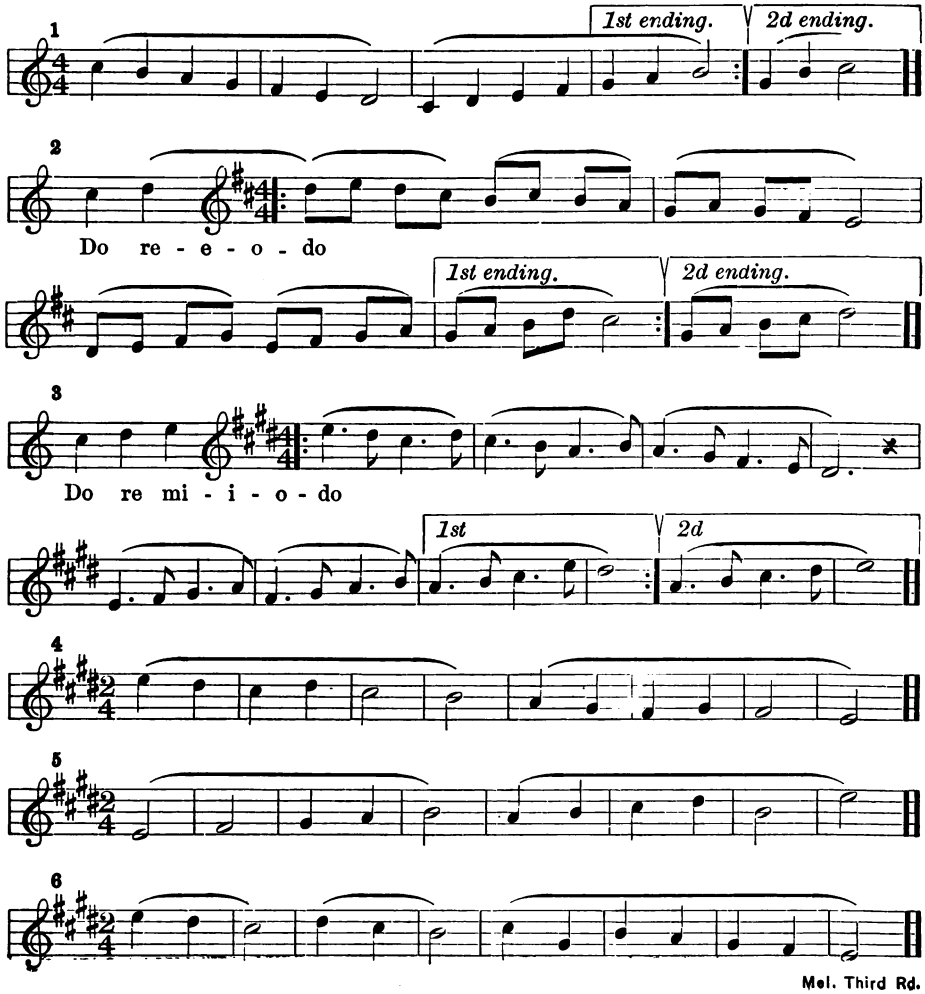
rit.

Ped. * *Ped.* * *Ped.* *

Simple Scale Studies.

These studies are for review and for individual singing. The scale should be written on the blackboard and practice given in singing the intervals contained in the study, before the study is taken. Be careful to mark the meter correctly.

The Scale in different positions on the staff; to be memorized and used in teaching rhythm.



Mel. Third Rd.

THE WIND.

W. VERE MINGARD.

Softly.

1. The wind is soft - ly sigh - ing A sweet and dream - y song,
2. The dark - some night will bring thee A ho - ly peace - ful calm,

louder. *as at first.*

. . My heart beats to its mu - sic In meas-ure strange and long.
. For I will soothe thy slum - bers With mu-sic's hal-low'd charm.

Melody for Sight Reading.

JOSEPH HAYDN.

OVER THE WAY.

Happily.

1. Out of the win - dow, o - ver the way, Saw I a cob - bler mending to - day;
2. Out of the win - dow, o - ver the way, Saw I a tai - lor sew-ing to - day;
3. Out of the win - dow, o - ver the way, Saw I the chil - dren in school to - day;
4. Out of the win - dow, o - ver the way, Soon will be clos - ing the gates of the day,

Thump went the hammer on Sallie's shoe, "Hump," said the cobbler, "I guess you will do."
How did he do it? Why to and fro, Ran his great nee - dle thro' the cloth, so.
What were they doing? Why, don't you know? Writing straight letters on pages of snow.
Then will the chil-dren in robes of white, Sleepily murmer, "Good-night, all, good-night."

THE SPARROW.

FLORENCE HOARE.

1. The yel-low fields are shin - ing, Be-neath the morn-ing blue; . . A
2. If e'en in days of sor - row, Our hearts for-get to sing, . . Your

A - wake! ye
Your voi - ces

wake! ye dream-ing bird - ies, The day hath need of you. . . With
voi - ces, blithe and cheer - ly, A les - son good shall bring. . . With

dream - - - ing bird - ies, The day . . . . hath need of you.
blithe . . . . and cheer - ly, A les - - - son good shall bring.

sweet, sweet, sweet, And tweet, tweet, tweet, Go meet the laugh-ing sky. . .
sweet, sweet, sweet, And tweet, tweet, tweet, In rain or shine we fly. . .

A Study for Two Voices.

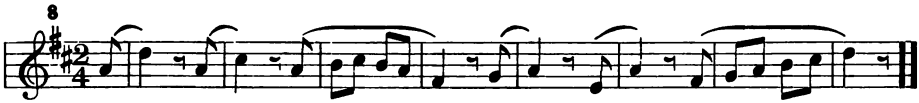
7

Mel. Third Rd.

Studies in Rhythm.

These melodies are full of movement. They are, in fact, little songs without words. Sing freely, marking the meter correctly and giving the proper accents.

8



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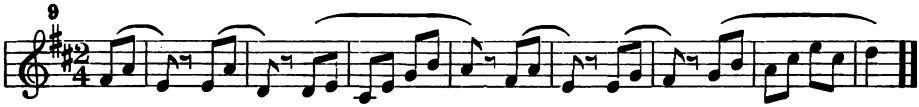
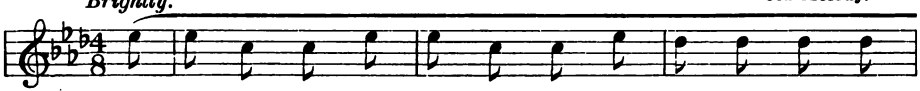
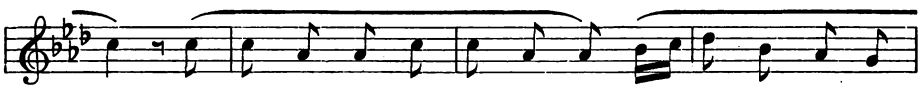


THE ROBIN'S SONG.

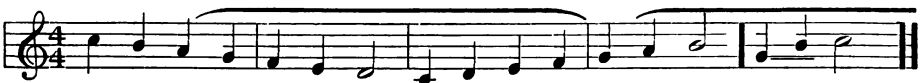
Brightly. Old Melody.



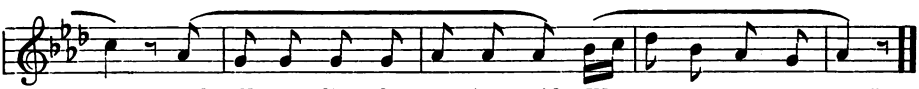
1. Two rob - in red-breasts, in a nest, Had lit - tle rob - ins
2. One day the sun was warm and bright, All shin - ing in the
3. I know some lit - tle boys and girls, And oft it makes me



three, The moth - er bird sat still at home, Her mate sang mer - ri -
sky: The moth - er said, "My lit - tle ones, 'Tis time that you should
sigh, Who, when they're told do this, or that, In - quire "What for?" or



ly: And all the lit - tle rob - ins said, "Wee, wee, wee, wee, wee,
fly;" And all the lit - tle rob - ins said, "I'll try, I'll try, I'll
"Why?" Oh, how much bet - ter if they'd say, "I'll try, I'll try, I'll



wee," And all the lit - tle rob - ins said, "Wee wee, wee wee, wee wee."
try," And all the lit - tle rob - ins said, "I'll try, I'll try, I'll try."
try!" Oh, how much bet - ter if they'd say, "I'll try, I'll try, I'll try!"

THE WIND'S SECRET.

ALISON DENE. GEORGE F. VINCENT.

Slowly.

1. I played in the orchard this bright sunny morning, And
2. The happy flowers bent in the sunlight to listen, The

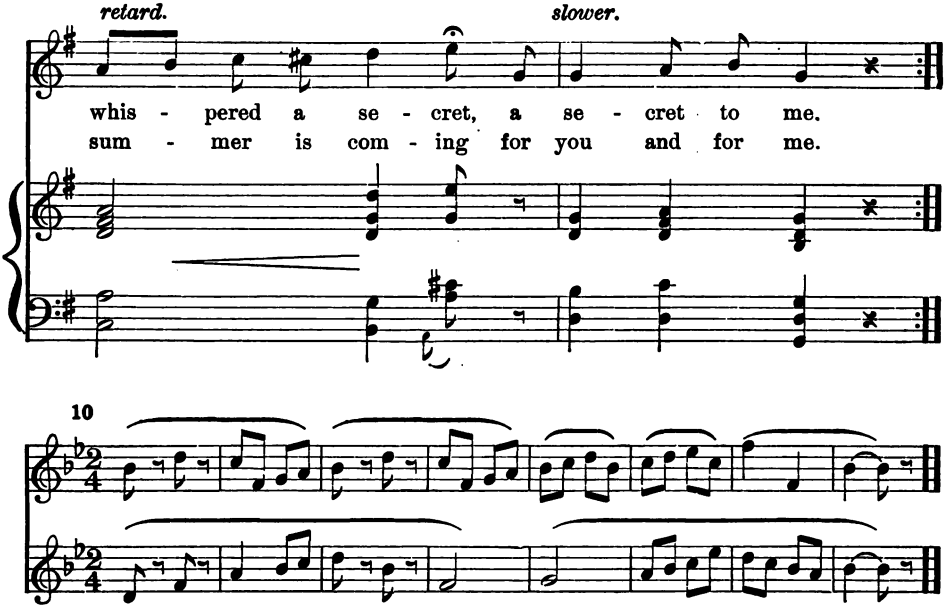
FINE.

p

soft . . came the breeze from the fair sun - lit sea. It
lit - tle birds paused in their song on the tree; For

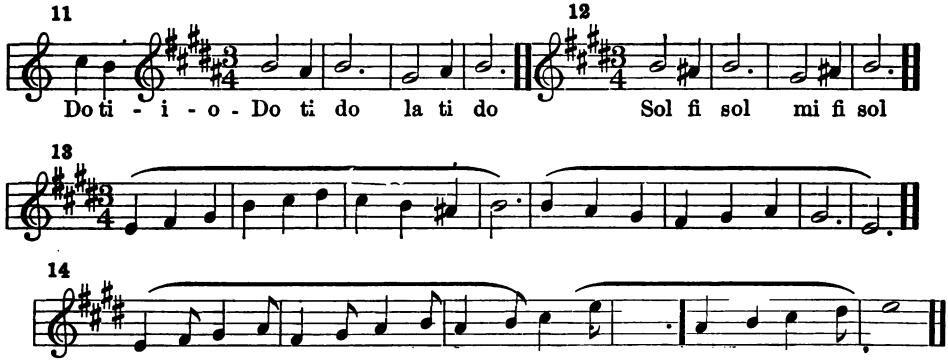
A little faster.

danced with the lit - tle birds, all through the gar - den, And
this was the beau - ti - ful se - cret it whis - pered, The



Study of Fi.

Sol fi sol and Mi fi sol sound like Do ti do and La ti do respectively. These melodies include these tones. Study the key to the melodies, then practice them till the tone relations are perfectly familiar.



SUPPOSE.

W. W. GILCHRIST.

1. Sup - pose a lit - tle cow - slip Should
2. Sup - pose a glis-t'ning dew - drop, Up -
3. Sup - pose the lit - tle breez - es, Up -

Allegro grazioso.

Ped.

hide its gold - en head; And say "I'm such a ti - ny flow'r, I'd
on the grass should say, "What can a lit - tle dew-drop do, I'd
on a sum-mer's day, Should think themselves too small to cool The

bet - ter far, be dead, I'd bet - ter far be dead." How
bet - ter roll, a - way, I'd bet - ter roll a - way." The
trav-'ler on his way, To cool the trav - 'ler on his way. Who

pp

ma - ny a wea - ry trav - 'ler Would miss its fra-grant smell, . How
blade on which it rest - ed Be - fore the day was done . . With-
would not miss the small - est, The soft - est ones that blow . . And

many a lit - tle child would grieve To loose it from the dell. . . . .
out a drop to mois - ten it, Would with - er in the sun. . . . .
think they made a great mis - take, If they were talk - ing so. . . . . .

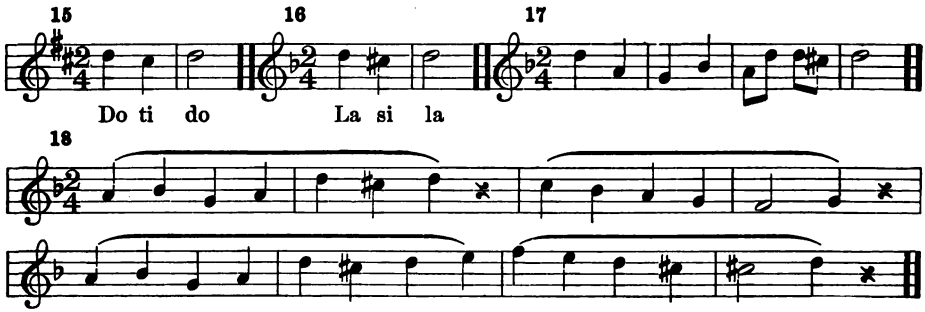
Last.

pp

Ped.

The Minor Scale.

The scale from Do to Do is called the major scale. The scale written below from La to La is the minor scale. Do ti do sounds like La si la. This melody is founded on the minor scale. Write the minor scale on the board and practice the intervals. Then practice the melody until it is fully mastered.



DREAM-BABY.

E. Thatcher. German Folksong.

Slowly and softly.

1. Now, my ba - by, now! Peace is on thy brow.
2. There, my dar - ling, there! Sweet the even - ing air.

Peace the stars shed down on thee; Soft the peace en - fold - eth thee.
Soft the breeze comes o'er the plain, Swing - ing blue-bells aft - er rain.

Louder.

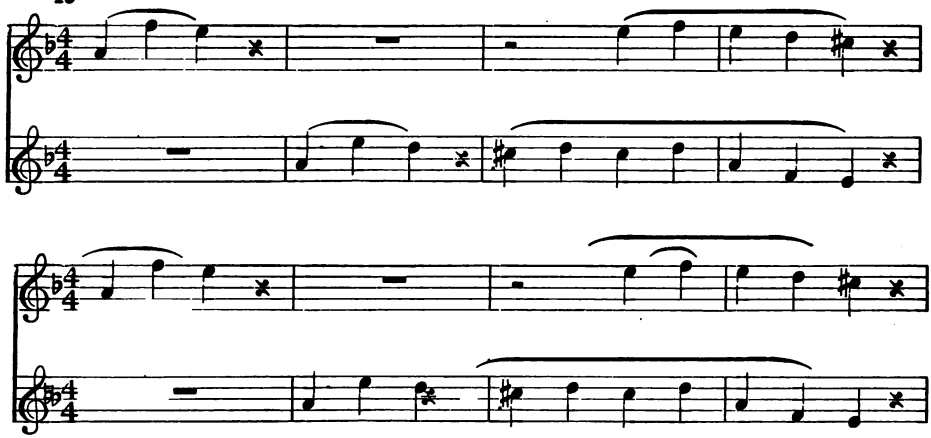
What those twin-ing bands shall sev - er, What this heart can trou - ble ev - er?
Who those fair - y bells is ring - ing, Who comes tramping, call - ing, sing-ing?

A little slower. *Very softly.*

While I watch that star - lit brow, Now, my ba - by, now!
Shall he find a jew - el rare? There, my ba - by, there!

Mel. Third Rd.

19



DAY NOW IS DYING.

W. VERE MINGARD.

Quickly.

1. Day now is dy - ing, Sol sinks to rest, . . .
2. Life is a riv - er, on - ward it flows, . . .

Birds now are fly - ing home to their nest. .
Mys - tic lights quiv - er as . on it goes. .

WHAT THE FLOWER DID.

A. HARTMANN.

Cheerily.

1. Came a fair - y small and dain - ty, In the gold - en sun - set hour,
2. "Lit - tle flow'r, now tell me tru - ly, Dew and sun-shine o'er you fell,
3. "All day long," the flow'r-et an-swered, "I have spread my pet - als fair;
4. Then the fair - y smiled, re - ply - ing, In the gold - en sun - set hour—

With her wand so light and air - y Touched a love - ly blooming flow'r;
Have you used these treasures rightly, Lit - tle flow'r, I pray you tell?
All day long I scat - tered per-fume, Now it greets you ev-'ry-where;
"You have well ful - filled your du-ty, Sleep in peace, my lit - tle flow'r!

With her wand so light and air - y Touched a love - ly blooming flow'r.
Have you used these treas-ures right-ly, Lit - tle flow'r, I pray you tell?"
All day long I scat-tered per-fume, Now it greets you ev'r-y-where."
You have well ful - filled your du - ty, Sleep in peace, my lit - tle flow'r!"

f

Mel. Third Rd.

THREE ANGELS WERE SINGING.

CARL REINECKE.
(After a Folksong)

Slowly.

1. Three an - gels were sing - ing such a won - der - ful song, That sweet-ly it re-sound - ed the Heav - ens a - mong.
2. O hap - py and bless - ed are the an - gels a - bove; Their days are ev - er glad, and their hearts full of love.

p

dolce.

THE FAIRY DELL.

E. OXENFORD. FRANZ ABT.

Cheerfully.

1. In yon-der dell the fair-ies dwell, And sport the hours a - way; No
2. And when the moon has ris - en, soon Up - on the sward they dance; And

hand can harm, or break the charm That guards the gen - tle fay! That
in a ring they sweet - ly sing, Their rev - els to en - hance, Their

louder.

softly.

guards the gen - tle fay. Ding, dong, ding, dong, dell! Ring they the heath-er
rev - els to en - hance.

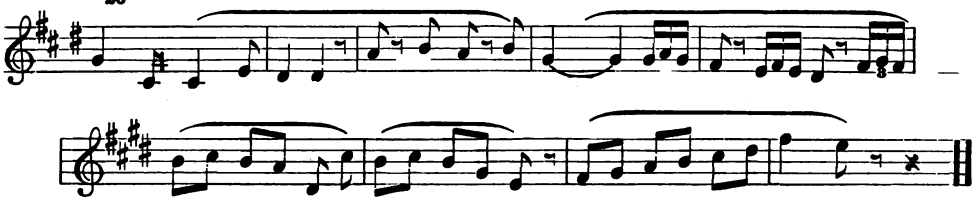
bell! Ding, dong, ding, dong, ding, dong, dell! Ring they the heath-er bell!

Mel. Third Rd.

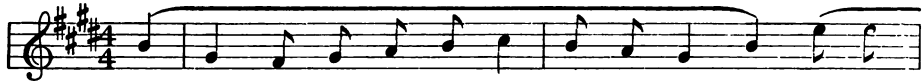
The Divided Beat.

Studies presenting two tones to the beat. The intervals may be studied from the board.

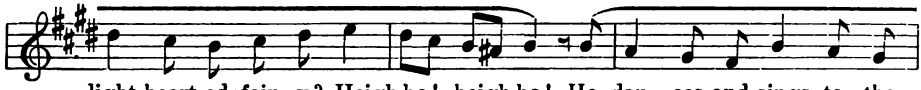
20



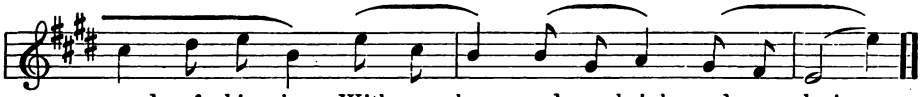
THE FAIRY.



1. O who is so mer - ry, so mer - ry, heigh ho! As the
2. O who is so mer - ry, so mer - ry, heigh ho! As the
3. O who is so mer - ry, so mer - ry, heigh ho! As the

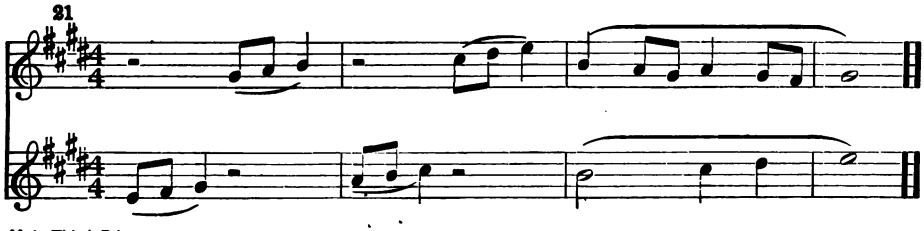


light-heart-ed fair - y? Heigh ho! heigh ho! He dan - ces and sings to the
light-heart-ed fair - y? Heigh ho! neigh ho! His nec - tar he sips from the
light-heart-ed fair - y? Heigh ho! heigh ho! The night is his noon, and his



sound of his wings, With a hey, and a heigh, and a ho! . .
ros - es' sweet lips, With a hey, and a heigh, and a ho! . .
sun is the moon With a hey, and a heigh, and a ho! . .

21



MUSIC ON THE LAKE.

V. WALLACE.

1. Hark! o'er the wa - ters the mu - sic is steal - ing, Each fall - ing
2. Ech - o a - wakes from her dream with much sigh - ing, Each murm'ring

ca - dence is trem - bling with feel - ing! Gon - do - lier lin - ger!
Zeph - yr with rap - ture is dy - ing! Gon - do - lier lin - ger!

Those sounds of glad - ness, Chase from our mem - o - ry dark thoughts of sad - ness.

THE MOON.

A. J. FOXWELL.

Brightly.

1. Ra - diant Queen of star - ry night, Soft - ly shed thy sil - ver light!
2. Let Thy mild and cheer - ing ray Guide the wea - ry wan - d'rer's way;
3. Sha - dows dance with - in the grove, Where the mid - night zeph - yrs rove;

dim.

Louder. *slower.*

Robed in splen - dor sweet - ly shine, Like a beam of love di - vine.
Suc - cor kind - ly all who roam, Lead the trav - 'ler safe - ly home.
Like the flash - ing dia - mond's glow, Waves are spark - ling as they flow.

slower.

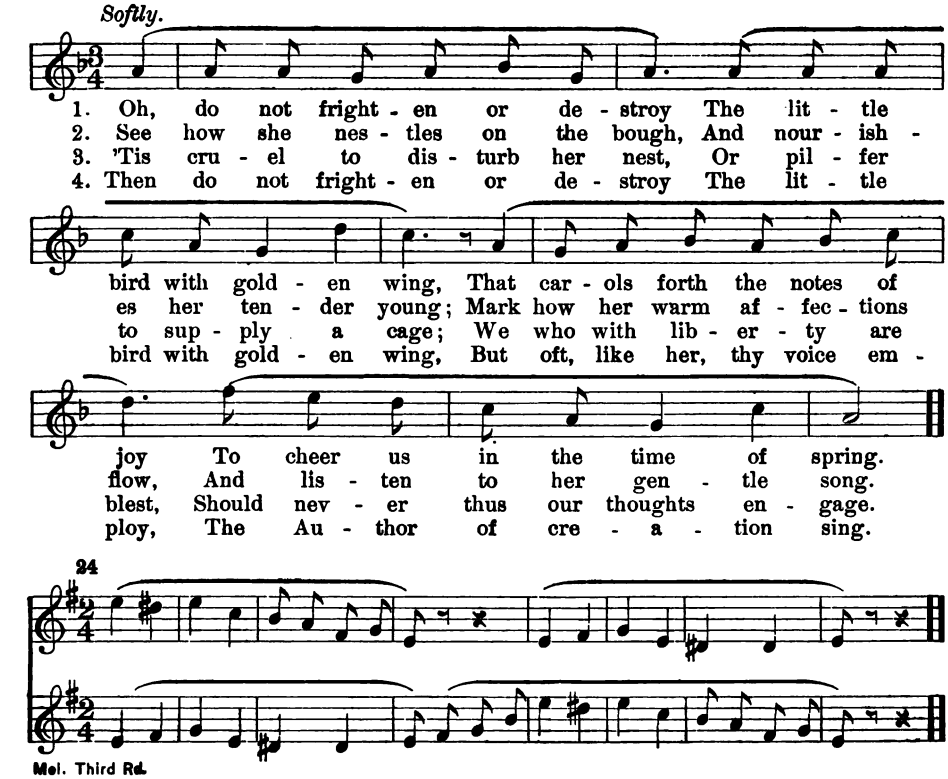
Mel. Third Rd.

Sharps from Above and Return.

BIRD DAY SONG.

Softly.

1. Oh, do not fright - en or de - stroy The lit - tle bird with gold - en wing, That car - ols forth the notes of joy To cheer us in the time of spring.
2. See how she nes - tles on the bough, And nour - ish - es her ten - der young; Mark how her warm af - fec - tions flow, And lis - ten to her gen - tle song.
3. 'Tis cru - el to dis - turb her nest, Or pil - fer to sup - ply a cage; We who with lib - er - ty are blest, Should nev - er thus our thoughts en - gage.
4. Then do not fright - en or de - stroy The lit - tle bird with gold - en wing, But oft, like her, thy voice em - ploy, The Au - thor of cre - a - tion sing.



Mel. Third Rd.

THE LITTLE LEAVES.

GEORGE COOPER. W. GANZ.

Quickly.

1. "We must go," sighed lit - tle Ru - by, Or - ange, To - paz, Gar-net, Gold;
2. From the branch-es down they flut - tered, Like a rain-bow scat-tered wide;
3. But when skies of drear No - vem - ber Frowned up - on their wild de - light,

slower.

"For the chil - ly breeze is call - ing, And the year is grow - ing old.
And the old tree looked so lone - ly, That was once the wood-land's pride.
All the lit - tle leaves grew wea - ry, And they wan - dered back one night;

Good - by, qui - et, sun - ny mead-ows, That we nev - er more shall see;
But the wind came wild - ly pip - ing, And they danced a - way with glee.
And they nes - tled in a hol - low At the foot of the old tree,

Good - by, wind - ing brooks of sil - ver, Snow - y lambs and dear old tree,
Ru - by, To - paz, Gar - net, Or - ange, Soon for - got the lone old tree,
Sigh - ing: "All the long white win - ter We shall now so qui - et be

slower.

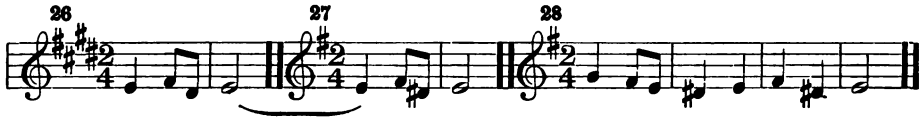
Dear old lov - ing moth - er - tree, Dear old lov - ing moth - er-tree."
Lone but lov - ing moth - er - tree, Lone but dear old moth - er-tree.
Near our dear old moth - er - tree, Near our dear old moth - er-tree."

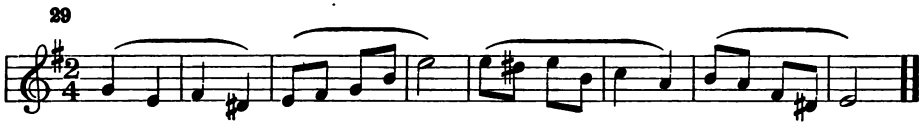
25

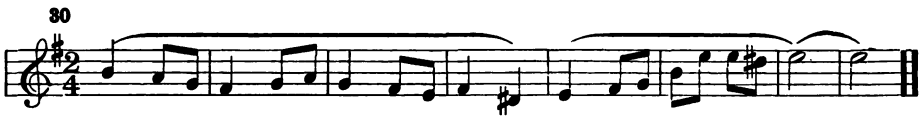
Mel. Third Rd.

Minor Scales Studies.

Study the key transition until Si becomes perfectly familiar. Practice the intervals in the melody from the scale on the board; repeat the melodies until the effect is completely mastered.

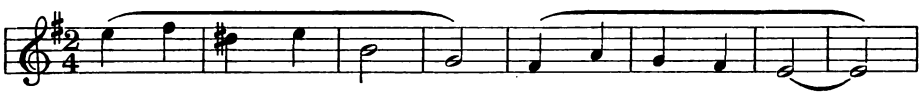




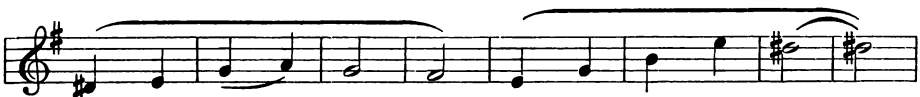


THE DEER.

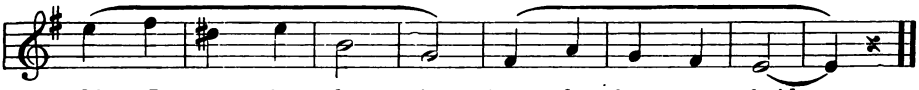
A. J. Foxwell.



1. Thro' the wood-lands yon - der How I love to roam! .
2. They, with foot-steps fleet - ing, Has - ten from the place! .



There the deer . wan - der In their leaf - y home, .
To the depths re - treat - ing From a hu - man face. . .



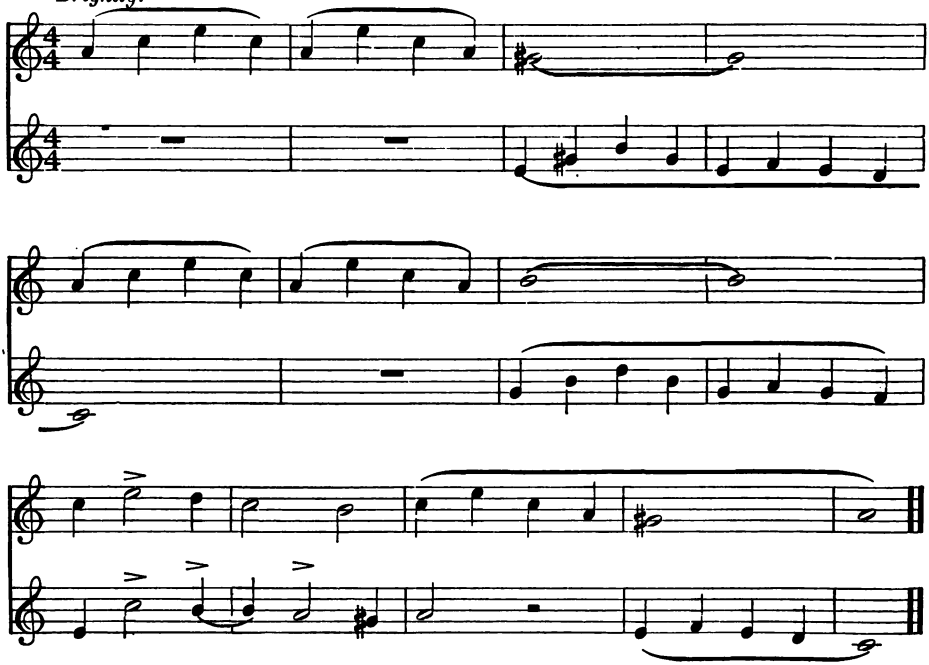
Oft I see them glan - cing, Gen - tle, but a - fraid. .
Men, a - las! have sought them On - ly to de - stroy. .

Solfeggio for Two Voices.

This study presents the major and minor modes, and syncopation.

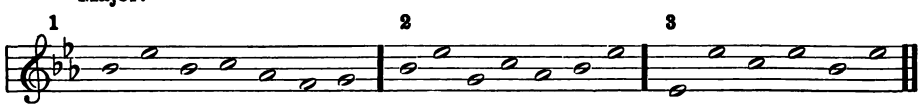
A. PANSERON.

Brightly.

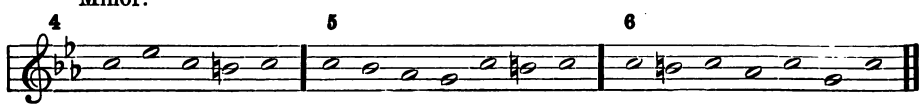


Dictation.

Major.



Minor.

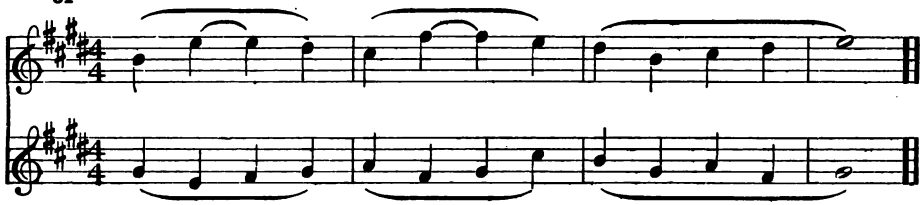


Mel. Third Rd.

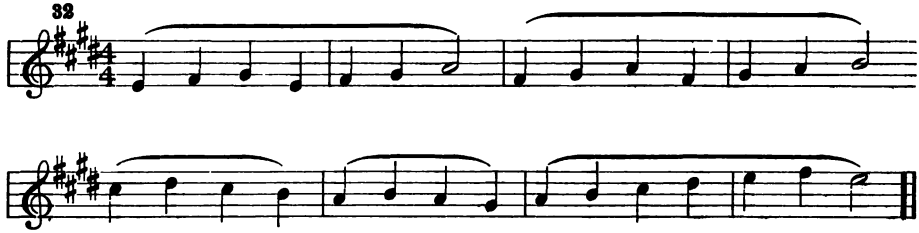
The Sequence.

Notice that the second Phrase (No. 32) is exactly like the first only one degree higher, while beginning with the fifth measure a second figure is introduced which is once repeated two degrees lower, in measure six.

31



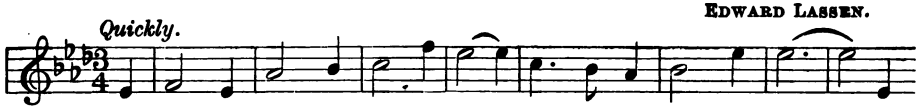
32



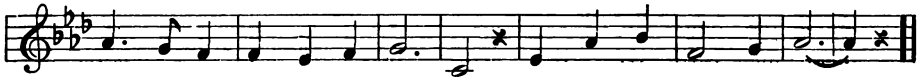
MY MOTHER'S EYES.

EDWARD LASSEN.

Quickly.



1. My moth-er's eyes so pure and bright Watch me with lov - ing care, My
2. My moth-er's voice so soft and low Sings songs to me at night, Till



moth - er's hand soft and ca - ress - ing Smooths out my tan - gled hair.
clos - er the dark shadows creep-ing Shut all things from my sight.

LITTLE THINGS.

Brightly and with clear tone.

1. Lit - tle drops of wa - ter, Lit - tle grains of sand,
2. Thus our lit - tle er - rors Lead the soul a - way,

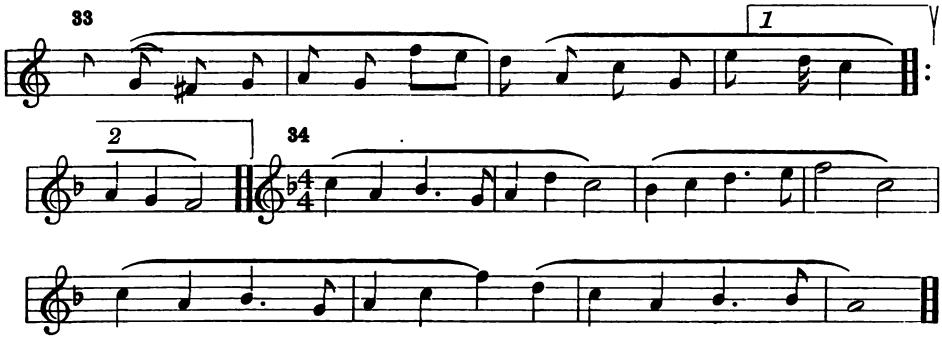
Make the might - y o - cean And the pleas - ant land.
From the path of vir - tue Off in sin to stray.

Thus the lit - tle min - utes, Hum - ble though they be,
Lit - tle deeds of kind - ness, Lit - tle words of love,

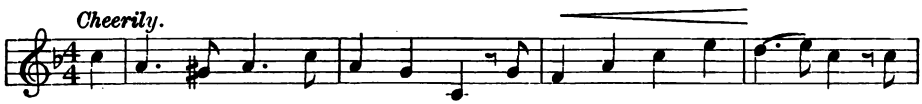
Make the might - y a - ges Of e - ter - ni - ty.
Make this earth an E - den, Like the heav'n a - bove.

Rhythmic Studies.

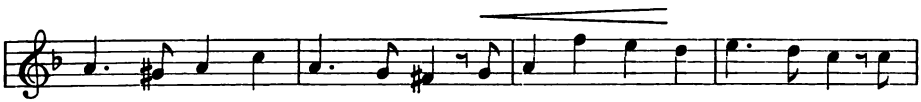
Observe the use of repeat marks and the first and second endings. Make a careful study of the value of the dotted quarter note, and of the intervals from the scale written on the board.



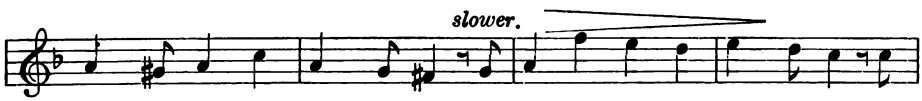
O, YOU MAY TALK OF SUMMER-TIME.



1. O, you may talk of Summer- time, And tell a pleas-ant sto - ry, Of
2. Tho' you may search from East to West, And ma - ny trees may find me, I



trees in all their beau - ty's prime, Or flow'ring plants a - loft that climb, And
like the Christmas tree the best, Give me but that, and all the rest Till



fill the world with glo - ry, And fill the world with glo - ry!
Spring I cast be - hind me, Till Spring I cast be - hind me!

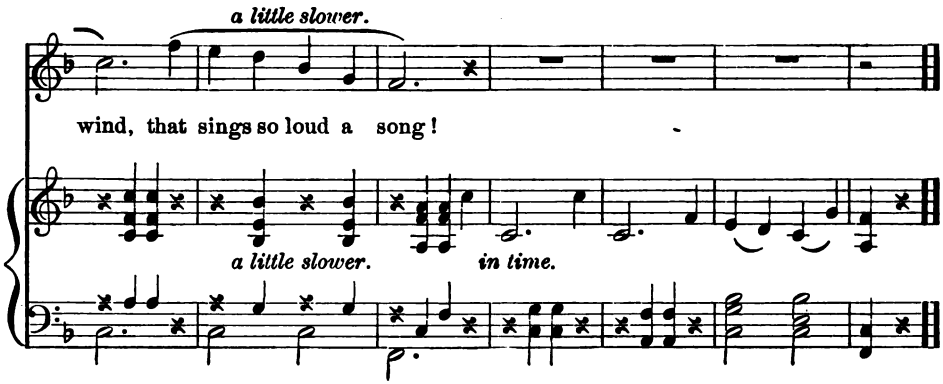
THE WIND.

ROBERT LOUIS STEVENSON. ROSSETTER G. COLE.

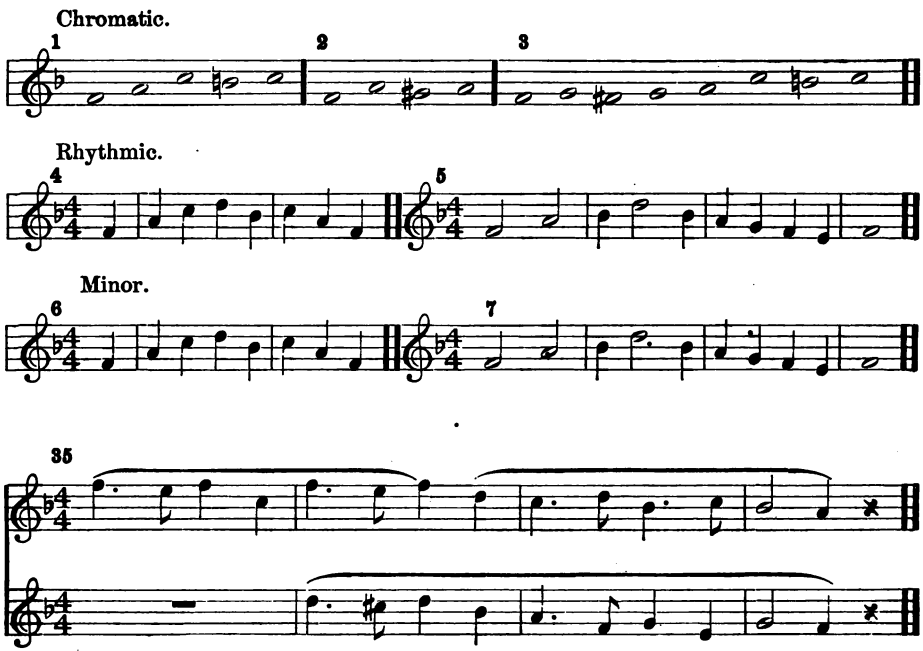
1. I saw you toss the kites on high, And blow the birds a - bout the sky; And all a - round I heard you pass, Like la - dies' skirts a - cross the grass, O wind, O wind, a-blow-ing all day long, O wind, O
2. I saw the ma - ny things you did, But al - ways you your- self you hid; I felt you push, I heard you call, I could not see your - self at all, O wind, O wind, a-blow-ing all day long, O wind, O
3. O you that are so strong and cold, O blow - er, are you young or old? Are you a beast of field and tree, Or just a stron-ger child than me? O wind, O wind, a-blow-ing all day long, O wind, O

mf

Mel. Third M.


a little slower.
wind, that sings so loud a song!
a little slower.
in time.

Dictation.


Chromatic.
1
2
3
Rhythmic.
4
5
Minor.
6
7
35

ONCE AGAIN.

E. NAUMANN.

Slowly.

1. Once a-gain is still-y night Soft-ly clos-ing o'er us;
2. Would you sweet re-pose en-joy, Peace of mind pos-sess-ing?
3. Be it ours while here be-low Thus to live and la-bor,

Time has dropp'd in rap-id flight, One day more be-fore us.
Use-ful-ly your hours em-ploy, Mak-ing life a bless-ing.
Hon-or to our God to show, Kind-ness to our neigh-bor.

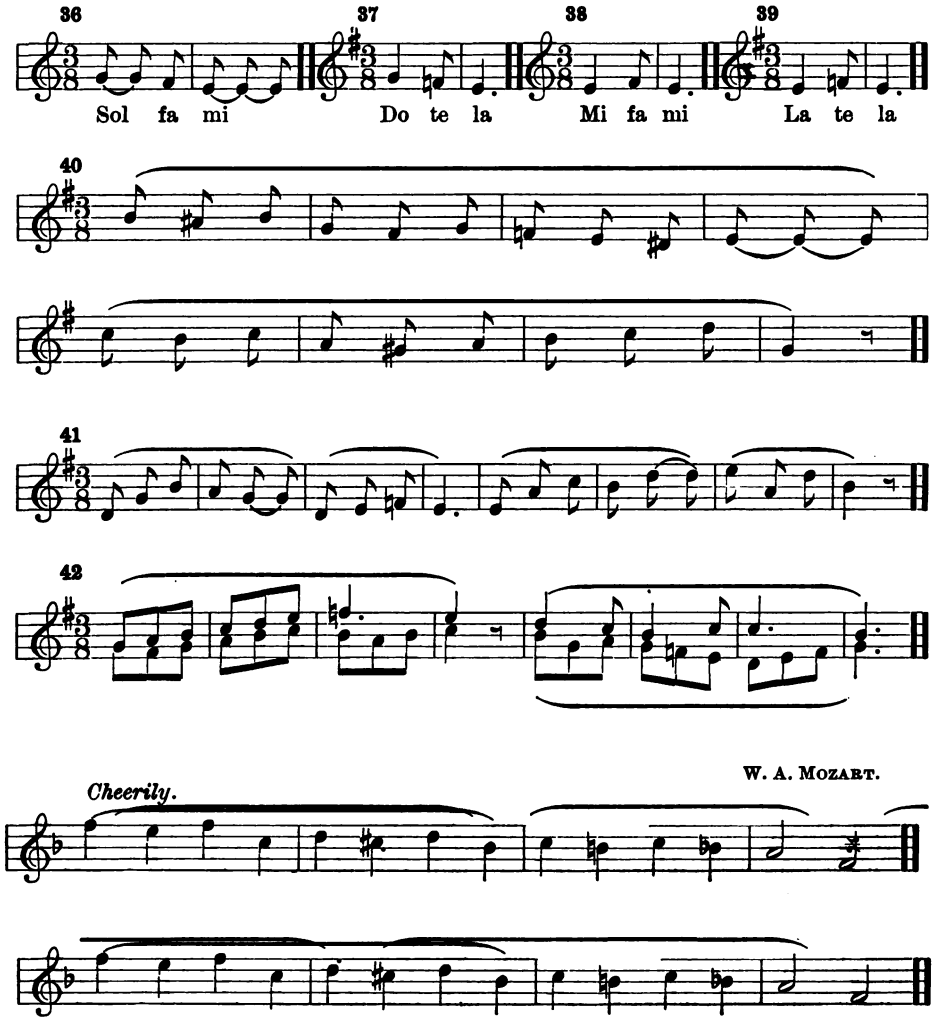
Wel-come is the ev'n-ing hour, Friend of all the wea-ry;
Con-science then with look se-rene Smil-ing-ly will greet you;
He who thro' the world has passed, Leav-ing good be-hind him,

Sleep, with its re-stor-ing power, Cheers the lot most drear-y.
Hap-py thoughts will gild the scene, Plea-sant dreams will meet you.
Peace-ful-ly will rest at last, When "the end" shall find him.

Mel. Third Rd.

Study of Te.

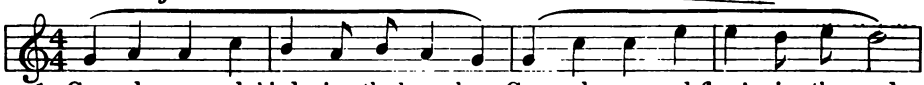
Notice that Do te la sound like Sol fa mi. Master the key to the study, then repeat the melody until the effect of the tone is established.



CAROL.

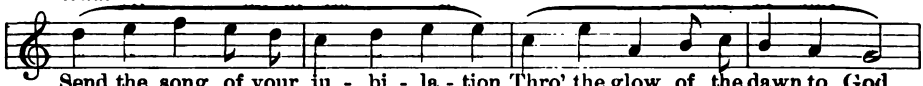
ALICE G. DYER. DR. F. A. CHALLINOR.

Moderately.



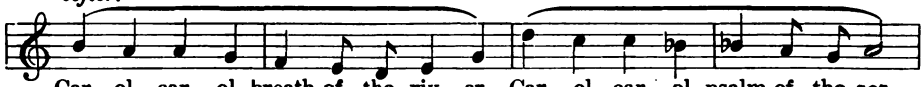
1. Car - ol, car - ol, birds in the branches, Car - ol, car - ol, flow'rs in the sod,
2. Car - ol, car - ol, peace of the morn-ing, Car - ol, car - ol, storm of the night,
3. Car - ol, car - ol, an - gels in heav - en, Car - ol, car - ol, sons of the sod,

loud.

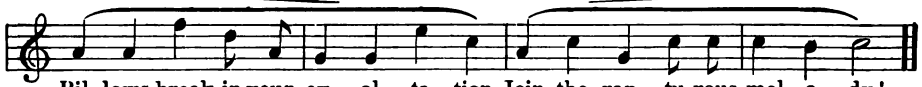


Send the song of your ju - bi - la - tion, Thro' the glow of the dawn to God.
In the East are the shades de - part- ing, 'Neath a ray of E - ter - nal Light!
O'er the path of the pass - ing a - ges, Streams the light of the love of God!

softer.



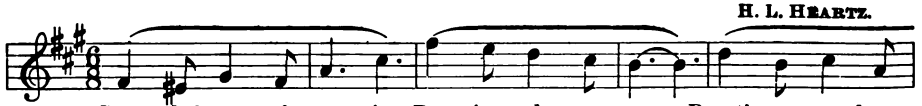
Car - ol, car - ol, breath of the riv - er, Car - ol, car - ol, psalm of the sea,
Lo! in glad-ness break-eth the morn-ing, O'er the heed-less heart of the earth,
May the na - tal glo - ry of Christmas, O'er the world hold boun - ti - ful sway,



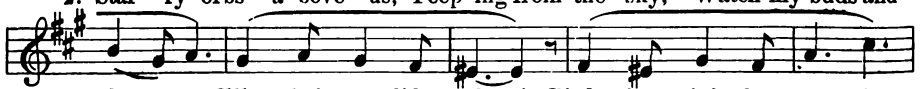
Bil - lows break in your ex - al - ta - tion, Join the rap - tu-rous mel - o - dy!
Na - ture on - ly in joy - ous num-bers, Hails the news of the Sav-iour's birth.
Till the voice of the whole Cre - a - tion, Swells the car - ol of Christmas day.

GENTLE BREEZE OF EVENING.

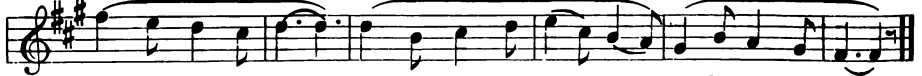
H. L. HEARTZ.



1. Gen - tle breeze of eve - ning, Bear - ing calm re - pose, Breathe a-round my
2. Star - ry orbs a- bove us, Peep- ing from the sky, Watch my buds and



flow - 'rets, When their eye - lids close! Birds whose night- ly war - blings
blos - soms, While they sleep-ing lie! . . Ra - diant Queen of bright- ness,



Thrill the list-'ning vale, Bird of love and sweet-ness, Tender Nightin-gale.
Rul - ing o'er the night, Let thy friend-ly glan - ces Fill them with delight.

Mel. Third Rd.

THE LITTLE CORPORAL.

LUISE LEOPOLD. AMALIE FELTHENSAL.

Briskly.

1. I am a war - rior, you must know, And long the fight to see; If ev - er to the wars I go, A he - ro bold I'll be. I drill my sol-diers ev'r - y day, The cor - po - ral am I, If for - tune smiles on me, I may Be gen - 'ral by and by.

2. A pa - per hel - met now I wear, My sword is made of wood, With all my pride my sword I bear, As ev'r - y sol - dier should. Hur - rah for our dear na - tive land! Hur - rah for hearth and home! I'll guard them with a val - iant hand, If e'er the foe should come.

very softly.

Mel. Third Rd.

A VALIANT KNIGHT.

A. Mary A. R. Dobson.

1. The sun shines so bright, and the
2. The sun-flow-ers bow, and the
3. My stick for a lance, and my

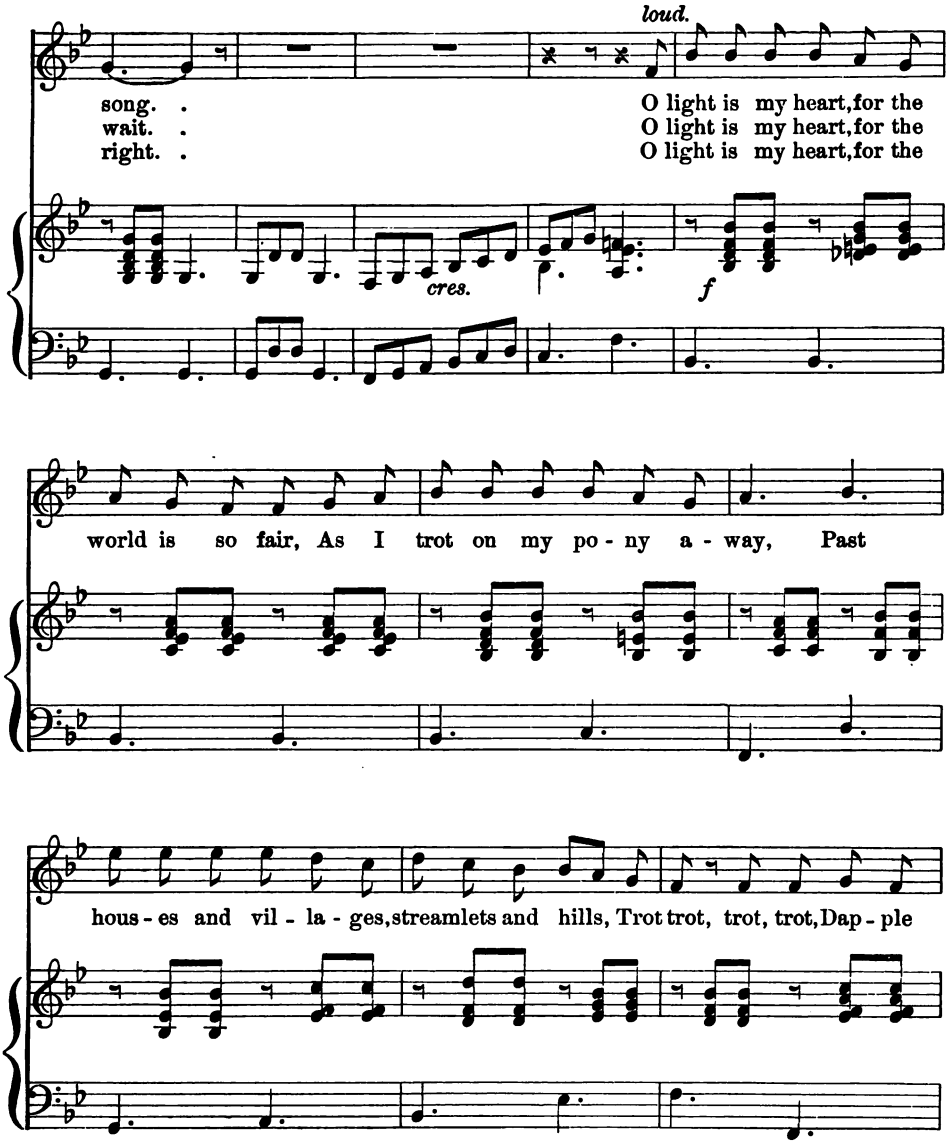
Boldly.

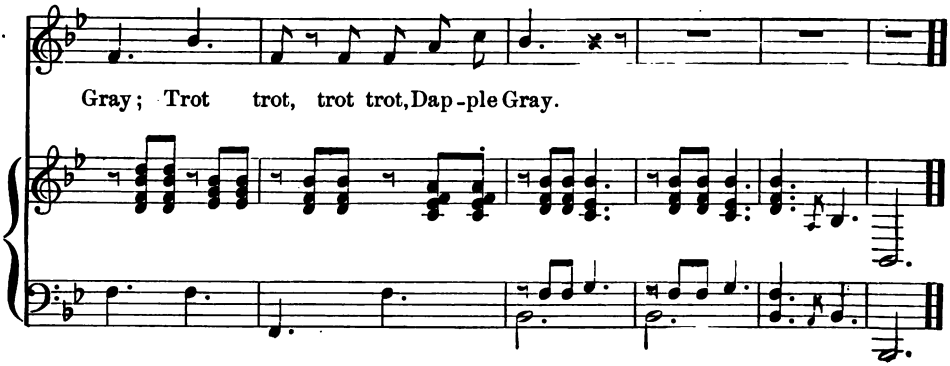
mf

fields are so green, As I pass on my po - ny a - long; . . . I
snap dragons nod, As I ride down the road to the gate; . . . As
hat for a helm, Now I think I will be a brave knight; . . To

sing as I ride, for my heart is so glad, A new and a won-der - ful
if they in - vit - ed me gen - tly to play; No time for me now, tho', to
bat - tle with all the bad things in the world, To bat- tle for God and the

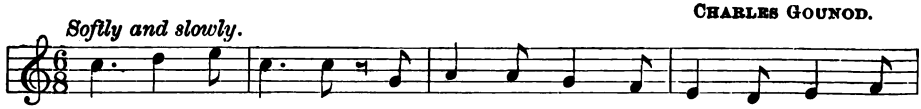
Mel. Third Rd.


loud.
song. . O light is my heart, for the
wait. . O light is my heart, for the
right. . O light is my heart, for the
cres.
f
world is so fair, As I trot on my po - ny a - way, Past
hous - es and vil - la - ges, streamlets and hills, Trot trot, trot, trot, Dap - ple

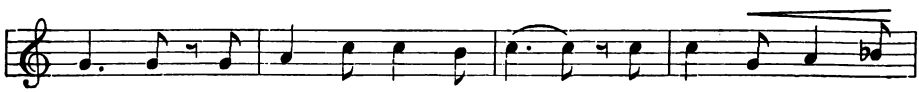


BETHLEHEM.

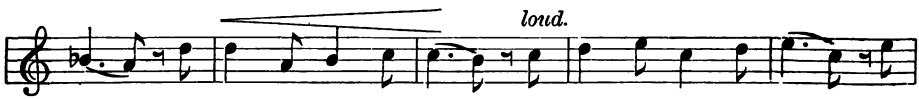
CHARLES GOUNOD.



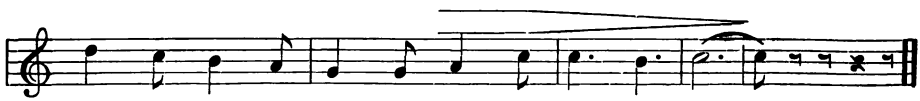
1. Cra - dled all low - ly, Be - hold the Sav - iour child, A be - ing
2. No lon - ger sor - row, As with - out hope, oh, earth! A bright - er



ho - ly In dwell - ing rude and wild! Ne'er yet was re - gal
mor - row Dawn'd with that in - fant's birth! Our sins were great and



state, Of mon-arch proud and great, Who grasp'd a na -tion's fate, So
sore. But these the Sav - iour bore, And God was wroth no more, His



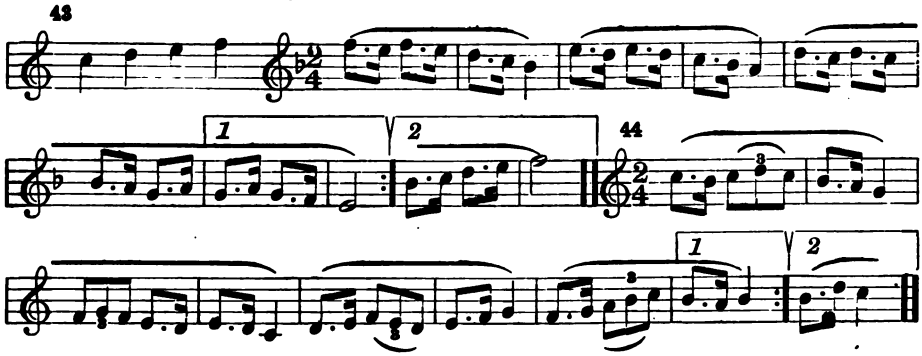
glo - rious as the man - ger bed of Beth - le - hem! .
own Son was the child that lay in Beth - le - hem! .

Mel. Third Rd.

Rhythm.

The Scale in different positions on the staff. The following are to be memorized and used in the study of rhythm.

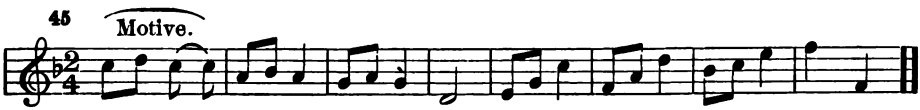
43



The Motive.

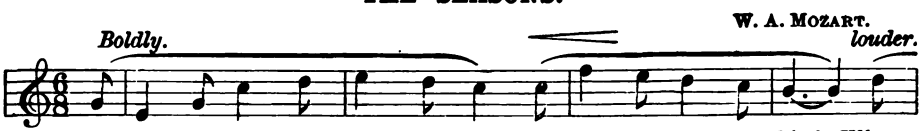
Studies illustrating movement produced by repeating the motive. Observe that the quarter note should receive the value of two eighths united.

45

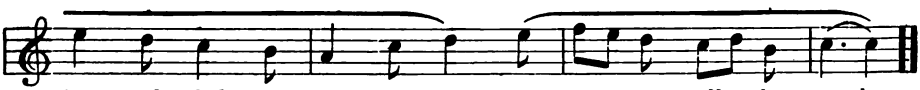


THE SEASONS.

W. A. MOZART.



1. I love the Spring, when slumb'ring buds Are wakened in - to birth; When
2. I love the Sum - mer, when the flow'rs Look beauti - ful and bright; When
3. I love the Au - tumn, when the trees With fruit are bend - ing low; When
4. I love to have the Win - ter come, When I can skate and slide, And

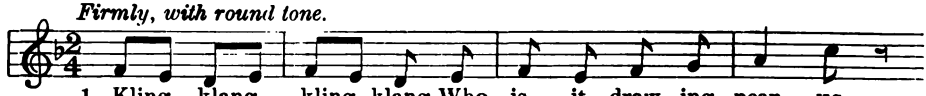


joy and glad - ness seem to spread At once o'er all the earth.
I can spend the lei - sure hours With hoop, and ball, and kite.
I can reach the pears and plums That hang up - on the bough.
hear the bells, and see the sleighs, That swift - ly by us glide.

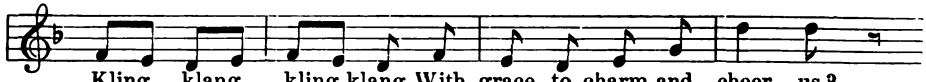
KLING! KLANG!

A. J. Foxwell.

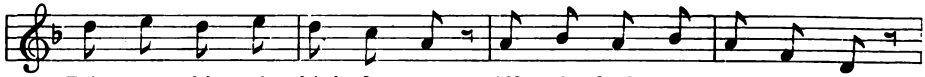
Firmly, with round tone.



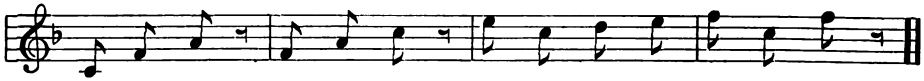
1. Kling, klang, kling, klang, Who is it draw - ing near us,
2. Kling, klang, kling, klang, Who is it thus ad - van - ces,



Kling, klang, kling, klang, With grace to charm and cheer us?
Kling, klang, kling, klang, While joy a - round her dan - ces?

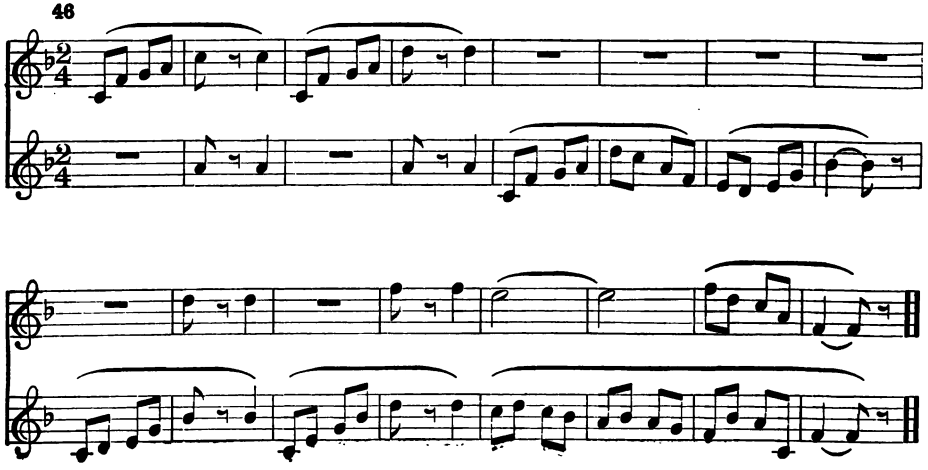


Prin - cess this of high de - gree, All who look on her may see;
It is Spring, the love - ly Spring! Who would not re - joice and sing?



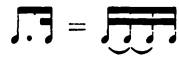
Fair her form, sweet her face, Brings de - light to ev'r - y place.
Lo! she comes, Earth to reign, Pleas - ure fol - lows in her train.

46

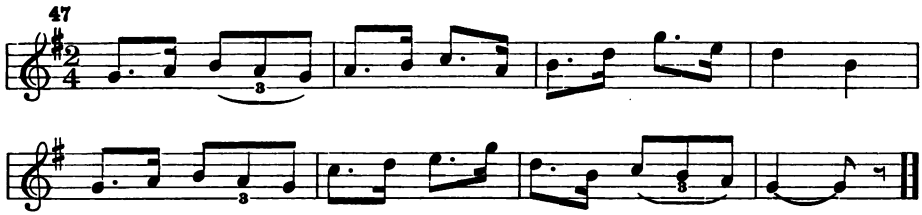


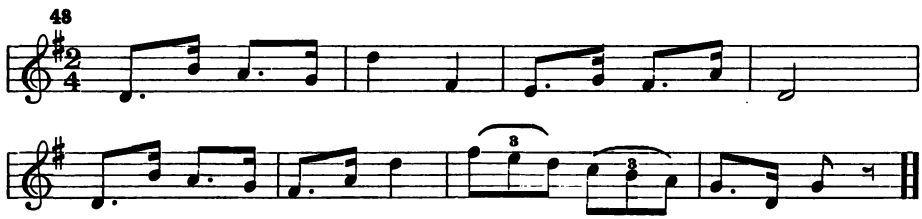
Mel. Third Rd.

The Dotted Eighth and Sixteenth.

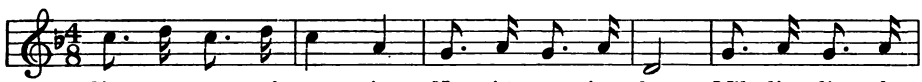


Study the intervals from the scale written on the board, then sing freely until the movement is mastered.



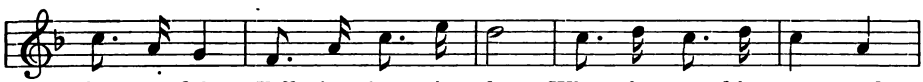


A SONG OF SNOW TIME.



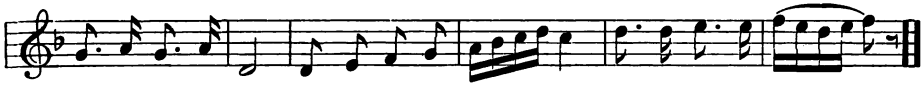
1. Sing a song of snow time, Now it's pass-ing by, Mil - lion lit - tle

2. Boys are in the school-house Draw-ing on their slates Pic - tures of the



flee - cy flakes Fall - ing from the sky; When the ground is cov - er'd,

coast - ing place, Think-ing of their skates; Girls are nod - ding wise - ly,



And the hedge and trees, There will be a gay time For the chicka - dees. . .

Smil-ing-ly a - bout, Thinking of a gay time When the school is out. . .

WOULD YOU HEAR THE BELLS?

J. H. Yoxall.

Tune, "Caller Herrin."

Very softly.

1. Would you hear the bells ring Their mer - ry, mer - ry ring - a - ting? O
2. Why d'you think the bells ring? The ring - ers pull and make them swing, O
3. What d'you think the bells say, In mer - ry, mer - ry round- e - lay? O
4. Can't you hear the bells ring Their mer - ry, mer - ry ring - a - ting, O

p

would you hear the bells ring? Then lis - ten to our song— Do
why d'you think the bells ring? Just lis - ten to our song— Do
what d'you think the bells say? Why lis - ten to our song— Learn
can't you hear the bells ring All thro' our hap - py song?— Do

mf

Loud and with short tones.

ti la sol fa mi re do, Do ti la sol fa mi re do, Do
ti la sol fa mi re do, Do ti la sol fa mi re do, Do
well your les - sons while you may, Your school time soon will slip a - way, The
ti la sol fa mi re do, Do ti la sol fa mi re do, Do

mf

Mel. Third Rd.

ti la sol fa mi—d'you see? For that is how the bells a - gree; Yes,
ti la sol fa mi—d'you see? For that is how the bells a - gree; O
hours are run-ning swift - ly on, Your gold - en days will soon be gone, O
ti la sol fa mi—d'you see? D'you hear how well the bells a - greé, For

p

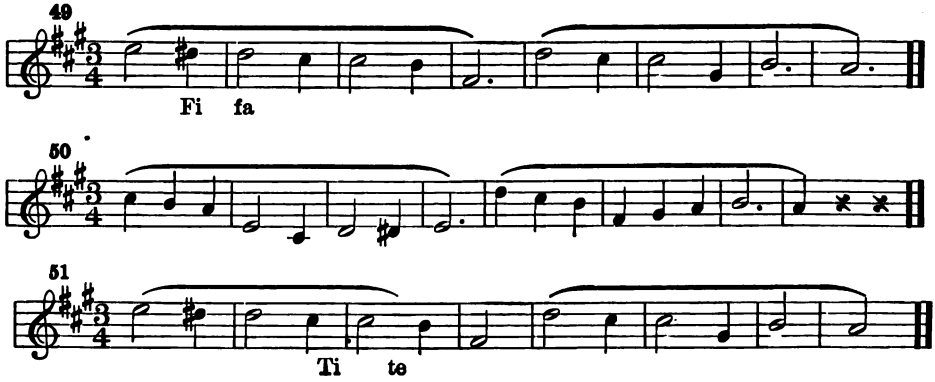
that is how the bells ring Their mer - ry, mer - ry ring - a - ting, Yes,
that is why the bells ring, The ring- ers pull and make them swing, Yes,
that is what the bells say, In mer - ry, mer - ry round - e - lay; Yes,
that is how the bells ring Their mer - ry, mer - ry ring-ding-ding, Yes,

p

that is how the bells ring Their merry ding a-dong!
that is why the bells ring Their merry ding a-dong!
that is what the bells say With merry ding a-dong!
that is how the bells ring Their merry ding a-dong!

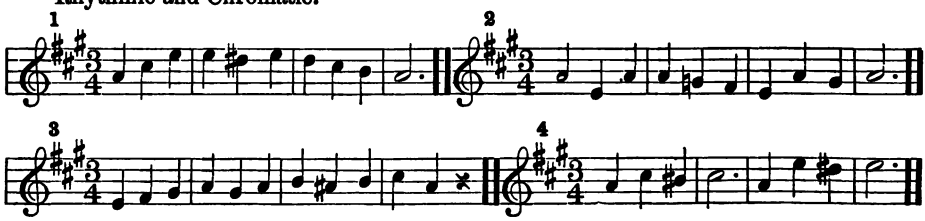
f *mf*

Mel. Third Rd.

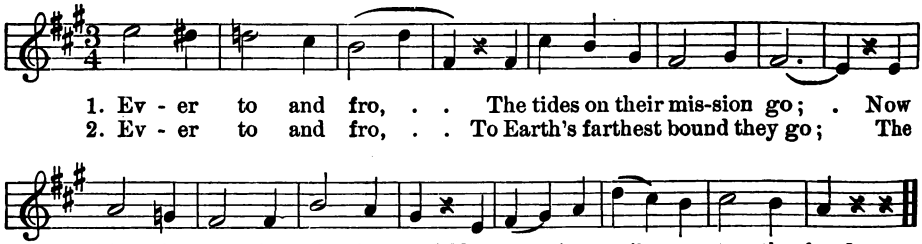


Dictation.

Rhythmic and Chromatic.



EVER TO AND FRO.



1. Ev - er to and fro, . . The tides on their mis-sion go; . Now whis-p'ring to the shin - ing sand, Now bear-ing trib - ute to the land.
2. Ev - er to and fro, . . To Earth's farthest bound they go; The dis - tant na - tions thus to bind In com-mon band of hu - man kind.

Mel. Third Rd

SLEEPING CHILDREN.

ARTHUR HORTON.

French Folksong.
Arranged by GRANVILLE BANTOCK.

Very softly.

1. Sleep, sleep, chil - dren, sleep. God his
2. Wake, wake, chil - dren, wake, God for

p ANGELUS.

watch o'er thee will keep. Dream, dream,
thee the light did make. Play play,

slower.

chil - dren, dream Ere God sends the sun's bright beam.
chil - dren, play, Joy be with thee all the day.

THE LIGHT OF STARS.

Slowly. *softly.*

1. The night is come, but not too soon, And sink - ing si - lent - ly, All si - lent - ly, the lit - tle moon Drops down be - hind the sky. . .
2. There is no light in earth or heav'n No light, but from the stars; And the first watch of night is giv'n The dis - tant plan - et Mars. .
3. O star of strength! I see thee shine And smile up - on my pain; Thou beck - on - est with thy mail'd hand, And I am strong a - gain. .

Progression by Minor Seconds.

52

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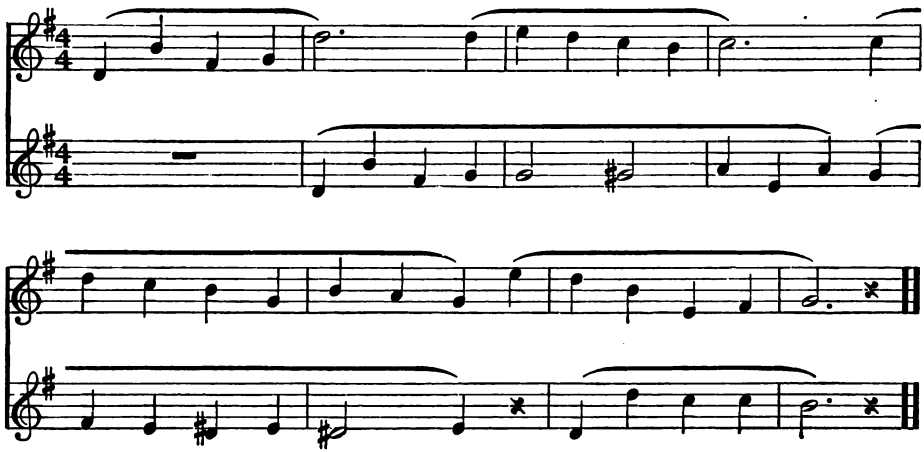
53

si

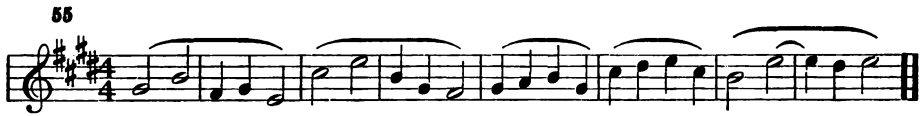
Mel. Third Rd.

54

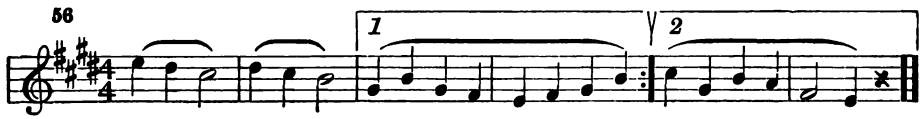


Intervals.

55



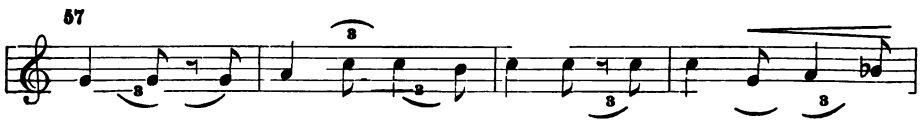
56



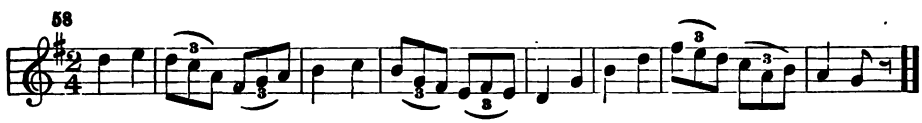
The Triplet.

The mastery of the triplet gives the ability to render six-eight meter freely with two beats to the measure.

57



58



IN THE MOONLIGHT.

ARTHUR HUDSON.

French Folksong.
Arranged by GRANVILLE BANTOCK.

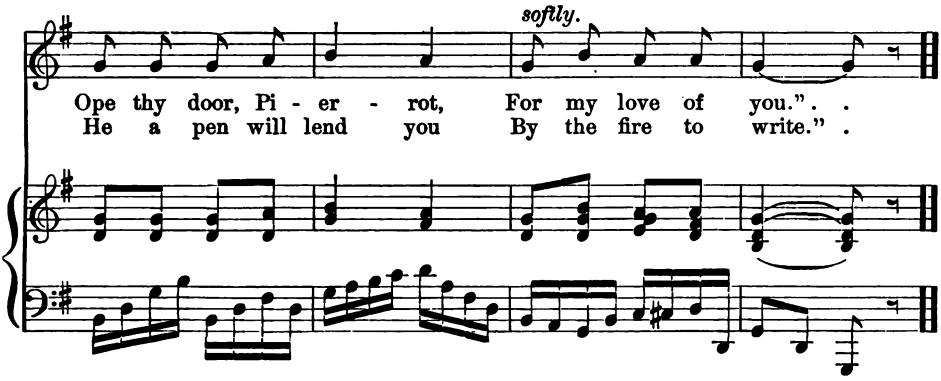
Brightly.

1. "O good friend Pi - er - rot, Make I beg, a light,
2. O good friend Pi - er - rot, He did shake his head:

Bring your pen I pray you, I have words to write.
"Pen I've none to give you, I'm a - sleep in bed.

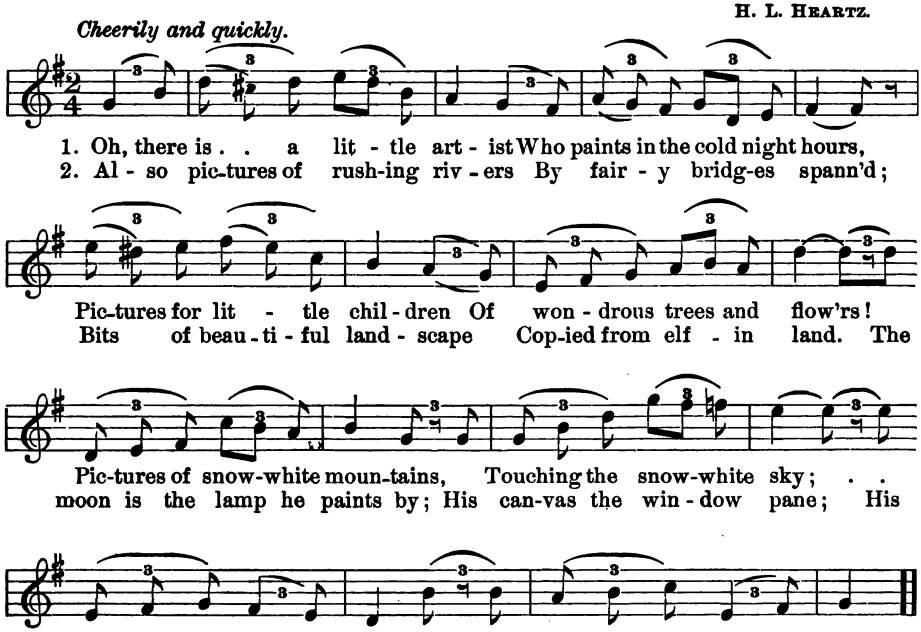
Out has gone my can - dle And my fire - light, too,
Go you to the neigh - bor, There I see a light,

Mel. Third Rd.



THE FAIRY ARTIST.

H. L. HEARTZ.



HARK! HOW SWEETLY THE BELLS.

GEORGE FOX.

1. Hark! how sweet-ly the bells Are chim-ing in the even - ing fair,
2. Hark! how sweet-ly the bells Are chim-ing in the ear - ly morn,

FINE.

Ding - dong! a Christ-mas song, Steals on the am - bient air.
Ding - dong! a Christ-mas song, Tells of a Sav - iour born.

Sweet is the mu - sic Of those sounds so clear,
Borne by the breez - es, Sound - ing far and wide,

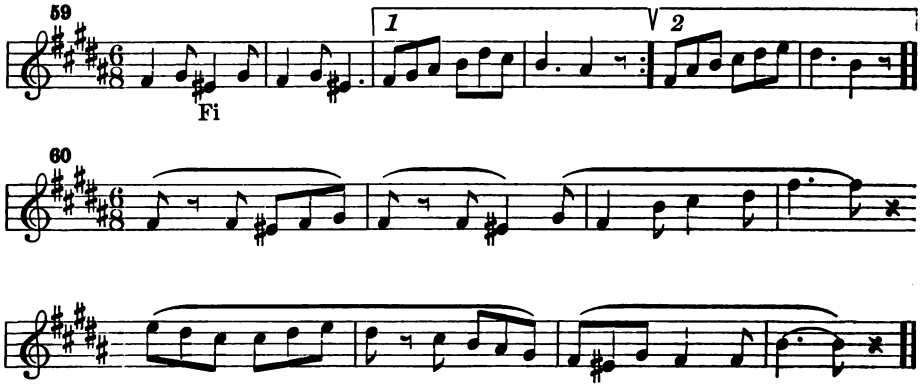
D.C.

Wak - ing the ech - oes, Far . . . . and near.
O'er hills and val - leys, And the si - lent tide.

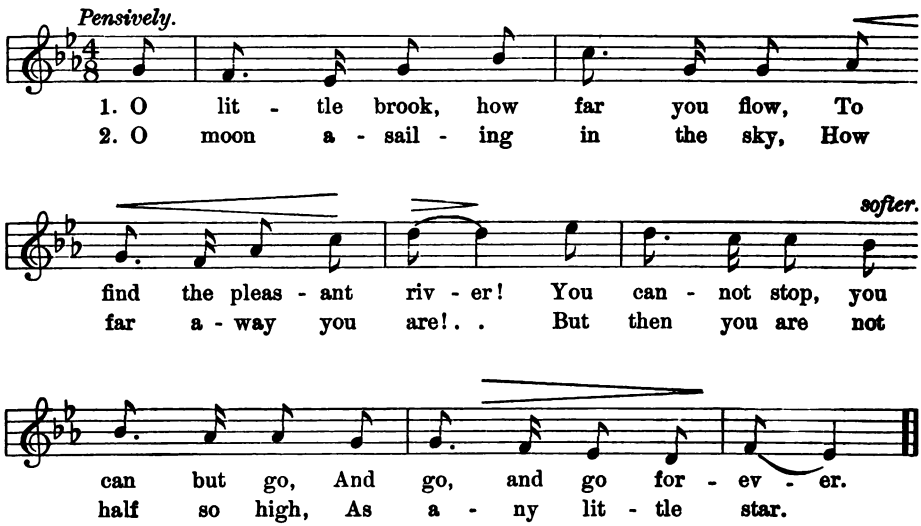
Mel. Third Rd.

Study of Fi.

Note that study No. 60 presents the effect of the eighth note rest, which serves merely to indicate a short tone. In study No. 59 this is represented by a quarter note.



LITTLE THINGS.



1. O lit - tle brook, how far you flow, To find the pleas - ant riv - er! You can - not stop, you can but go, And go, and go for - ev - er.
2. O moon a - sail - ing in the sky, How far a - way you are! . . But then you are not half so high, As a - ny lit - tle star.

FREEDOM'S SONG.

FELICIA HEMANS. JAMES SNEDDON. (ARR.)

Lightly.

1. I dream of all things free, . . Of a
2. I dream of some proud bird, . . A . .
3. I dream of for - est child, . . With the

1. I dream of all things free, ... Of a gal - lant, gal - lant
2. I dream of some proud bird, ... A . . bright - eyed moun - tain
3. I dream of for - est child. . . . . With the fawns and flow'rs at

gal - lant, gal - lant bark, . . That sweeps thro' storm Like an ar-row to its
bright-eyed mountain king! . . In vi - sions heard, The rush - ing of his
fawns and flow'rs at play; . . Of In - dian, wild With the stars to guide his

bark, . . . That sweeps thro' storm, thro' storm and sea, Like an ar - row to its
king, . . . In vi - sions I have heard, have heard, The rush - ing of his
play; . . . Of In - dian, In - dian, midst the wild, With the stars to guide his

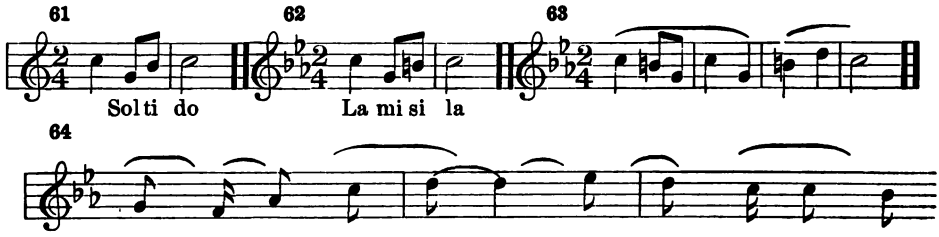
mark! Of a stag that o'er the moun - tain Goes bounding in his
wing, I fol - low some wild riv - er Where no trim sail may
way, Of a chief his war - riors lead - ing, Of arch - er's green-wood

glee, Of a thou - sand flash-ing foun - tains; I dream of all things free.
be, Dark woods a - round us shiv - er; I dream of all things free.
tree, While lone - ly heart lies bleed - ing; I dream of all things free.

Mel. Third Rd.

Si as a Scale Tone in Minor.

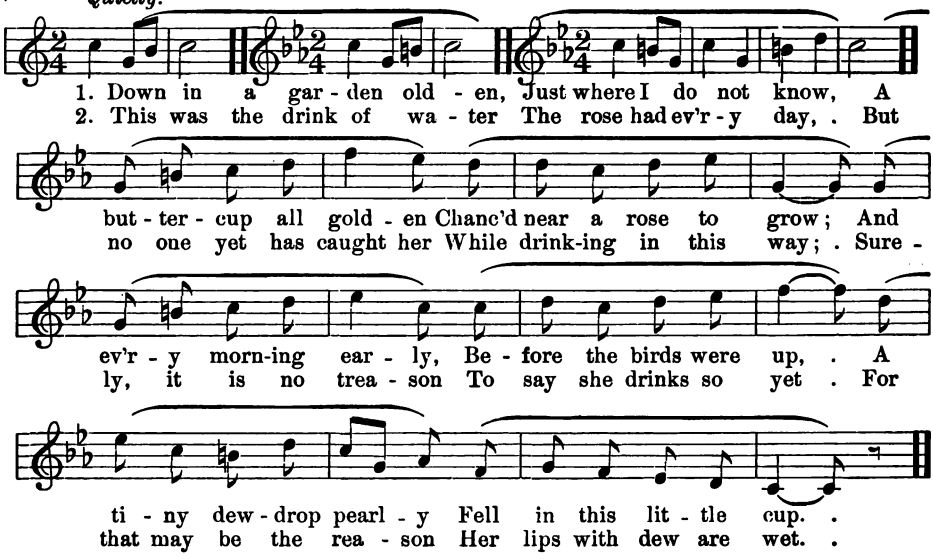
Note that C major and C minor have certain tones in common. The phrase in C major is the key to the following phrase.



THE ROSE'S CUP.

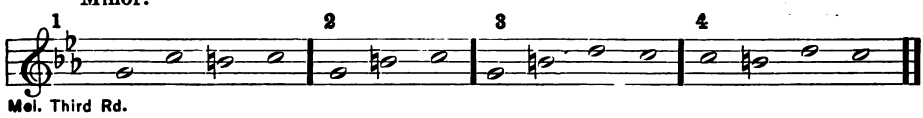
F. D. SHERMAN.

Quietly.



Dictation.

Minor.



THE LITTLE TRUMPETER.

J. ALTMANN. C. A. KERN.

Merrily.

1. Like gold my trump-et glit - ters, A mer - ry blast I blow; A
2. My hands are still too lit - tle To beat the big, big drum; And
3. For in my shin - ing trump - et I on - ly need to blow, And

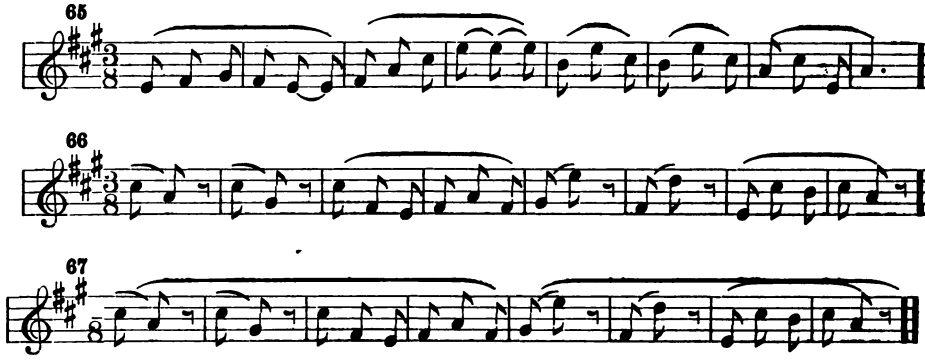
trump - et - er I mean to be, No life so good I know; . . A
when I try the cor - net No pret - ty tune will come; . . And
hark! o'er field and val - ley, A - way the ech - oes go; . . . And

trump - et - er I mean to be, No life so good I know.
when I try the cor - net No pret - ty tune will come.
hark! o'er field and val - ley, A - way the ech - oes go. .

Mel. Third Rd.

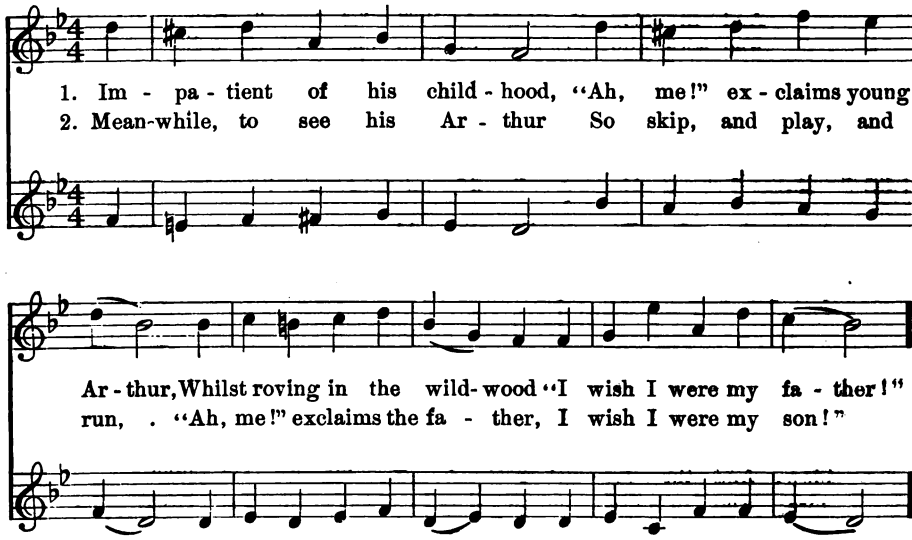
The Rest.

Study the intervals from the scale written on the board. Then sing the melodies, giving one beat to each measure so that the effect is similar to the triplet.



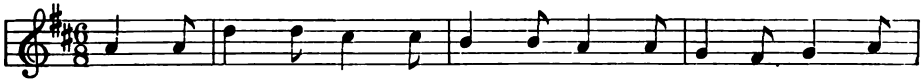
YOUTH AND AGE.

THOMAS HOOD.

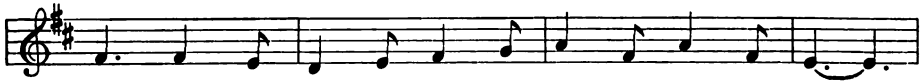


MY SHIP AND I.

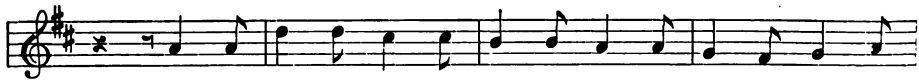
R. L. STEVENSON. C. HIBBERD.



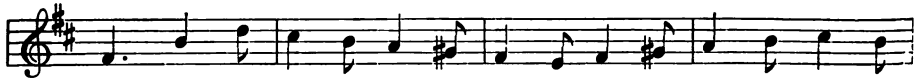
1. Oh, it's I that am the cap - tain of a ti - dy lit - tle
2. For I mean to grow as lit - tle as the dol - ly at the
3. Oh, it's then you'll see me sail - ing thro' the rush - es and the



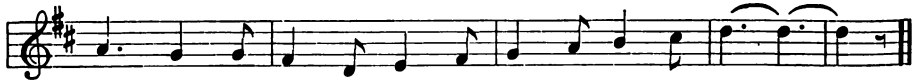
ship, Of a ship that goes a - sail - ing on the pond;
helm, And the dol - ly I in - tend to come a - live;
reeds, And you'll hear the wa - ter sing - ing at the prow;



And my ship it keeps a - turn - ing all a - round and all a -
And with him be - side to help me it's a - sail - ing I shall
For be - side the dol - ly sail - or, I'm to voy - age and ex -



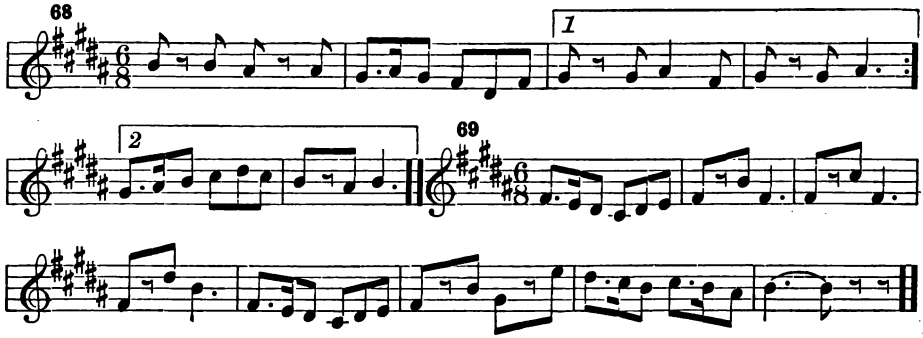
bout; But when I'm a lit - tle old - er, I shall find the se - cret
go, It's a - sail - ing on the wa - ter when the jol - ly breez - es
plore, I'm to land up - on the is - land where no dol - ly was be -



out How to send my ves - sel sail - ing on be - yond. . .
blow, And the ves - sel goes a di - vie - di - vie - dive. . .
fore, And to fire the pen - ny can - non in the bow. . .

The Eighth Rest.

Note that the eighth rest serves merely to shorten the tone represented by the preceding note, while the dot indicates that the tone is slightly prolonged. Sing the melodies freely with two beats to the measure.



AUTUMN FIRES.

R. L. Stevenson.

Moderately.

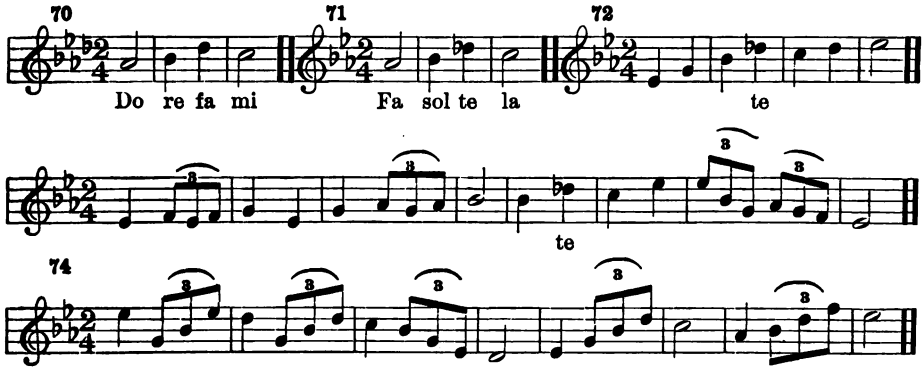
1. In the oth - er gar - dens And all up the vale, . .
2. Pleas - ant sum - mer o - ver And the sum - mer flow'rs,
3. Sing a song of sea - sons! Some-thing bright in all! . . .

slower.

From the au - tumn bon - fires See the smoke's long trail!
How the red fire blaz - es On the gray smoke tow'rs.
Flow - ers in the sum - mer, Fires in the fall!

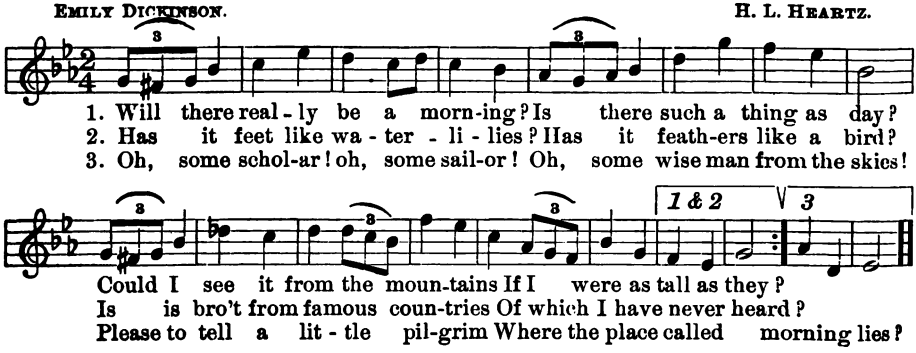
Study of Te.

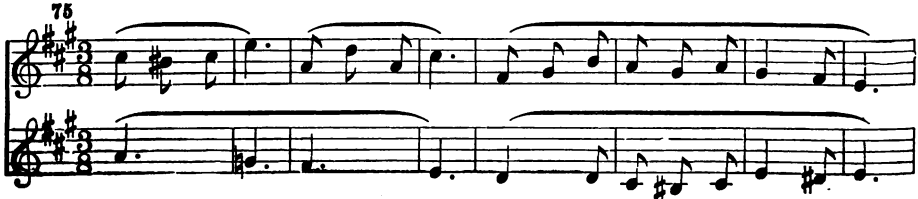
Master the tone combinations in studies Nos. 70, 71 and 72, then sing the melodies until the effects are entirely familiar.



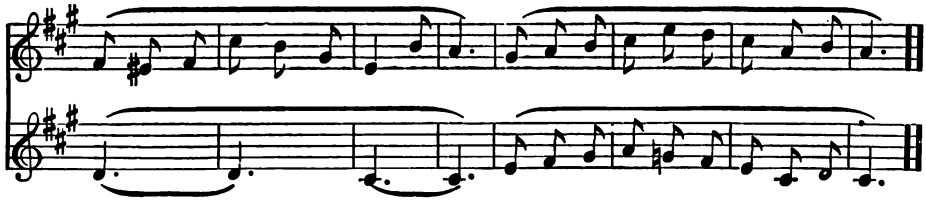
OUT OF THE MORNING.

EMILY DICKINSON. H. L. HEARTZ.

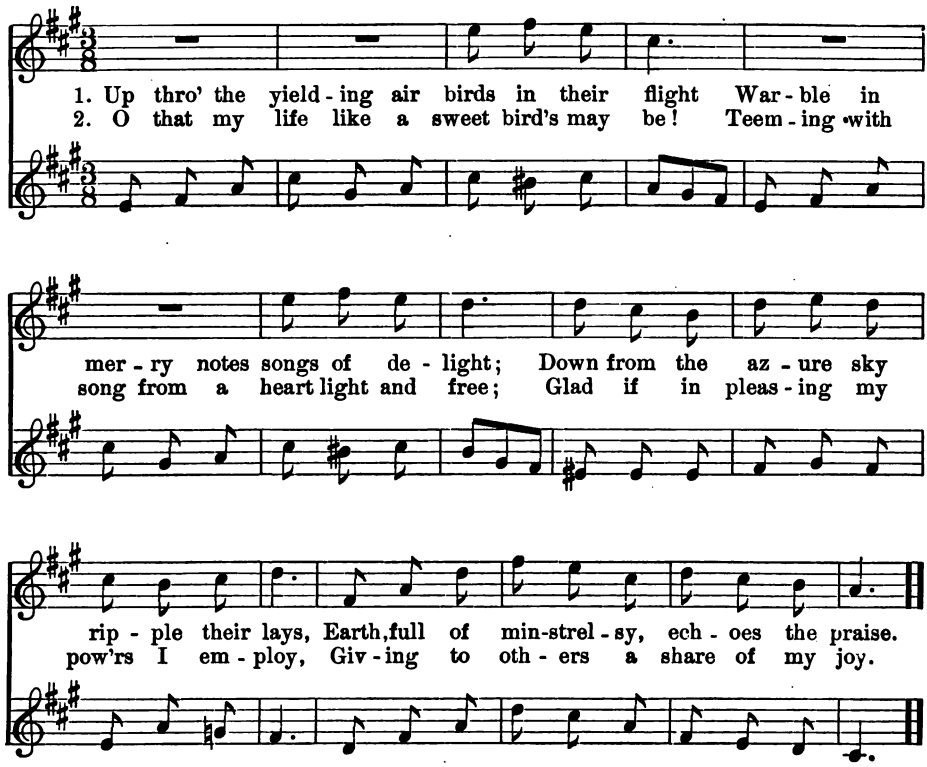




Mel. Third Rd



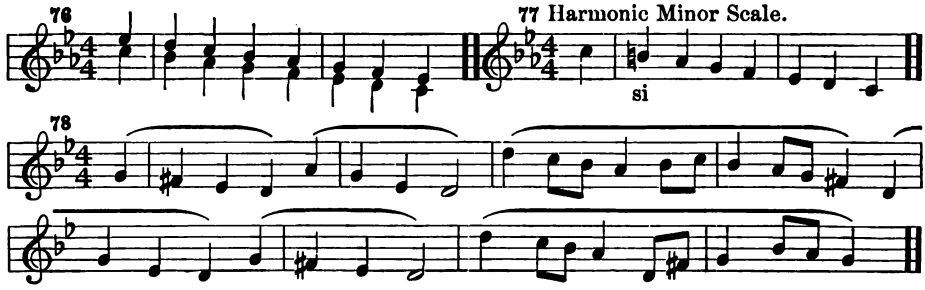
UP THROUGH THE YIELDING AIR.



Mel. Third Rd.

The Minor Mode.

The minor scale which falls a third below a major scale is called the relative minor of that major scale. The minor scale is sung with Si for the seventh tone instead of Sol. This form of the minor scale is called the Harmonic Minor.



CRADLE SONG OF THE NORTH WIND.

WILLIS BOYD ALLEN. ANNA JOHNSON.

Quietly.

1. The pines have gath-ered up-on the hill To watch for the old new moon; I hear them mur-m'ring "Hush, be still! 'Tis com - ing, com-ing soon."
2. The brown thrush sings to his meek brown wife Who broods be-low on her nest, "Of all the world and of all my life, 'Tis you I love the best."
3. But the ba - by moon is . . wide a-wake And its eyes are shin-ing bright; The pines in their arms this moon must take And rock him to sleep to - night.

very softly. *slower.*

Words used by permission of the author. Mel. Third Rd.

FOREST SONG.

Merrily.

1. In groves of fra - grant larch - es We soft - ly pace a - long, While
2. The air - y mu - sic meets us Like pass-ing spir - it voice; With
3. And why should not the prais - es Of hu - man lips be heard, When
4. We too, the ech - oes wak - ing, Our glad-ness will ex - press, All

louder.

all the for - est arch - es Re-sound with cheer-ful song. La la la la la la
friend-ly mean - ing greets us, And bids our hearts re - joice. La la la la la la
grate-ful in - stinct rais - es The trill-ings of the bird? La la la la la la
gloom-y thoughts for-sak - ing The Lord of life to bless. La la la la la la

la la la la la la la la la la la la la la la la la

loud.

la la la la la la la la la la la la.

Mel. Third Rd.

THE FOOT TRAVELLER.

FRANZ ABT.

Merrily.

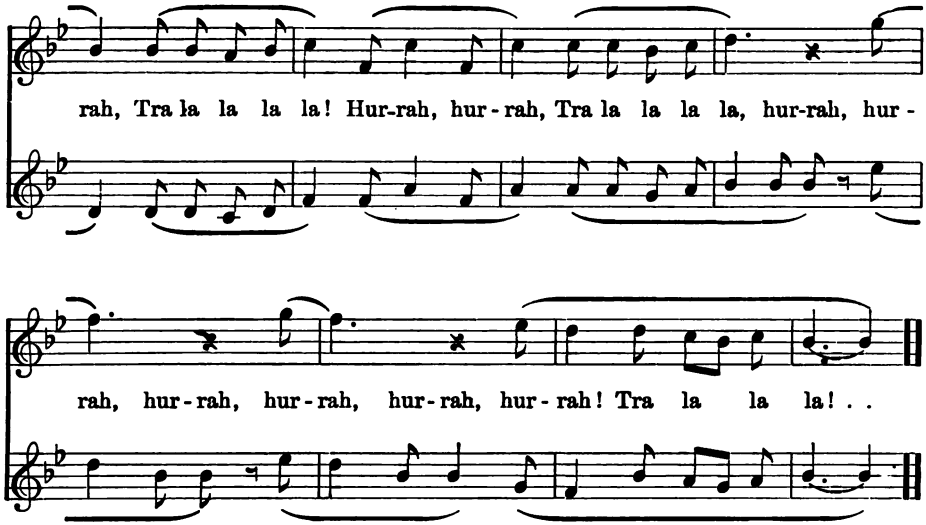
1. On foot I love to take my way, Hur-rah, hur-rah, hur - rah! O'er
2. Foot - tra - vel to the gay is sweet, Hur-rah, hur-rah, hur - rah! But

mountains high and mead-ows gay, Hur - rah, hur - rah, hur - rah, And
hea - vy hearts make hea - vy feet, Hur - rah, hur - rah, hur - rah, The

he who is not of my mind, An - oth - er trav'l-ling friend must find, He
one who loves the sun-shine bright, And nev-er wea - ry grows at night, He

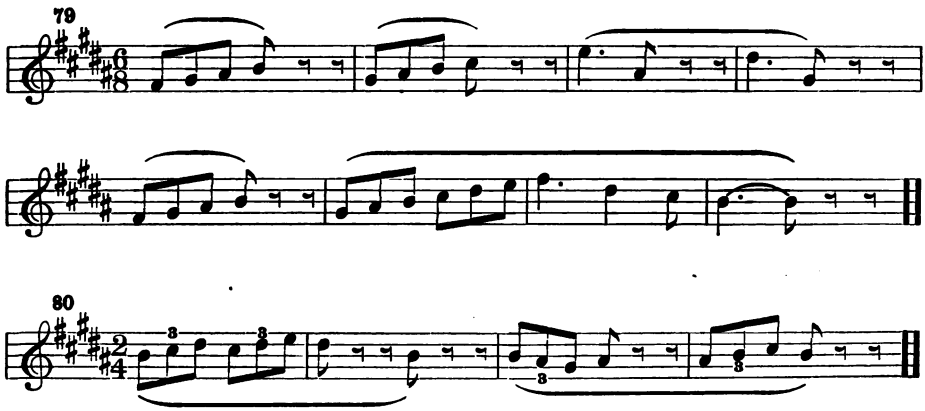
can - not go with me, He can - not go with me. Hur-rah, hur -
is the one for me, He is the one for me. Hur-rah, hur -

Mel. Third Rd.



The Triplet.

Note that the rest simply punctuates the study by indicating that the tone before is to be short and detached.

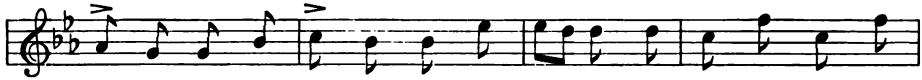


Mel. Third Rd.

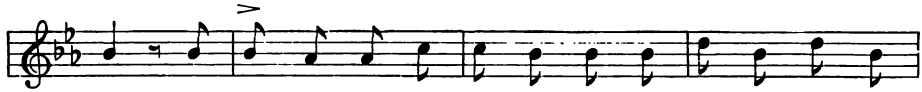
THE MORNING SUN.

H. HOFFMANN.

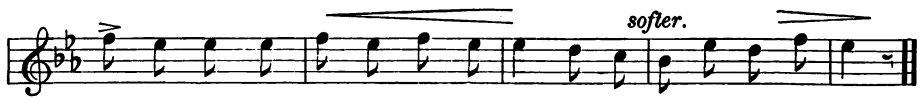
1. The morn - ing sun is throw-ing His shafts of gold a -
2. From ice re - leased, to meet him, The mer - ry rills come
3. 'Tis known throughout cre - a - tion The rule of Spring is



cross the sky; The morn-ing clouds are glowing Be - neath his kin - dling
run-ning out; From win - try cell to greet him, The rud - dy leaf - lets
rich in mirth, And strains of ex - ul - ta - tion En - cir - cle laugh-ing



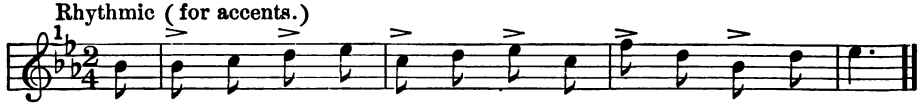
eye; There comes from ev'r - y bush and tree The sound of glad ex -
sprout. In hum of bee and song of bird, A wel - com - ing of
earth. Lo! myr - iads come to crown him king, And myr - iad voi - ces

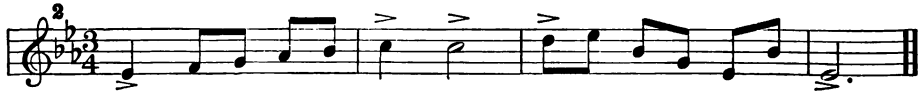


pect - an - cy; For Na-ture young is grow-ing, And joyous Spring is nigh!
Spring is heard; And fit - ly we will treat him With loy - al song and shout.
pæ - ans sing To hail his cor - o - na - tion, And cel - e - brate his worth.

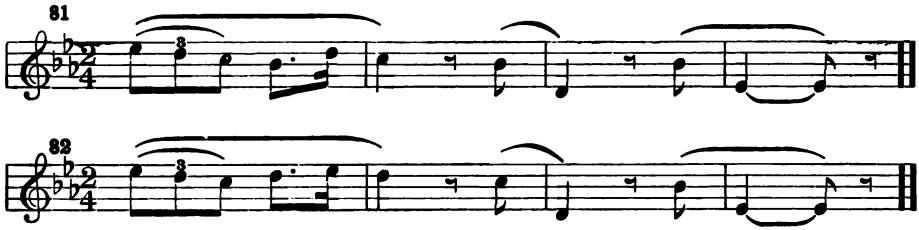
Dictation.

Rhythmic (for accents.)



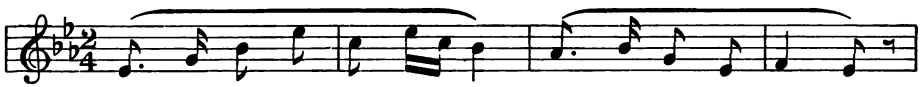


Mel. Third Rd.

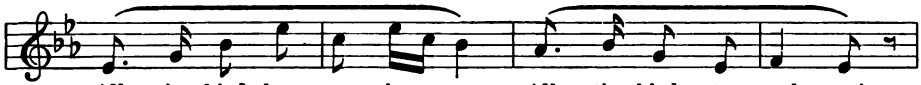


SPRING'S ARRIVAL.

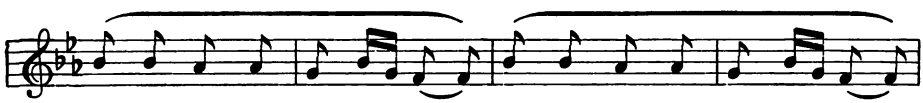
HOFFMANN VON FALLERSLEBEN. German Folksong.



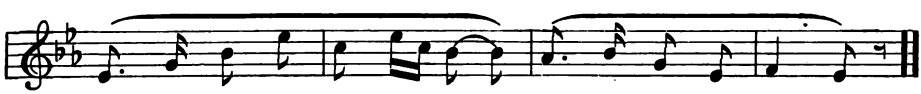
1. All the birds have come, have come, All the birds to - geth - er!
2. Light they flut - ter, quick and gay, Such a mer - ry meas - ure!
3. Words so wise, so fresh, so clear, To our hearts are wing - ing;



All the birds have come, have come, All the birds to - geth - er!
Light they flut - ter, quick and gay, Such a mer - ry meas - ure!
Words so wise, so fresh, so clear, To our hearts are wing - ing.



What a sing - ing, mu - sic ring-ing, Pip - ing, twit-t'ring, ring - a - ling-ing,
Rob - in, black-bird, gray-bird blue,—Chor - is - ters of ev'r - y hue,—
Are they mer - ry? so are we,— Mer - ry as the birds we see,—



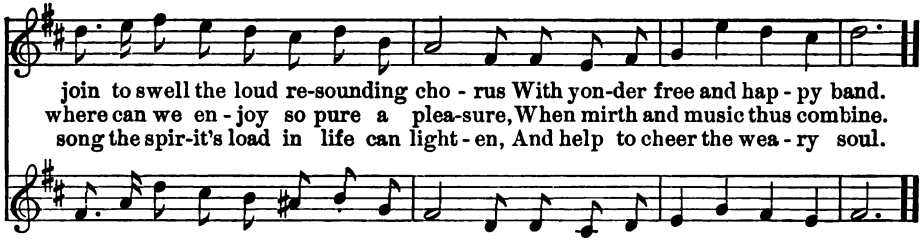
Spring-time's jol - ly cho - rus bringing, New in voice and feath - er.
Sing a hap - py year to you, Health and peace and pleas - ure.
In or out, wher - e'er we be,— Play - ing, dan - cing, sing - ing.

SINGING.

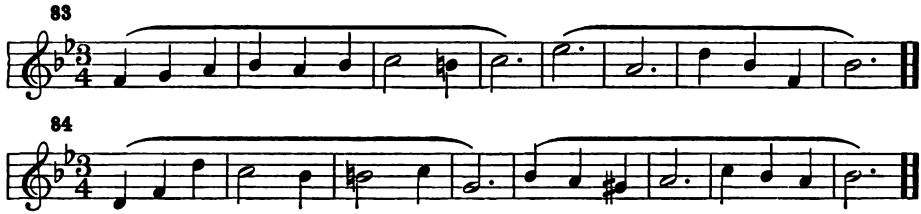
A. J. Foxwell.

1. Come, join to swell the loud re-sound-ing cho - rus, With yon-der free and hap-py band, . . Where for-est branch-es wave a wel-come o'er us, And beau-ty smiles on ev-'ry hand. There joy a-bides with-in a tem-ple of de-light, And smiles on all who will in har-mo-ny u-nite. Come,
2. Oh, where can we en-joy so pure a pleas-ure, When mirth and mu-sic thus com-bine, . . And Flo-ra scat-ters all her choic-est treas-ure, A-round the porch of Na-ture's shrine? 'Tis here the heart with high-er hap-pi-ness will glow, As free from care our songs in glad a-bun-dance flow, O
3. 'Tis song the spir-it's load in life can light-en, And help to cheer the wea-ry soul; . . While friendship's voice the gloom-y tho't will bright-en, And pierce the clouds that o'er us roll. Our joys in-crease when we an-oth-er's joy can share, And while we sing our sor-rows dis-si-pate in air! 'Tis

Mel. Third Rd.

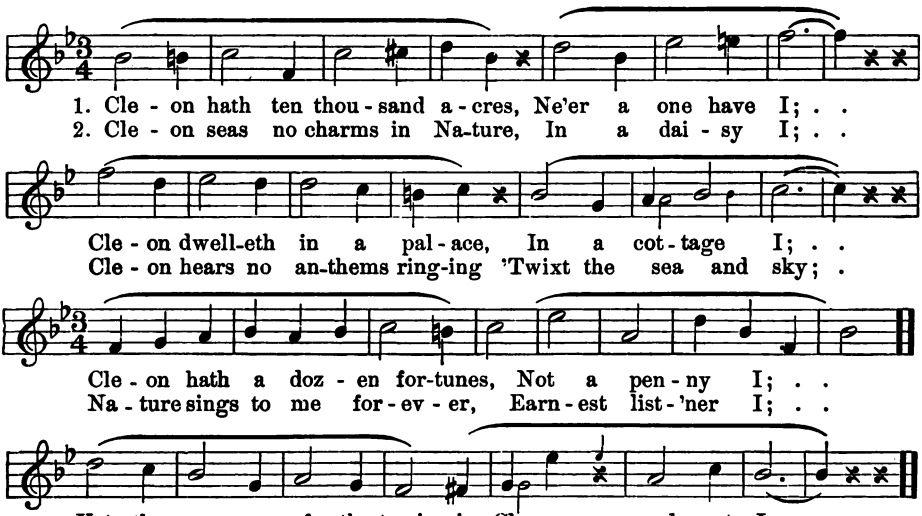


Chromatic Progressions.



CLEON AND I.

CHARLES MACKAY.



Mel. Third Rd.

CONSOLATION.

Slowly. M. SCHLETTERER.

1. Lord of our sal - va - tion, Source of con - so - la - tion,
2. Though in heav'n Thou reign - est, Thine Thou here sus - tain - est,
3. Lord, in Thee a - bid - ing, In Thy peace con - fid - ing,

Help of those who mourn, Help of those who mourn. Thou, for sin- ners
Count - ing ev - 'ry tear; Count- ing ev - 'ry tear; If their foes op -
I would ev - er rest, I would ev - er rest; All by Thee be -

Help of those who mourn, Help of those who mourn.
Count-ing ev - 'ry tear, Count-ing ev - 'ry tear;
I would ev - er rest, I would ev er rest;

car - ing, Once our na - ture wear-ing, Hu - man grief hast borne, Hu-man
press them, Or if cares dis- tress them, Thou art ev - er near, Thou art
friend - ed, When this life is end - ed, Shall be ful - ly blest, Shall be

Hu - man grief hast borne, Hu - man
Thou art ev - er near, Thou art
Shall be ful - ly blest, Shall be

Mel. Third Rd.

grief hast borne. Now the wea-ry and for-lorn
ev - er near. Thou a-lone canst sor-row cheer,
ful - ly blest. Then up-on Thy gen-tle breast,

grief hast borne. Now the wea-ry and for-lorn Find in Thee a
ev - er near. Thou a-lone canst sor-row cheer, Turn-ing all their
ful - ly blest. Then up-on Thy gen-tle breast, While the arms of

loud.

Find in Thee a Sav - iour ten - der, O be my de-
Turn-ing all their gloom . to glad-ness, O re-lieve my
While the arms of love . . sur-round me, May a place be

Sav-iour ten-der, a Sav - - iour ten - der,
gloom to glad-ness, gloom . . . to glad - ness,
love sur-round me, love . . . sur-round me,

fend - er, O be my . . de - fend - - - er.
sad - ness, O re - lieve . my sad - - - ness.
found me, May a place . be found . . me.

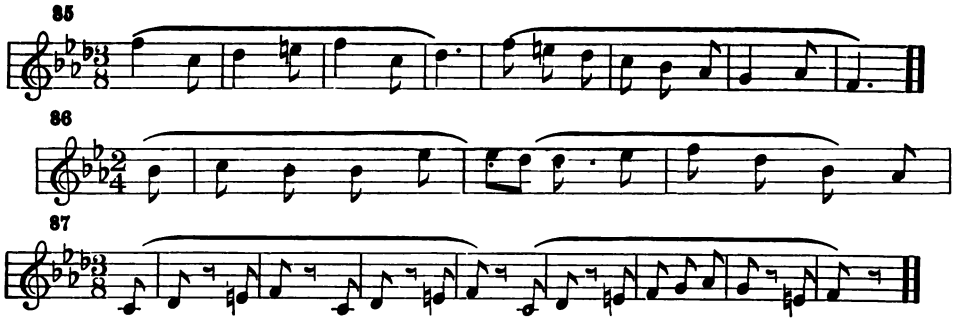
Dictation.

Chromatics.

1

Mel. Third Rd

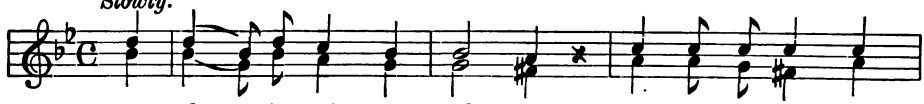
The Harmonic Minor Scale.



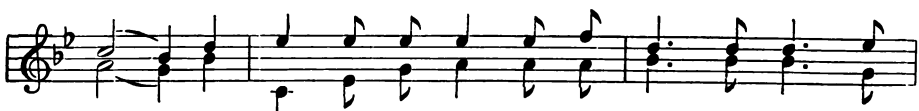
DREAM SONG.

CH. GLUCK.

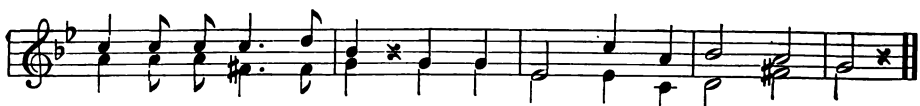
Slowly.



1. I dream in qui - et sad - ness; Dream of the days long
2. The hours of youth, how fleet - ing! Soon do its joys de -
3. Yet here . I fain would lin - ger, Mus - ing on what has
4. While thus . in si - lent watch - ing Back-ward my thoughts I



past; . Of days when the spi - rit of glad - ness Said of
cay; . Like foam on the bil - lows re - treat - ing, Or as
been, . Ere time with its all-smooth-ing fin - ger Shall e -
cast, . A gleam of de - light I am catch - ing From my



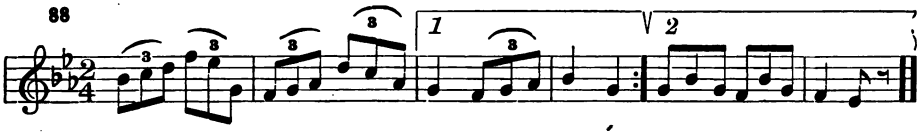
care that it could not last, Said of care that it could not last.
clouds in a sum - mer day, Or as clouds in a sum - mer day.
rase ev'r - y mark now seen, Shall e - rase ev'r - y mark now seen.
dream of the days long past, From my dream of the days long past.

Mel. Third Rd

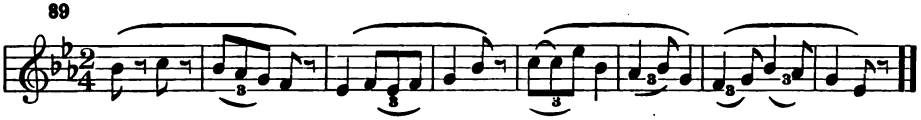
The Triplet.

These studies in triplets prepare for different figures occurring in six-eight meter. Notice in study No. 89 that the tied eighth notes are represented by quarters in the following measures, but that the effect is the same.

88

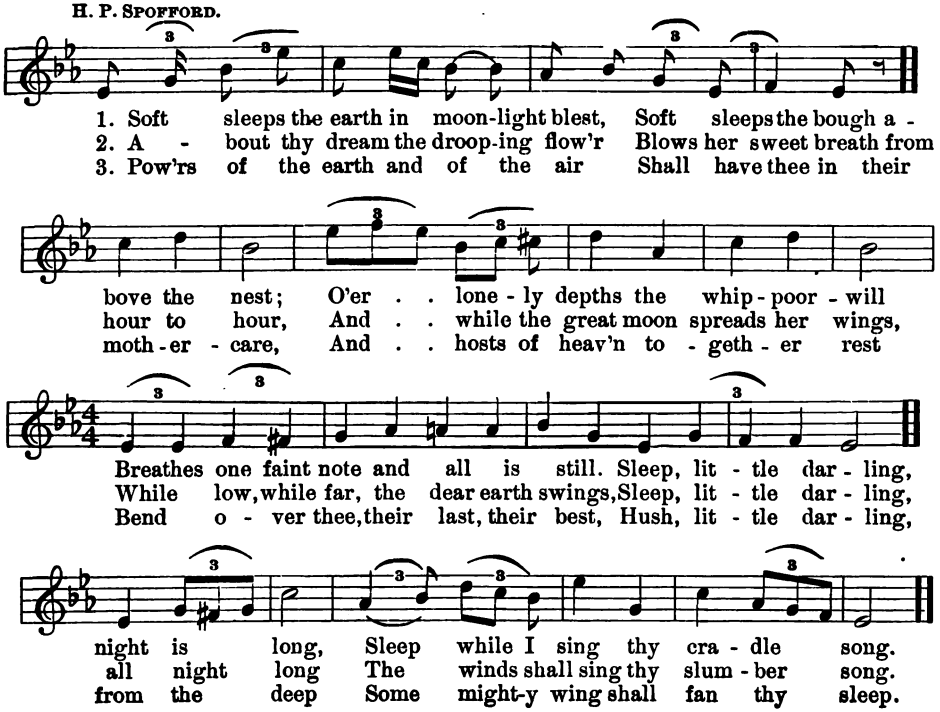


89



A MOTHER SONG.

H. P. Spofford.



THE FORGET-ME-NOT.

From the German.
CHAS. T. BROOKS.

WALTER H. AIKEN.

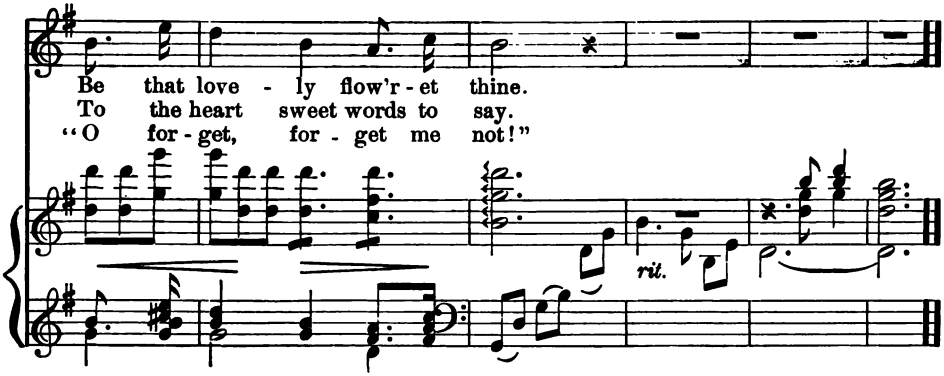
1. Go at moon - light's dream - y hour, . . Where the
2. Mild as heav'n's own blue, it beam - eth Like a
3. And me - thinks its blue eyes glis - ten, Full of

p

sil - v'ry rip - ples shine; Mark a lit - tle, love - ly flow - er,
clear and cloud - less day; Im - age of true love, it seem - eth
love and ten - der thought, While from far it whis-pers, (lis - ten !)

simile.

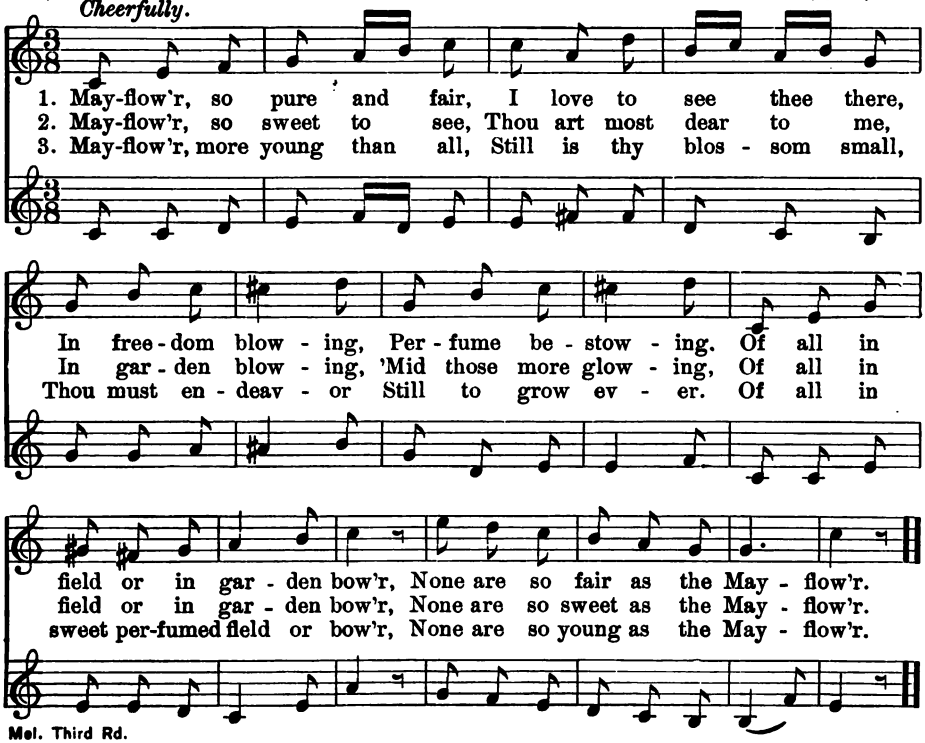
Mel. Third Rd.



THE MAY-FLOWER.

C. M. VON WEBER, (arr.)

Cheerfully.

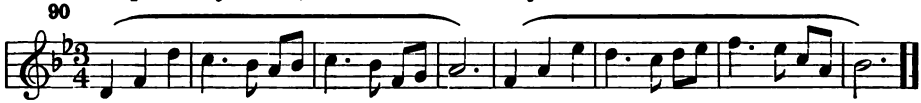


The Dotted Note.

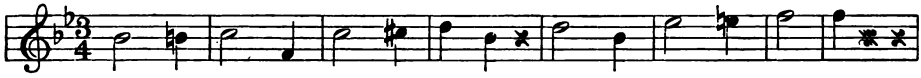
♩. ♪

Study No. 91 shows the effect of rests when used for punctuation. Notice that the dot is replaced by a rest; this adds no difficulty

90

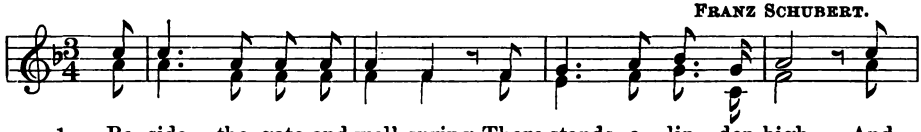


91

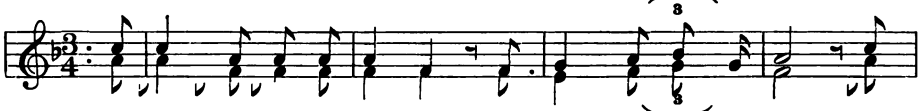


THE LINDEN TREE.

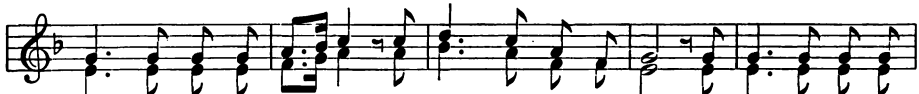
FRANZ SCHUBERT.



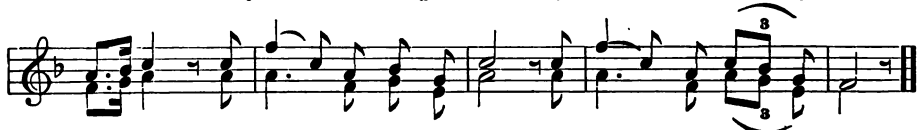
1. Be- side the gate and well-spring, There stands a lin - den high, And
2. Oft thith - er did I wan - der When gloom - y night was nigh, In
3. Hark! hear the strong winds blowing, A - cross the lin - den high! Are



'neath its spread-ing branch- es What hap - py dreams dream'd I! Its
qui - et rest - ful dark - ness To close my eyes and sigh. I
flee - cy clouds still flow - ing A - long the dis - tant sky? Ah!



hard, true bark I've gra- ven With man - y a lov-ing sign. In weal or woe I
heard its branches rus - tle As though they sang to me, "Lie down, my dearest
still that friendly lin- den, Though far a-way from me, Sends to my heart the

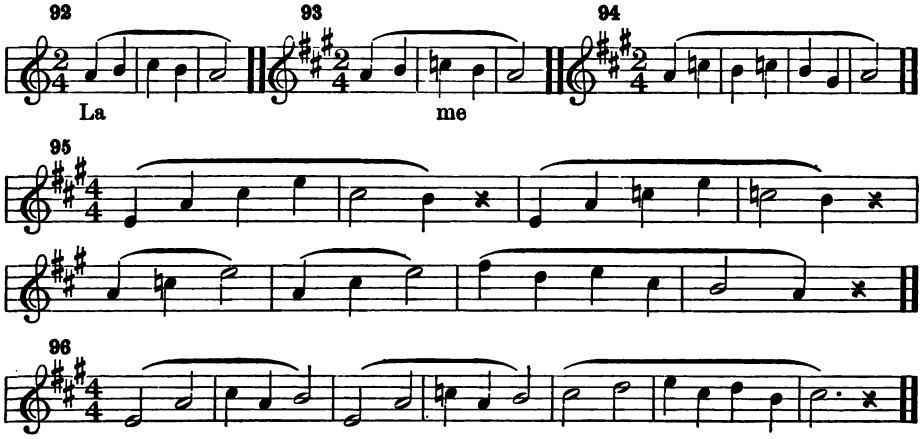


has - ten Forth to that lin - den mine, Forth to that lin - den mine.
com-rade, Sweet rest I'll give to thee, Sweet rest I'll give to thee."
rus - tle, "Sweet rest I'll give to thee, Sweet rest I'll give to thee."

Mel. Third Rd.

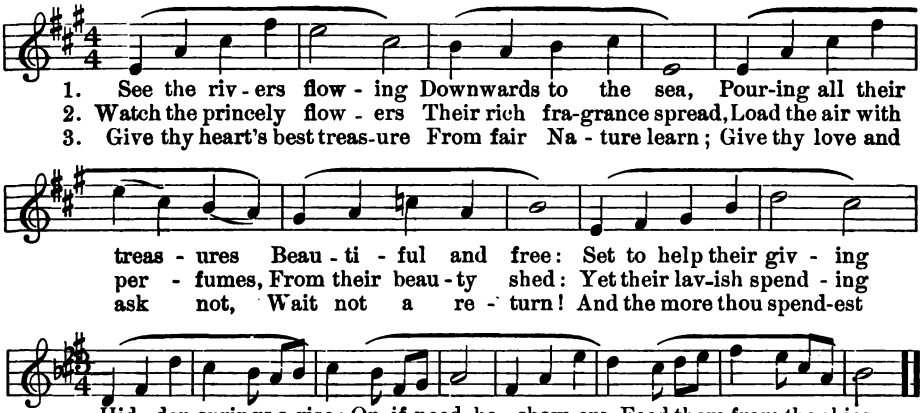
Study of Me.

The minor effect is produced by introducing Me in place of Mi. La do sound like Do me. Master the key to the study, then practice the melody until the effect is familiar.



GIVE.

ADELAIDE PROCTOR.



1. See the riv - ers flow - ing Downwards to the sea, Pour-ing all their treas - ures Beau - ti - ful and free: Set to help their giv - ing Hid - den springs a-rise; Or if need be show-ers Feed them from the skies.
2. Watch the princely flow - ers Their rich fra-grance spread, Load the air with per - fumes, From their beau - ty shed: Yet their lav-ish spend - ing Leaves them not in dearth, With fresh life re-plenished By their moth-er earth!
3. Give thy heart's best treas-ure From fair Na - ture learn; Give thy love and ask not, Wait not a re - turn! And the more thou spend-est From thy lit - tle store, With a dou-ble boun - ty God will give the more.

Mel. Third Rd.

THE BUD.

E. O. LINDNER.

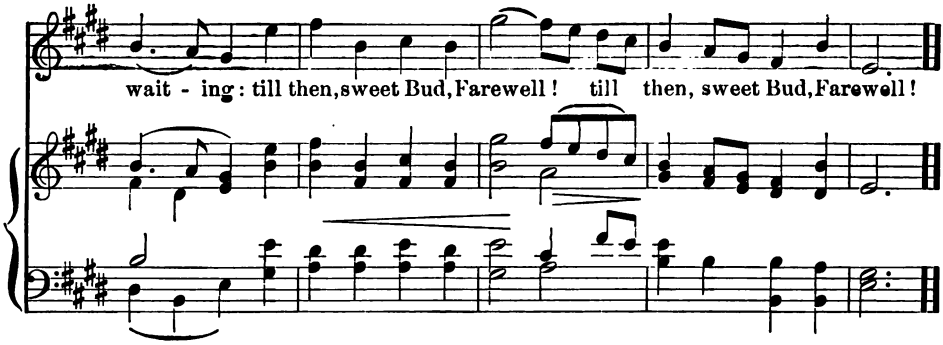
Merrily.

Thou lit - tle Bud, be pa - tient! Here in the wood a - bide, a -

broad there is no shel - ter thy charms from storms to hide. Tho' swiftly I am

pass - ing, I know thy place full well; for spring I'm on - ly

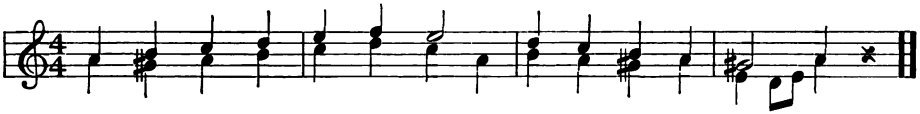
Mel. Third Rd.



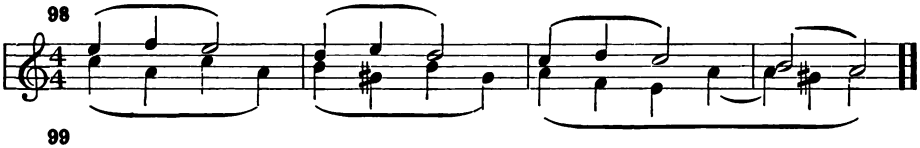
Study of the Minor Mode.

C major has for its relative A minor. The modes (scales) may be sung together, half of the class singing one, while the other half sings the other, No. 97. Study No. 98 brings out the harmonic effect of the minor scale which bears that name.

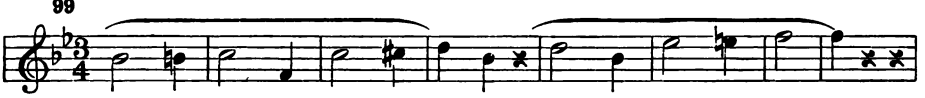
97



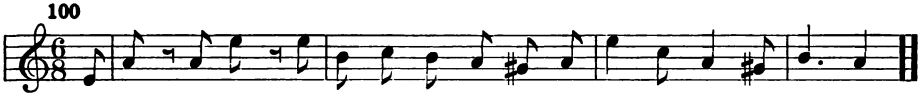
98



99

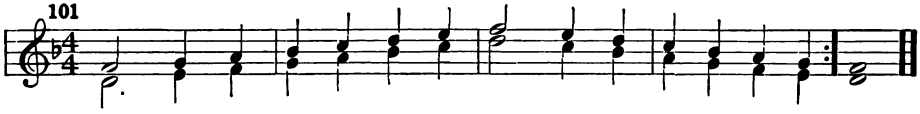


100



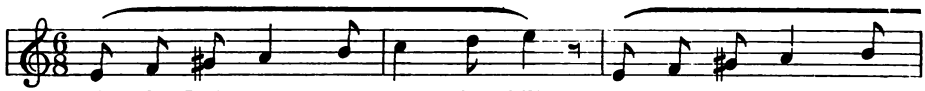
The upper voice sings the major scale; the lower sings the melodic minor scale. The key signature remains the same for both.

101

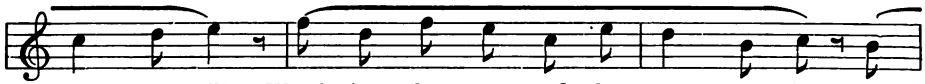


LITTLE JACK FROST.

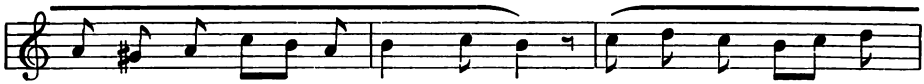
Anon.



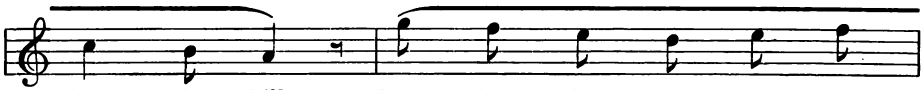
1. Lit - tle Jack Frost went up the hill, Watch - ing the stars and
2. Lit - tle Jack Frost walked thro' the trees, "Ah" sighed the flow'rs, "we
3. But when Dame Nature bro't back the spring, Bro't back the birds to



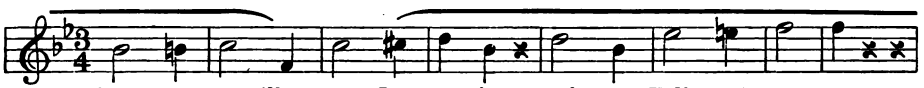
moon so still; Watch - ing the stars and the moon so bright, And
freeze, we freeze." "Ah" sighed the grass - es "we die, we die." Said
chirp and sing; Melt - ed the snow and warm - ed the sky,



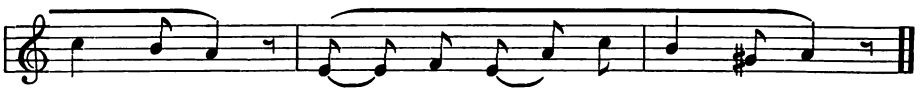
laugh-ing a - lone with all his might. Lit - tle Jack Frost ran
Lit - tle Jack Frost, "Good-bye, good - bye." Lit - tle Jack Frost tripped
Lit - tle Jack Frost went pout - ing by; The flow'rs o - pened their



down the hill, Late in the night when the
'round and 'round, Spread - ing white snow on the
eyes of blue, Green buds peep - ed out and



winds were still; Late in the Fall when the
fro - zen ground, Nip - ping the breez - es, i -
grass - es grew, It was so warm and scorch -

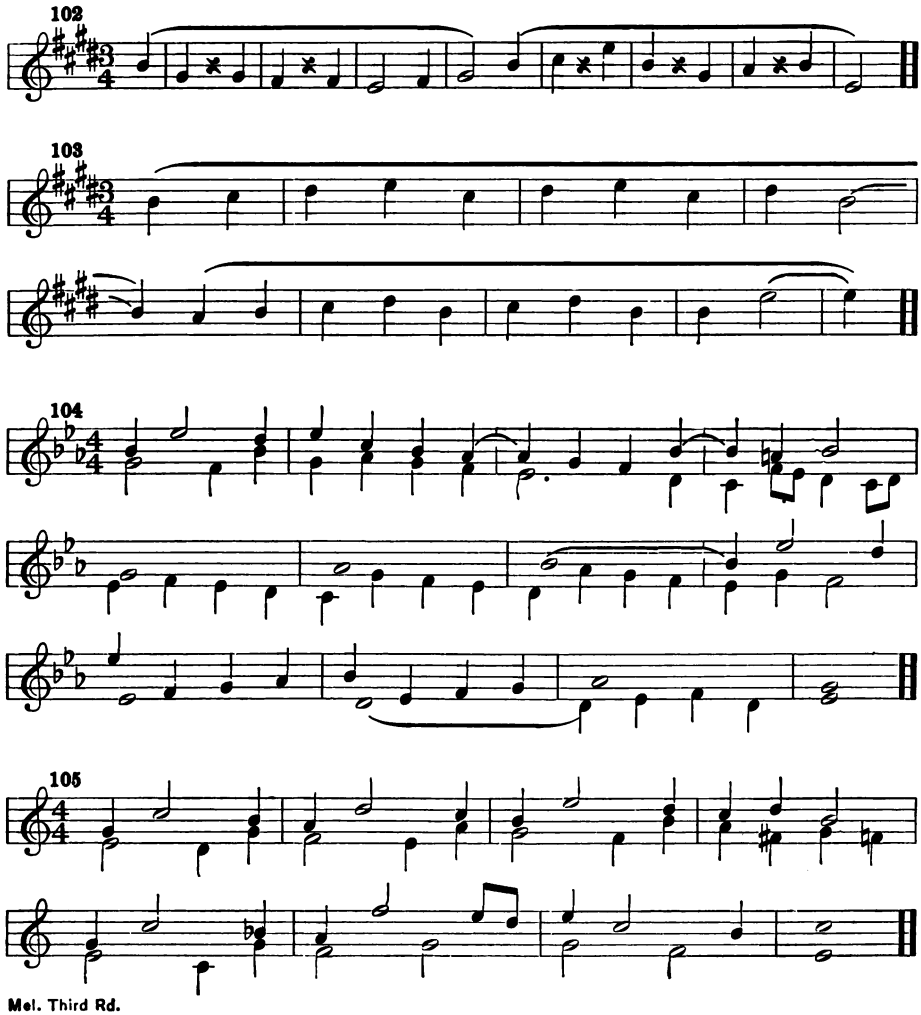


leaves fell down, Red and yel - low and fad - ed brown.
cing the streams, Chill - ing the warmth of the sun's bright beams.
ed him so, Lit - tle Jack Frost was glad to go.

Mel. Third Rd

Syncopation.

The syncopation occurs in the second study where the tones are so arranged that the accent falls on the second beat instead of the first. Study the effect carefully. The melodies when learned should be sung very freely with rapid movement.

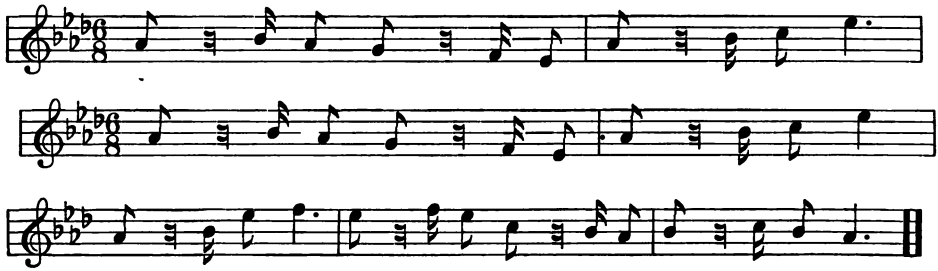


Mel. Third Rd.

The Rest.

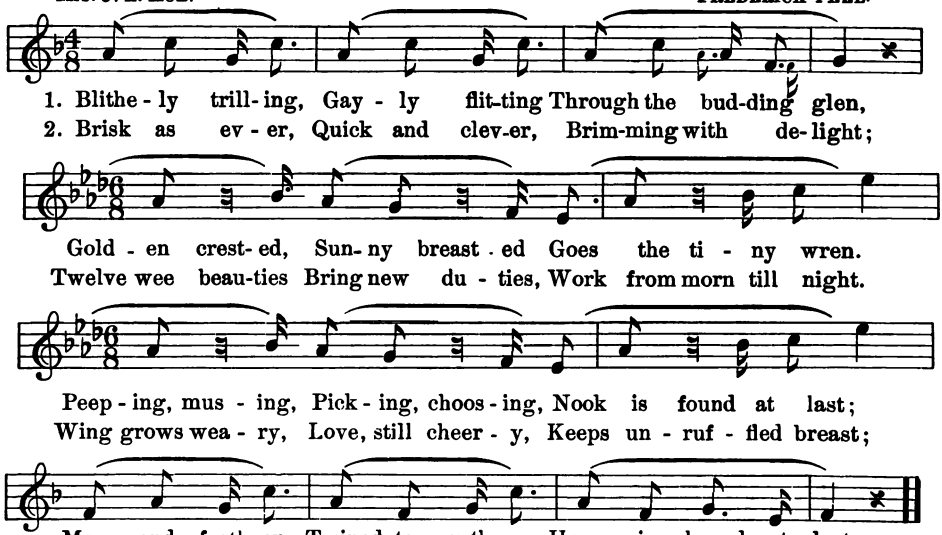
These studies illustrate the use of the sixteenth rest as a means of punctuation; this adds no difficulty to the study but gives a pleasing rhythm. Review triplet studies before taking these. Give two beats to the measure. Repeat till the melody is given with entire freedom.

106

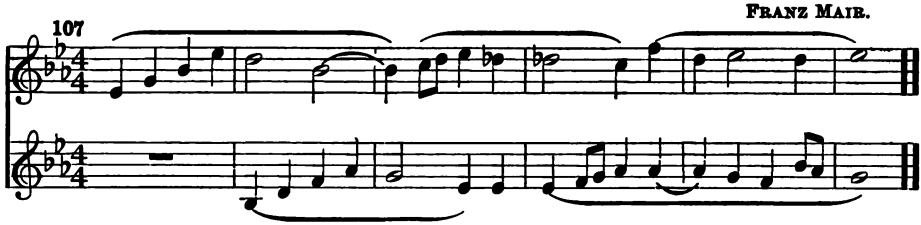


THE WREN.

Mrs. J. L. Hoe. Frederick Peel.



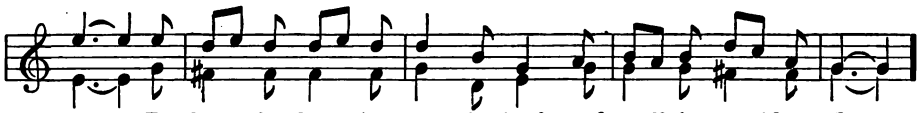
FRANZ MAIR.



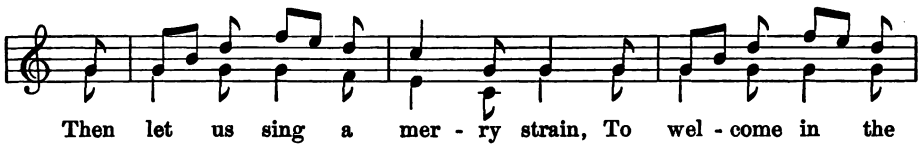
WELCOME TO MAY.

W. HODGETT.

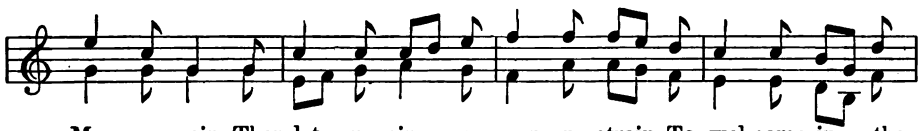
1. We love to sit at e - ven - tide In some se - clud - ed
2. The mead-ows bright with spar-kling dew, The sun with gen - ial
3. But while we sing of love - ly May In all its beau - ty



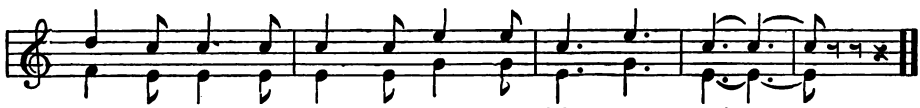
bower, To hear the chant - ing of the birds And smell the new-blown flower.
smiles, The Springtime's bud-ding rest-less-ness Our wea - ri - ness be - guiles.
clad, May we re - mem - ber Him who makes The earth so rich and glad.



Then let us sing a mer - ry strain, To wel - come in the



May a - gain, Then let us sing a mer - ry strain, To wel-come in the

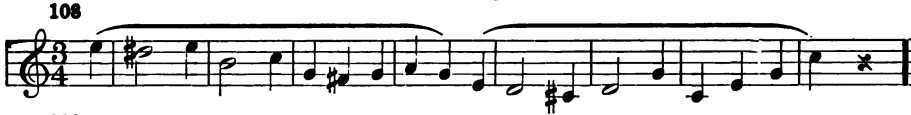


May a - gain, To wel - come in the May a - gain. . .

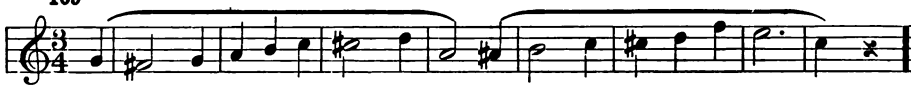
Mel. Third Rd.

Chromatic Progressions.

108



109

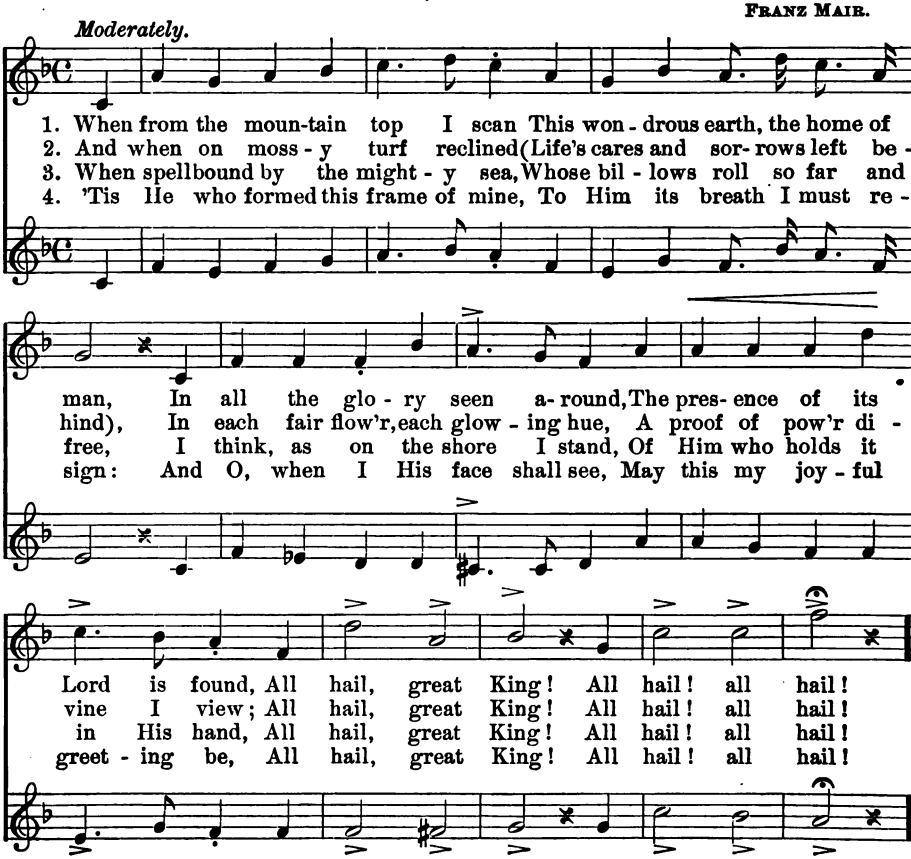


ALL HAIL, GREAT KING!

FRANZ MAIR.

Moderately.

1. When from the moun-tain top I scan This won - drous earth, the home of man, In all the glo - ry seen a- round, The pres- ence of its Lord is found, All hail, great King! All hail! all hail!
2. And when on moss - y turf reclined (Life's cares and sor- rows left be - hind), In each fair flow'r, each glow - ing hue, A proof of pow'r di - vine I view; All hail, great King! All hail! all hail!
3. When spellbound by the might - y sea, Whose bil - lows roll so far and free, I think, as on the shore I stand, Of Him who holds it in His hand, All hail, great King! All hail! all hail!
4. 'Tis He who formed this frame of mine, To Him its breath I must re - sign: And O, when I His face shall see, May this my joy - ful greet - ing be, All hail, great King! All hail! all hail!



DAY OF THE LORD!

A. J. FOXWELL. J. F. REICHARDT.

Moderately.

1. Day of the Lord! Day of the Lord! Day of the Lord! Thrice ho - ly day!
2. House of the Lord! House of the Lord! House of the Lord! Thrice hap-py place!
3. Songs of the Lord! Songs of the Lord! Songs of the Lord! O glo - rious strains!

Wel-come on earth thy sa - cred sway And heav'nly ray, Day of the Lord!
Where He dis-plays His smil - ing face And sav - ing grace. House of the Lord!
Call-ing the soul from fret- ting pains And earth-ly stains, Songs of the Lord!

Day of the Lord! thrice ho - ly day! thrice ho - ly day!
House of the Lord! thrice hap - py place! thrice hap - py place!
Songs of the Lord! O glo - rious strains! O glo - rious strains!

Dictation.

Chromatic.

1 2

Mel. Third Rd.

The Minor Mode.

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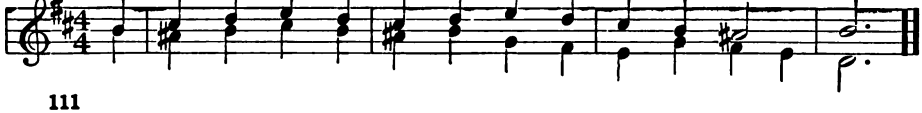

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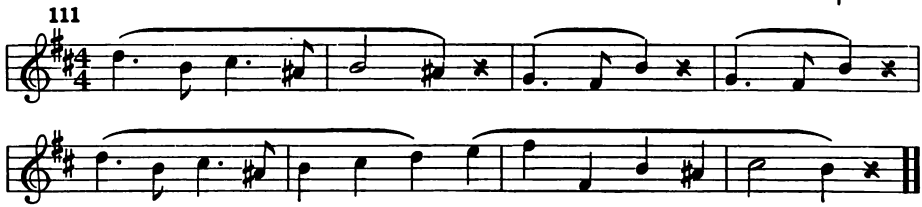
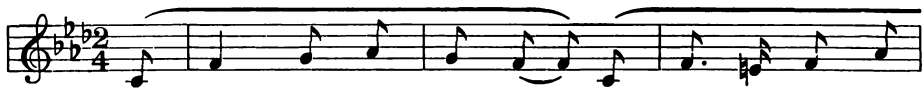
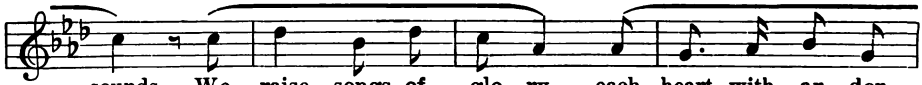


MARCHING OUT.

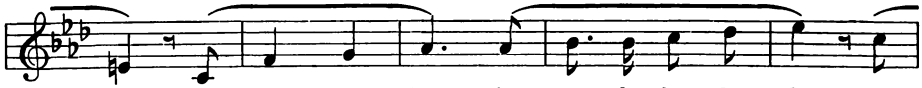
A. METHFESSEL. H. L. HEARTZ.



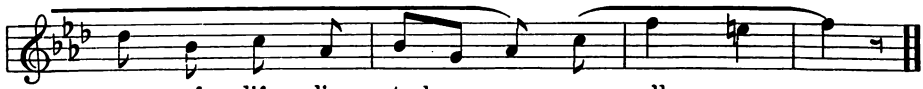
1. We march on to bat - tle when loud the trump - et
2. We hold well to - geth - er, like broth - ers bold and
3. Nor death stays, nor dan - ger, the sol - dier's brave ca -



sounds, We raise songs of glo - ry, each heart with ar - dor
true, When death does sur - round us, peace is to our
reer, For hon - or and glo - ry he lifts the sword and



bounds. Our voi - ces free ring gay - ly thro' the day, No
view. With daunt - less front we urge our on - ward way, One
spear. In sa - cred fight, pre - par'd to fall or stand, He



care of life dis - turbs us, we all are gay.
end, one aim we're seek - ing to win the day.
lives, or no - bly dies for his fa - ther - land.

Mel. Third Rd.

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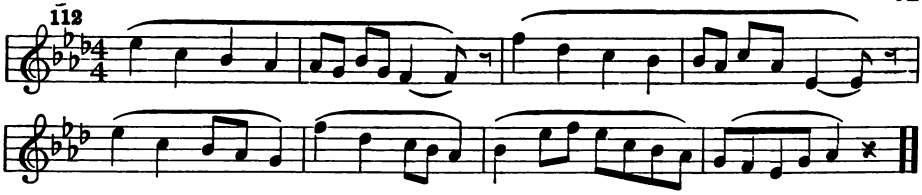

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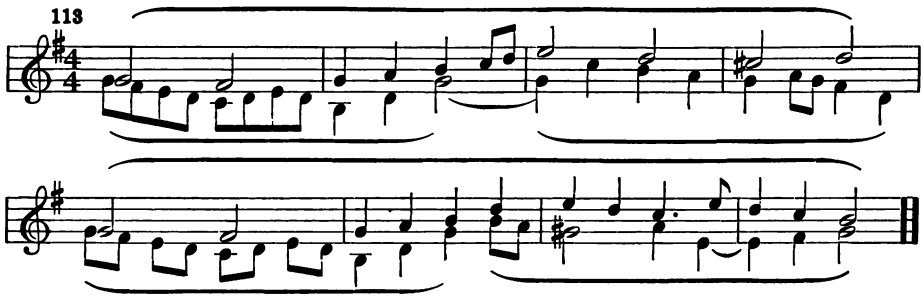
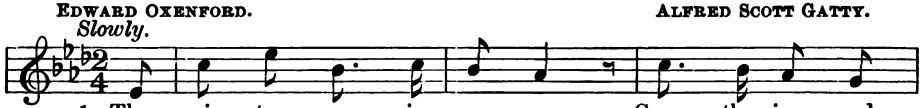


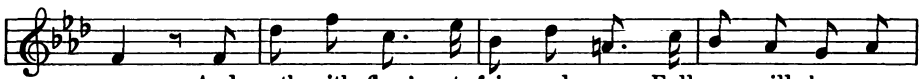
SPRING.

EDWARD OXENFORD. ALFRED SCOTT GATTY.

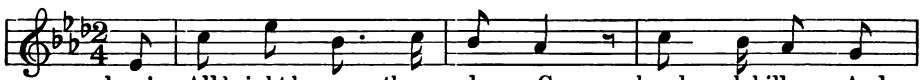
Slowly.



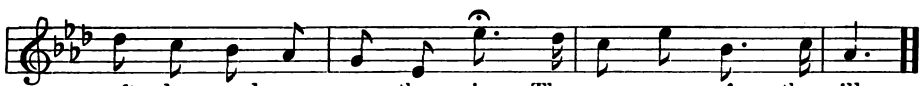
1. The win - ter now is o - ver, Gone the ice and
2. The war - blers break their si - lence, Old - en songs re -
3. O sweet the hours of spring-time, All is bright and



snow; And earth with flow'r - ets fair and gay, Full soon will be a -
peat, And borne up - on the ver - nal breeze Is heard their mu - sic
fair, And blos-soms shed their wel-come scent Up - on the balm - y



glow! All bright be-come the mead-ows, Green each vale and hill; And
sweet! For Na - ture now a-wak - ens, Love - li - ness to bring; All
air! Though Summer, Au-tumn, Winter, Each their beau-ties bring; The



soft - ly sound up - on the air The mur - murs of the rill.
hearts are fill'd with joy to - day, And hail the com - ing Spring!
sweet - est and the fair - est days Are those that come with Spring!

MORNING WAKES.

C. A. KERN.

With animation.

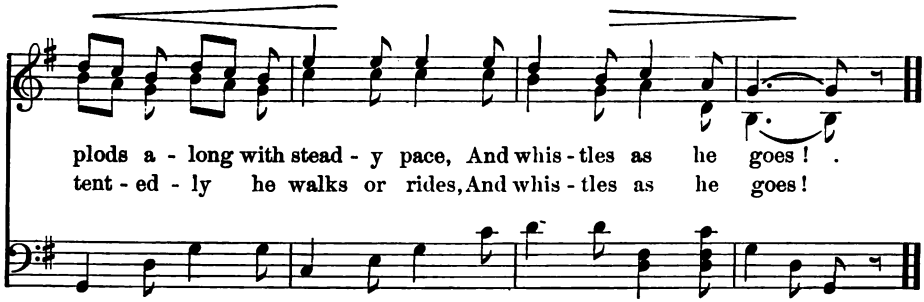
1. When morn-ing wakes and drives away The clouds that hid the sun, The
2. So up the steep-ly wind-ing hills, And o'er the lev - el plains, Where

wag - on - er his team pre-pares, For la - bor has be - gun; . Then
wide the gor - sy com-mon spreads, And thro' the ver - dant lanes, . And

while the birds with ear - ly songs Their ris - ing joys dis - close, . He
where a - cross the peb - bly road The bub-bling wa - ter flows, . Con -

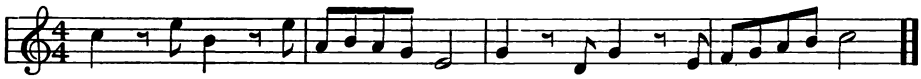
plods a - long with stead- y pace, And whis - tles as he goes, . He
tent - ed - ly he walks or rides, And whis - tles as he goes! . Con -

Mel. Third Rd.



Study of Te.

114



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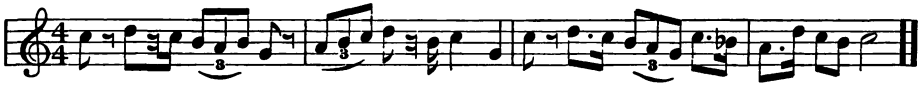

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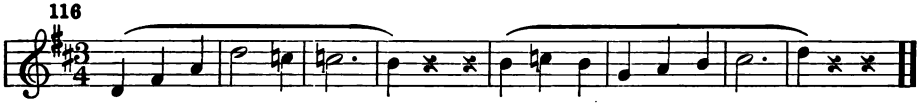
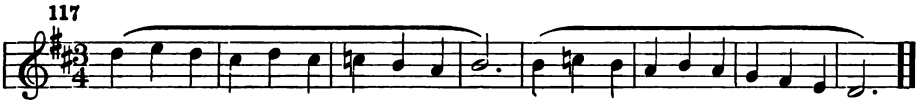


117



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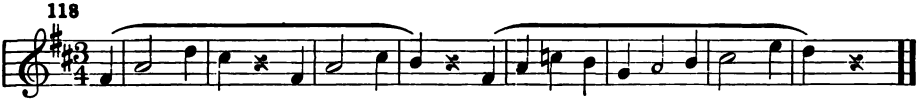


Mel. Third Rd.

WHEN NATURE WAKES.

German Melody.

With full tone.

1. When na - ture wakes a - new from slum - ber, And clothes the earth in
2. The scenes of child-hood hov - er o'er me, And fill my soul with
3. Fare - well, ye cit - ies full of splen - dor! My home de-lights in

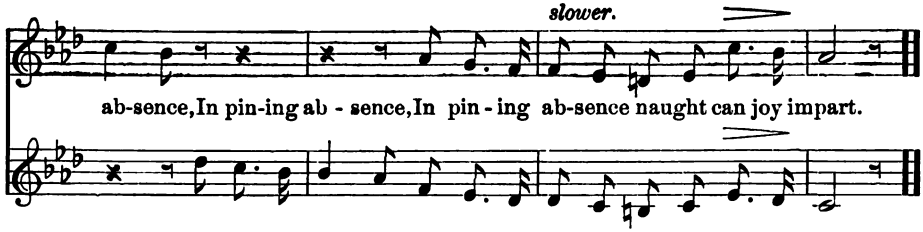
robes of green; When blossoms charm us with their number, And brighter life each
ten-der pain; The friends of youth appear be - fore me, And beck-on me re -
all I miss: Your glittering pleasures I sur - ren - der, And haste a-way to

softer.

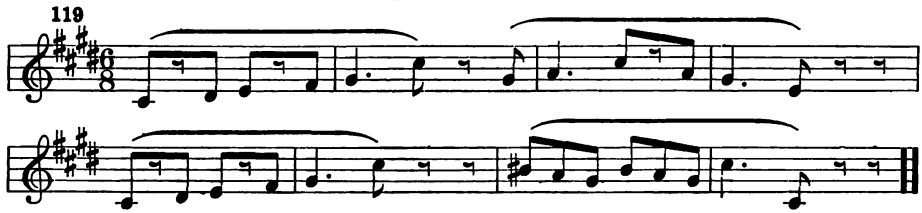
hour is seen. The tho't of home with thrilling smart, Re-sist-less sways my
pose to gain. The tho't of home with thrilling smart, Re-sist-less sways my
pur - er bliss. The tho't of home with thrilling smart, Re-sist-less sways my

long - ing heart, From vale and moun-tain voi - ces call me; In pin - ing

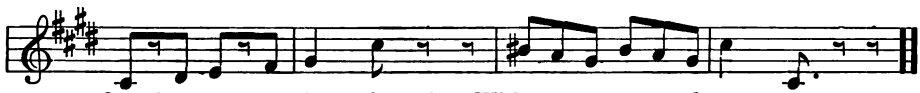
Mel. Third Rd.



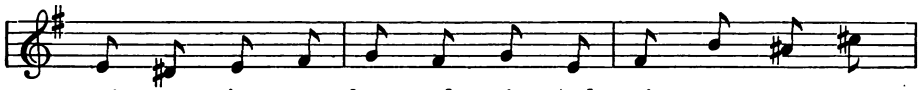
The Minor Mode.



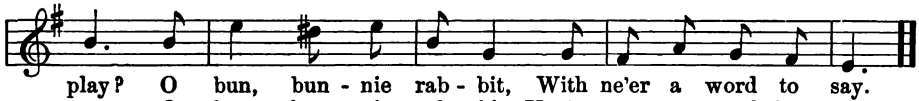
O BUN, BUNNIE RABBIT.



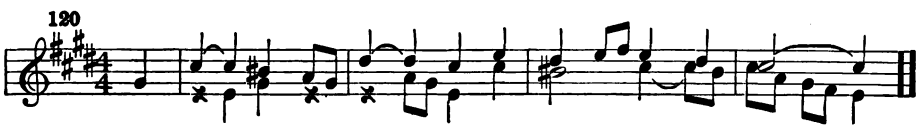
1. O bun, bun - nie rab - bit, With ne'er a word to say, Why
2. O bun, bun - nie rab - bit, Your eyes are red of hue, And
3. O bun, bun - nie rab - bit, For all your ru - by eyes, And



can't you sing or leap and spring, And make some mer - ry
what a pair of ears you've got, They're long e - nough for
long, long ears, I great - ly fear You are not o - ver



play? O bun, bun - nie rab - bit, With ne'er a word to say.
two. O bun, bun - nie rab - bit, You've ears e - nough for two.
wise. O bun, bun - nie rab - bit, You are not o - ver wise.



Mel. Third Rd.

VACATION SONG.

J. Frise. H. L. Heartz.

1. Be - fore we part, we'll shout hurrah, And cheer with might and main; With
2. We'll shout hurrah for tasks performed, For les - sons brave - ly done; We'll
3. Then help us in our joy-ous song, Join in our mirth-ful glee, Give

ech - oes of our voi - ces glad The place shall ring a - gain.
shout hur - rah for stud - ies o'er, And hol - i - days be - gun.
once a - gain, with might and main, A heart - y three times three.

Chorus.

Hip, hurrah! (hip, hur-rah!) Hip, hurrah! (Hip, hurrah!) Hip, hip, hip, hip, hur-

rah! Give one more cheer, with voi - ces clear, Hip, hip, hip, hip, hur - rah!

Mel. Third Rd.

O'ER THE MOUNTAIN.

ARTHUR HUDSON. F. ELSNER.

Merrily.

1. O'er the moun - tain I free - ly wan - der, Where the wild birds have their home; Let the i - dle their mo - ments squan - der, With the breez - es will I roam. La la la la la la la la
2. Far be - neath me is spread the val - ley, Where the sil - ver streamlets run; Where the shad - ows are wont to dal - ly, Shy - ly hid - ing from the sun. La la la la la la la la
3. Na - ture's beau - ties are seen a - round me, All un - fet - ter'd is the soul; World - ly sor - rows no more con - found me, World-ly cares shall from me roll. La la la la la la la la

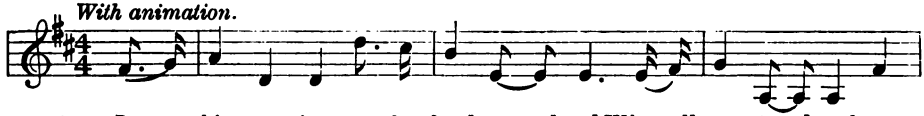
la la la la la la la la la la la la la la la la la.

Mel. Third Rd.

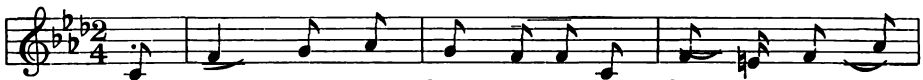
ARBOR DAY SONG.

WILLIAM CULLEN BRYANT. J. L. MOLLOY.

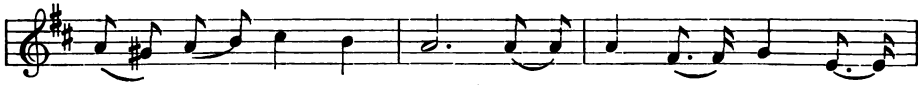
With animation.



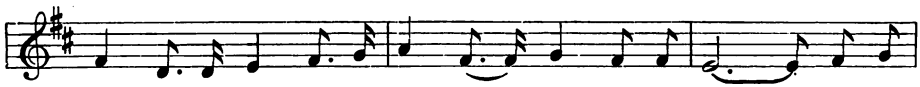
1. Is . . this a time to be cloud-y and sad When all na - ture laughs a -
2. There's a dance of leaves in the asp - en . . bow'r, Winds play in the beechen



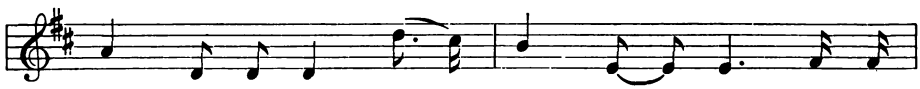
round? When e - ven the deep blue heav'ns look glad, And
tree; And a smile on the fruit and a smile on the flower, And the



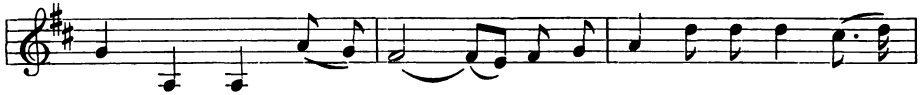
glad is the bloom-sweet ground. There are notes of joy from the
brook laughs to the sea; And look at the broad - faced



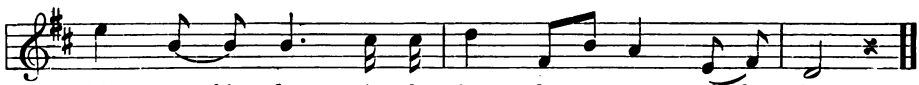
hang - bird and wren, And the swal - lows thro' all the sky; . . And the
sun how he smiles On the earth as it smiles in his ray, . . On the



squir - rel all gay - ly . . chirps near his den As the
leap of the waves and the gay young isles, As he



bee hums mer - ri - ly by, . . . And the squir - rel all gay - ly . .
smiles their gloom a - way; . . On the leap of the waves and the



chirps near his den, As the bee hums mer - ri - ly by.
gay young isles, As he smiles their gloom a - way.

Mel. Third Rd.

SPRING IS HERE.

ARTHUR HUDSON. G. NAKONZ.

Softly.

1. Spring is here, and earth is glad, Flow'rs a - round are spring - ing,
Soft and balm - y is the air, Blue the sky a - bove us;

p

slower.

Trees and fields in green are clad, Woods with song are ring - ing.
While the whisp'ring winds de - clare Spring is here to love us.

mf

Dictation.

1 Chromatic.

2

3

4

LADY-BIRD.

S. COLERIDGE-TAYLOR.

Sweet lit - tle la - dy- bird, rest a -

p

while, Come rest . a - while up - on . . my hand, And

f

nought shall there af - fright thee! I'll

treat . . thee well and set . . thee free If

thy . . bright wings thou'lt spread for me, Those

p poco rit.

love - ly wings . . de- light me!

SEWING.

FLORENCE HOARE. JOSEPH L. ROECKEL.

Brightly.

1. If I was a nee - dle, a nee - dle, I would-n't so tire - some be, . . And stick out my point, and close up my eye Just when I was want - ed to

2. If I was a thread of white cot - ton, I would-n't get black and hot, . . And rav - el and break, and big stitch - es make, And work my - self in - to a

see; . . I should be so dread-ful-ly sor-ry for
knot! . . I won-der if folks who are old-er get

poor lit-tle girls like me, . . Who have to sit sew-ing, in-
hee-dles and cot-tons as bad? . . Ah! now it is mend-ed, my

stead of just go-ing Wher-ev-er they'd like to be!
long task is end-ed, And real-ly I am so glad!

THE EASTER HARE.

Not too fast.

1. Dar - ling hare, go find or bor - row Eas - ter eggs for us to -
2. Such a bed of moss we'll give thee, Warm and read - y to re -
3. And the dog shall not come near thee; Fast we'll chain him, nev - er

p *mf*

slowly. *softly.*

mor - row; Spot - ted ones, of col - ors rare, From the for - est bring with
ceive thee; And for sup - per quite a treat Grass and clo - ver thou shalt
fear thee! Not a sound shall thee af - fright When thou com - est back to -

rit. *p* *p*

care, from the for-est, from the for-est bring with care!
eat, grass and clo-ver, grass and clo-ver thou shalt eat!
night, when thou comest, when thou comest back to-night!

SOLDIER SONG.

W. F. Holmes.

In march movement.
Gradually louder to the end.

Wilhelm Taubert.

1. A swift stead - y horse, A fine shin - ing gun, A
2. O brave sol - dier boys To war march a - way, Walk

p *sf*

bright gleaming sword; Now shall we have fun. t r r r dum, t r r r dum, t r r r
straight and keep step, Pre-pared for the fray. t r r r dum, t r r r dum, t r r r

p

dum te dum te dum, t r r r dum, Now shall we have fun.
dum te dum te dum, t r r r dum, Pre - pared for the fray.

f

THE BLUEBIRDS.

S. COLERIDGE-TAYLOR.

Very slowly.

mp

1. A . . mist of green on the wil - lows; A . .
2. The . dew - drop peeps to the sun - light Where

flash of blue 'mid the rain; And the brisk wind pipes, and the
last year's leaves have . lain, And a flut - ed song tells the

f

brook - let stripes With sil - ver, hill and plain, stripes with
heart be strong The dark - est days will wane, The

slower.

sil - ver hill and plain. Hark! . . . . the
dark - est days will wane. Hark! . . . . the

rit. *f* *a tempo.*

blue - birds have come to us a - gain; Hark! . . the
blue - birds will al - ways come a - gain, Hark! . . the

f

blue - birds have come to us a - gain. . . .
blue - birds will al - ways come a - gain. . . .

rall

BLOW, WIND, BLOW.

Old Nursery Rhyme. GRACE WILBUR CONANT.

Merrily.

Blow, wind, blow, . . And go, mill, go, That the

mill - er may grind his corn. That the bak - er may bake it And

in - to rolls make it, And bring us some hot in the morn. . .

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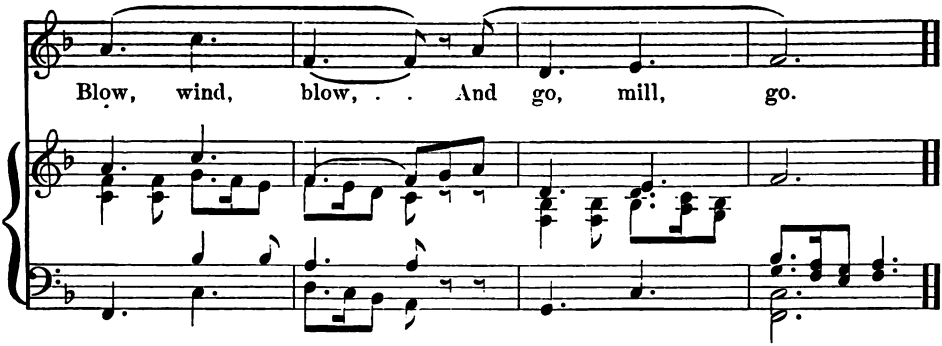
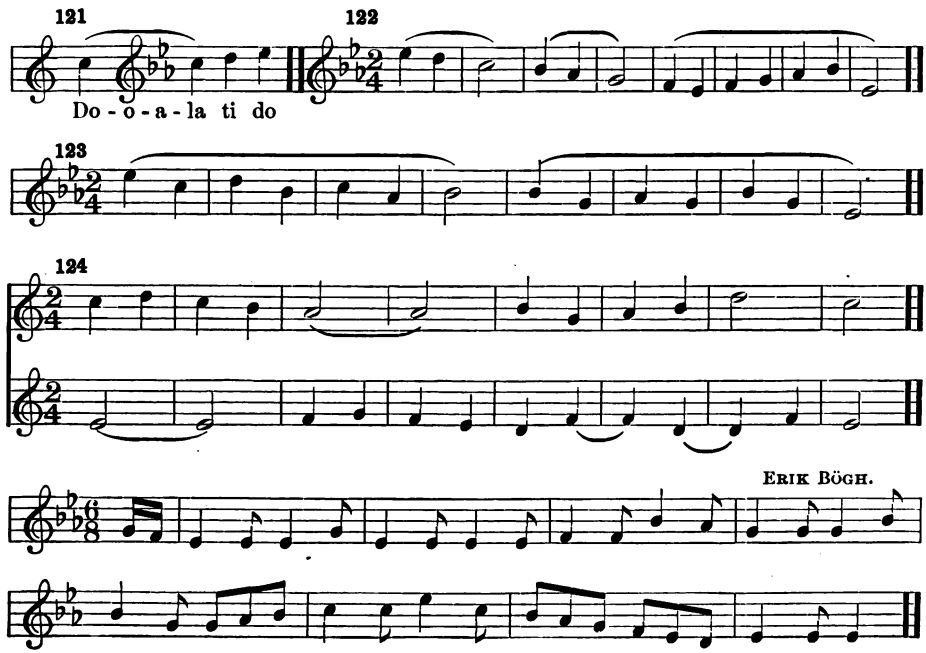


Review.

The simpler studies are intended for use in tuning the voices, studying the meter, and particularly to give practice in interval work.



MY MARY MINDS HER DAIRY.

Old Nursery Rhyme. GRACE WILBUR CONANT.

My Ma - ry minds her dai - ry While I go hoe-ing and mow-ing each morn.

Ped. Ped.

Mer - ri - ly run the reel, . . And the lit - tle spin-ning wheel

Ped. Ped. Ped. Ped.

While I am sing-ing and hoe-ing the corn My Ma - ry minds her dai - ry.

Ped. Ped. Ped.

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NURSERY RHYMES.

1. Sing a song of six - pence, A pock - et full of rye, .
2. Rob - in got up ear - ly, 'Twas at the break of day, .

Four and twen - ty black - birds Baked in a pie; .
Went to Jen - ny's win - dow, There sang a lay. .

When the pie was o - pened, The birds be - gan to sing, .
Rob - in's love he car - oled To lit - tle Jen - ny Wren, .

Was - n't that a dain - ty dish To set be-fore the King?
When he got un - to the end He then be-gan a - gain. .

THE SLEEPY SONG.

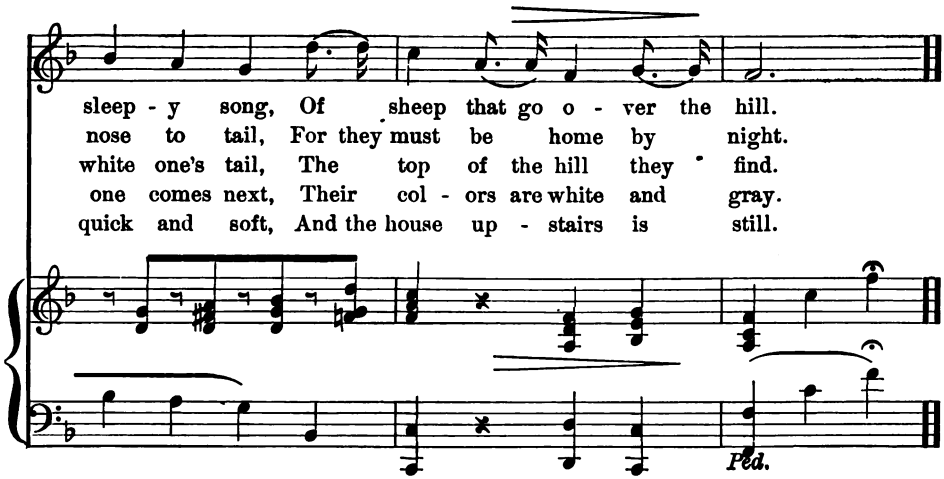
JOSEPHINE DASKAM. DANIEL PROTHEROE.

Con moto.

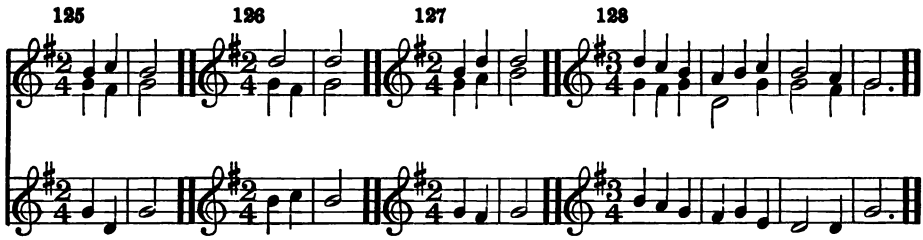
1. As soon as the fire burns red and low, And the
2. The good lit - tle sheep run quick and soft, Their
3. And one slips o - ver and one comes next, And
4. And when they get to the top of the hill, They
5. And o - ver they go, and o - ver they go, And

p

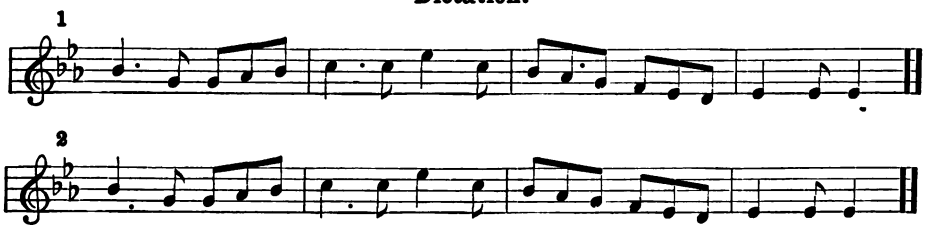
house up - stairs is stlll, She sings me a queer lit - tle
col - ors are gray and white; They fol - low their lead - er
one runs af - ter be - hind, The gray one's nose at the
qui - et - ly slip a - way, But one runs o - ver and
o - ver the top of the hill, The good lit - tle sheep run



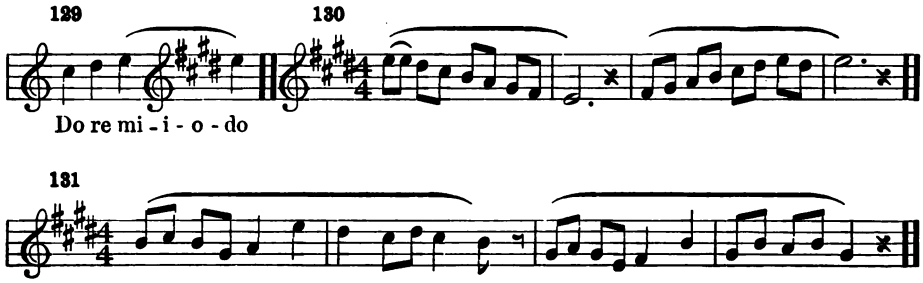
Studies in Three-Part Music.



Dictation.

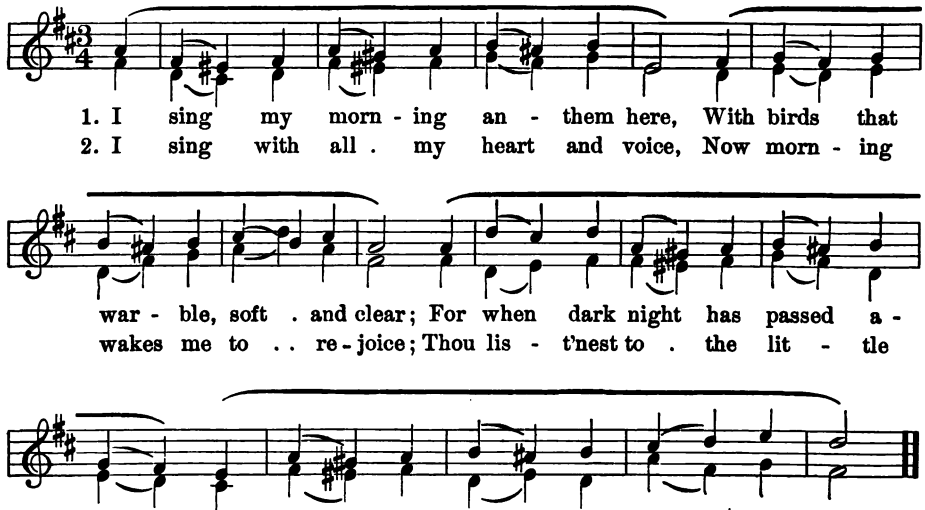


Review of evenly divided beat and the use of the eighth rest. Hold the finger down while two eighth notes are given. Notice that the eighth rest simply indicates a short tone.



I SING TO THEE.

G. CH. DIEFFENBACH.



Mel. Third Rd.

NATURE'S SONG.

Lower Austrian Song.

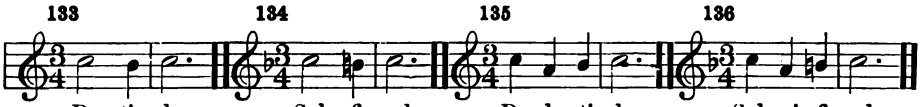
Lively.

1. Through-out the whole cre - a - tion Is heard an end - less song; 'Tis sung by ev'r - y na - tion, While a - ges roll a - long, While a - ges roll a - long.
2. The brook - let on - ward bound - ing, In rip - pling ca - dence flows; The sea with waves re - sound - ing, No rest or si - lence knows, No rest or si - lence knows.
3. The flower-bells all are ring - ing, Soft mur - murs swell the breeze; The for - est boughs are swing - ing, And rus - tlings fill the trees, And rus - tlings fill the trees.

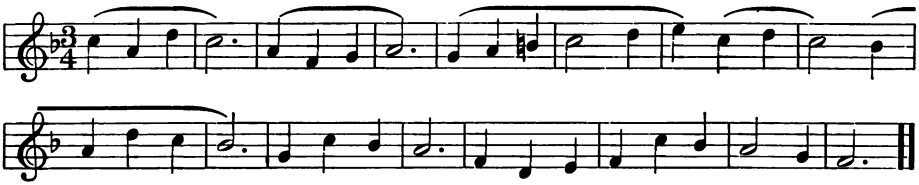
132

Mel. Third Rd.

Review of chromatic tones. Study the type forms, then practise the study until it is mastered. The scale should be written on the board and sharp four should be indicated. The teacher should guide the pupils with the pointer, leading to sharp four from various points in the scale until the tone can be taken freely from every other tone in the scale.

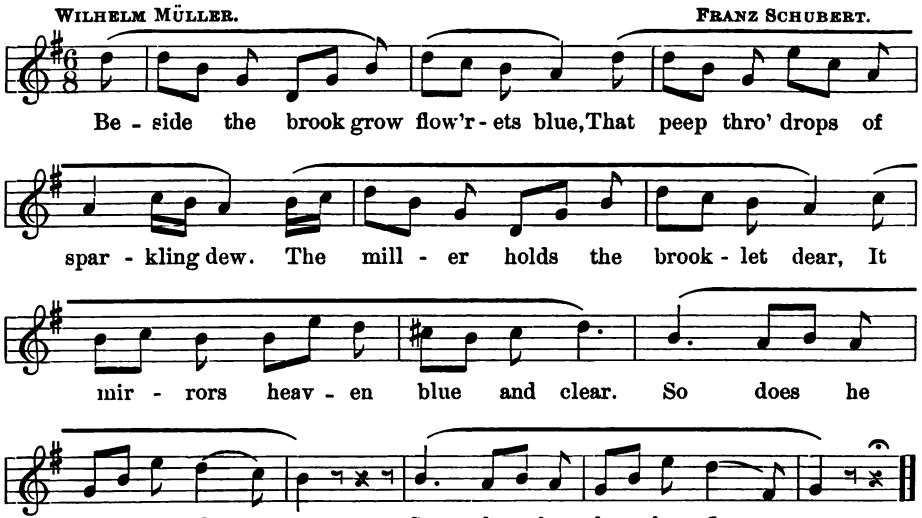


A Solfeggio.



THE MILLER'S FLOWERS.

WILHELM MÜLLER. FRANZ SCHUBERT.



Mel. Third Rd.

CHRISTMAS-TIME.

B. MANSELL RAMSEY.

Cheerfully.

1. Christ-mas-time! Christ-mas-time! Bells ring out with mer - ry chime,
2. Christ-mas-time! Christ-mas-time! Source of ma - ny a deed sub - lime,
3. Christ-mas-time! Christ-mas-time! Soon may ev'r - y class and clime,

Hearts with hap - pi - ness are beat-ing, Friends a-gain are glad - ly greet-ing,
How it rais - es kind - ly feel - ing, To our bet - ter thoughts appeal-ing,
What - so - ev - er their con - di - tion, Low - ly rank or high po - si - tion,

Oh! there's many a pleas - ant meet - ing In the mer - ry Christ-mas-time.
Strife de - stroy - ing, sor - row - heal-ing Bless - ed, ho - ly Christ-mas-time
Join in grate - ful rec - og - ni - tion Of the mer - ry Christ-mas-time.

A BIRD WAS FLYING.

Rather quickly.

C. M. VON WEBER.

1. A bird was fly - ing o'er the plain, And sweet - ly rang its war - bling strain, "A - dieu, a - ieu! ye fields of green, I now must leave each well - known scene, A - way, a - way, a - way, a - way! I trav - el far to - day, A - way, a - way!"
2. I lis - tened to the pass - ing song, Which pealed in liq - uid notes a - long, "And where - fore now, sweet sum - mer guest, Wilt thou for - sake thy home of rest? Oh, why? oh, why? oh, why?

137

138

Study in the Minor Mode.

The melodic form of the ascending minor scale ends in Mi fi si la. These tones correspond to Do re mi fa. Place the study on the board and practice it until it is mastered.

139

140

Sol ti

141

Mi si

LITTLE PURPLE.

Merrily.

CHRISTENE WOOD BULLWINKLE.

1. "Lit - tle Pur - ple" flies her kite In . . the . . street; . .
2. Her red o - bis tied be - hind In . . a . . . bow; . .

See it in its up - ward flight, Swift and . . fleet. . .
As she plays her small steps wind, To . . and . . fro,— . .

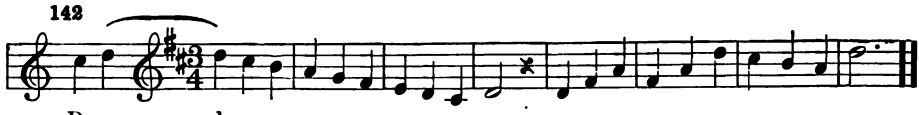
Gracefully.

Her new toy is bright and gay As a freshly picked bou - quet, Fly on
Where sweet wild-plums gently fall At the Jap-a - nese-child's call — Oh ! fly

high, my . pret - ty kite, . . Fly on high, my bam-boo kite.
on high, my . pret - ty kite, . . Fly on high, my bam-boo kite.

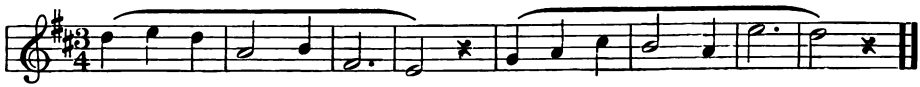
Mel. Third Rd.

142

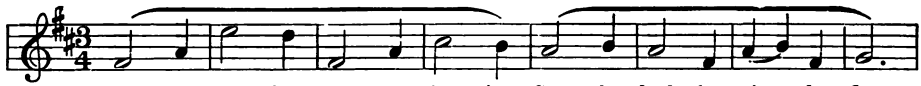


Do re - e - o - do

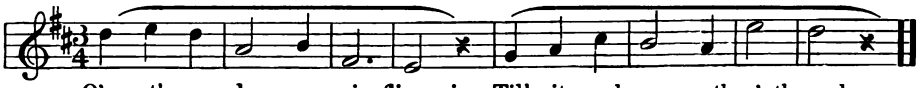
143



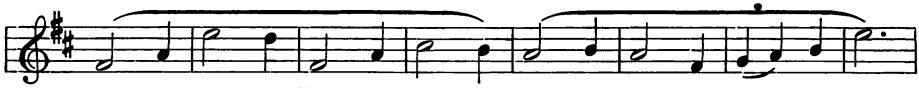
THE LARK.



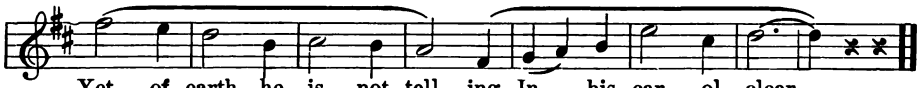
1. Ev - er soar - ing, ev - er sing - ing, See the lark in cir - cles fly.
2. Let us join him in his sing - ing, Lift - ing heart and tho't a - bove,



O'er the meadows mu - sic fling - ing, Till it ech - oes thro' the sky.
Thus our trib - ute ev - er bring - ing To the source of light and love!

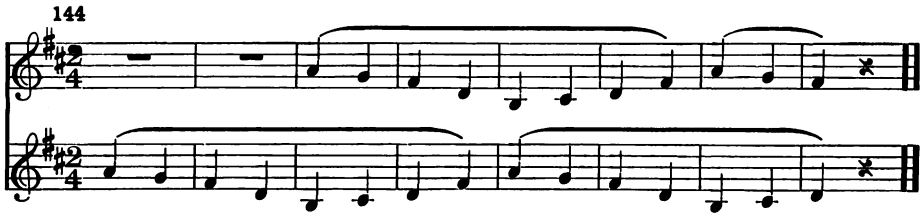


On the far earth lies his dwell - ing, Still to him in love so dear,
Let not earth - ly things so bind us With the chains of sloth and care,



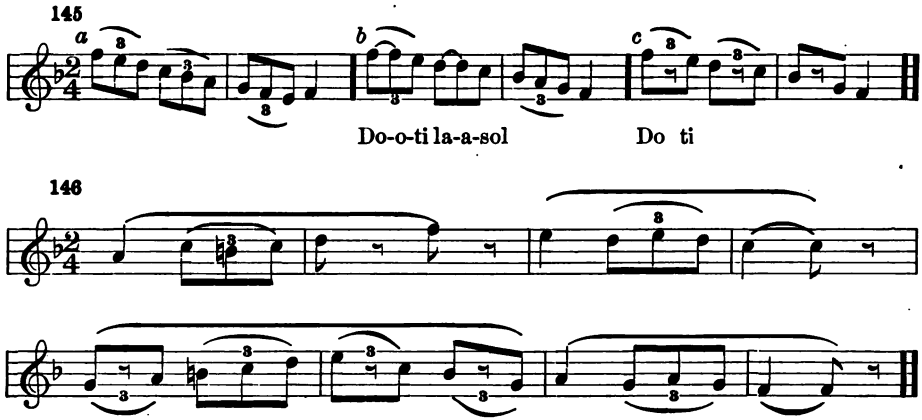
Yet of earth he is not tell - ing In . his car - ol clear.
That we suf - fer them to blind us To the glo - ry there!

144



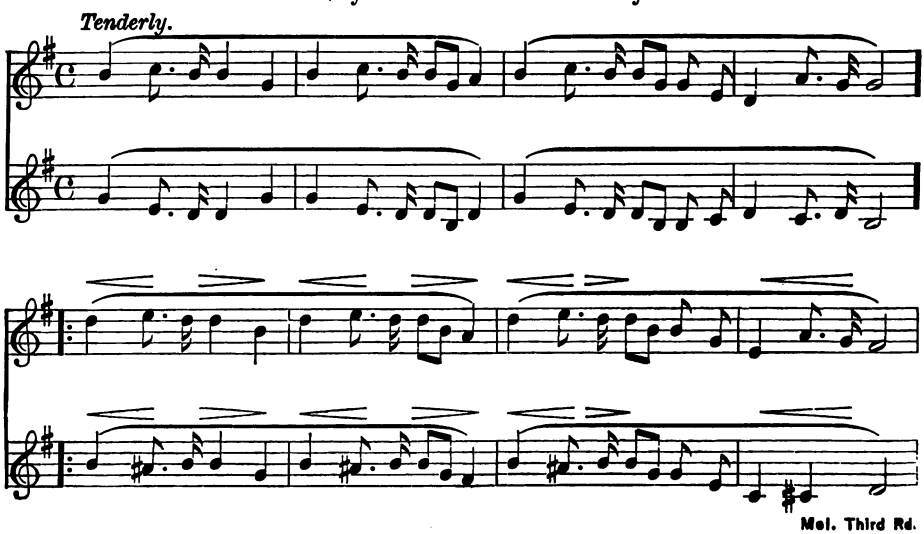
Study requiring interval practice. Write the scale on the board, and practice the intervals until they are familiar, then take the studies as given.

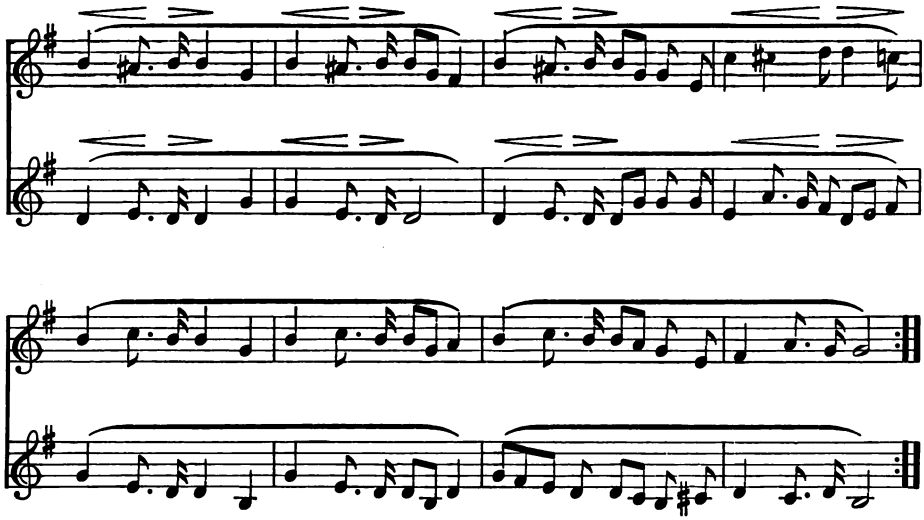
Study showing the modified triplet. Notice that in "B" the tie prolongs the first tone, and that in "C" the rest simply indicates that the first tone is cut short. Practice the study until the effect is entirely familiar.



Solfeggio for Two Voices.

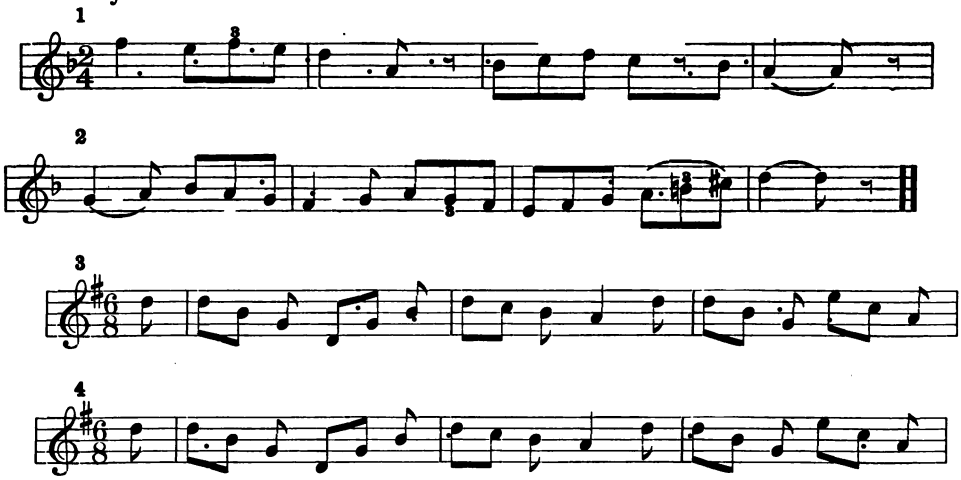
For Rhythmic and Chromatic Study.





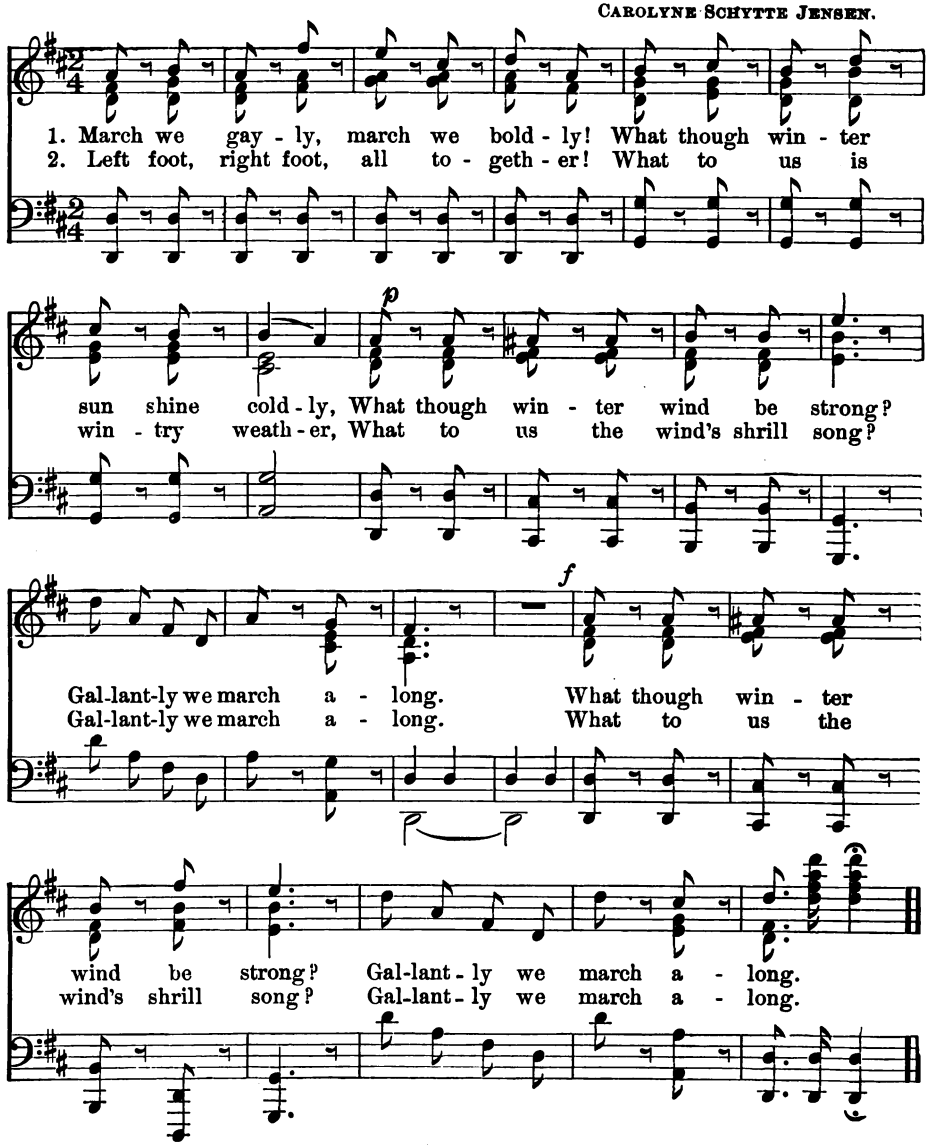
Dictation.

Rhythmic and chromatic.



WINTER MARCHING SONG.

CAROLYNE SCHYTTE JENSEN.



Mel. Third Rd.

SANTA LUCIA.

Translated from the Italian. Neapolitan Boat Song.

mf *Moderato.*

1. Moon-light, so sweet and pale, From heav - en fall - ing; Wave- lets that
2. Soft winds that come and go, Cool- ness are bring-ing, Bear - ing on
3. O joy! to lie at rest, Drift - ing and dream-ing, On o - cean's

mur-mur low, To us are call - ing, White is the summer night;
gen - tle wings Ech- oes of sing - ing, Waits the light boat for thee,
peace-ful breast 'Neath moonlight gleam-ing! Bride of the summer sea,

f *rall.*

Summer sea, sil -ver bright. San-ta Lu - ci - a! San - ta Lu - ci - a!
Float o'er the waves with me. San-ta Lu - ci - a! San - ta Lu - ci - a!
Na-ples, thy child to be! San-ta Lu - ci - a! San - ta Lu - ci - a!

f *rall.*

SYSTEM.

ROBERT LOUIS STEVENSON. CARL REINECKE.

Brightly.

Ev'r - y night my pray'rs I say, And I

p *p* *mf* *pp* *mf*

get my din - ner ev'r - y day; And ev'r - y day that I've been good, I

loud. *soft.*

p *cres.* *f* *p*

get, I get, I get an or-ange aft - er food. The child that is not

clean and neat, With lots of toys and things to eat, He is a naugh-ty

f *p* *cres.*

softly.

child, I'm sure, Or else his dear pa - pa, his dear pa - pa is poor.

p

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Mel. Third Rd.

THE OLD YEAR.

ALFRED TENNYSON. H. L. HEARTZ.

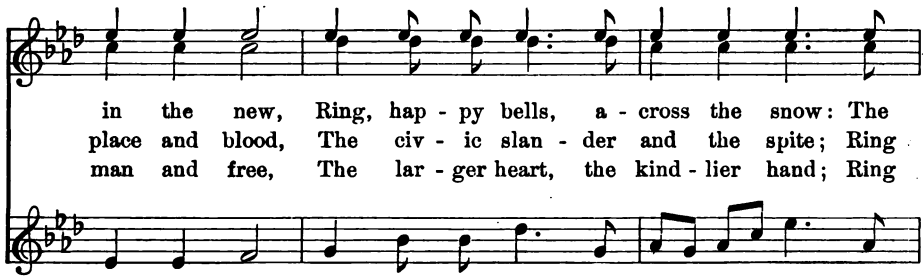
1. Ding! Dong! Ding! Dong! Ding Dong, Ding Dong, Ding, Dong, Ding, Ring
2. Ding! Dong! Ding! Dong! Ding Dong, Ding Dong, Ding, Dong, Ding, Ring
3. Ding! Dong! Ding! Dong! Ding Dong, Ding Dong, Ding, Dong, Ding, Ring

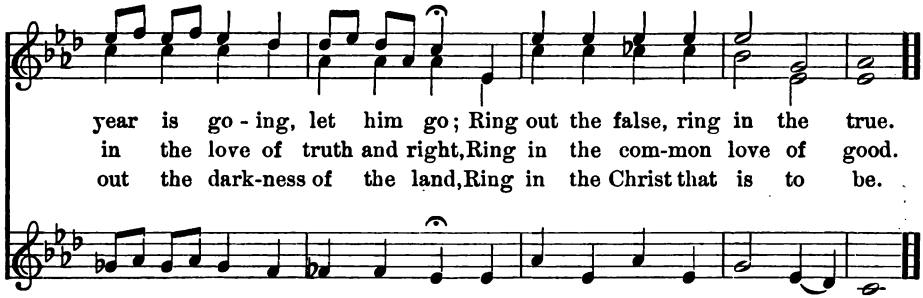
out, wild bells, to the wild, wild sky, The fly - ing cloud, the
out the grief that saps the mind, For those that here we
out old shapes of . . foul dis - ease, Ring out the narrow - ing

frost - y light: The year is dy - ing in the night; Ring
see no more; Ring out the feud of rich and poor, Ring
lust of gold; Ring out the thou - sand wars of old, Ring

out, wild bells, and let Him die. Ring out the old, ring
in re - dress to all man - kind. Ring out false pride in
in the thou- sand years of peace. Ring in the val - iant

Mel. Third Rd.

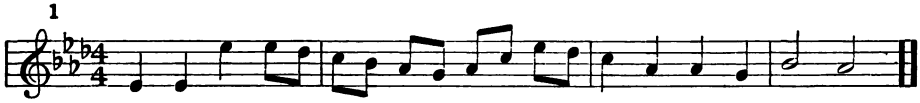




Dictation.

Chromatic.

1



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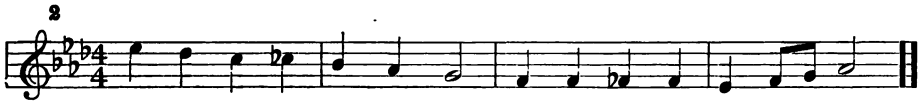

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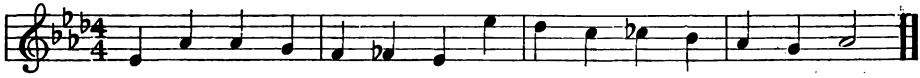
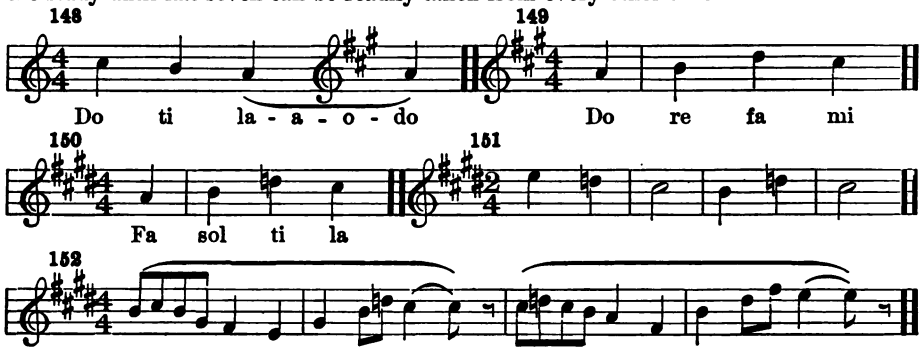


Mel. Third Rd.

Study Introducing Flat Seven.

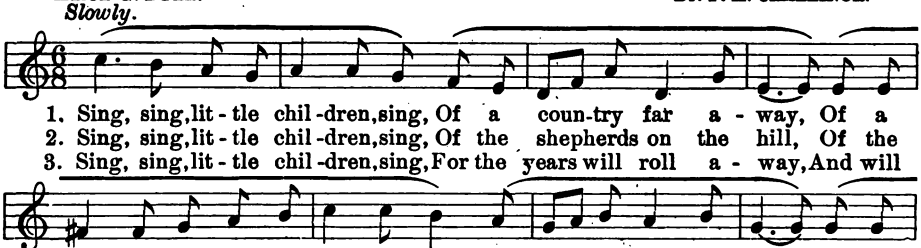
Re fa mi gives the effect of Sol te la. Copy the model on the board, and extend the study until flat seven can be readily taken from every other tone in the scale.



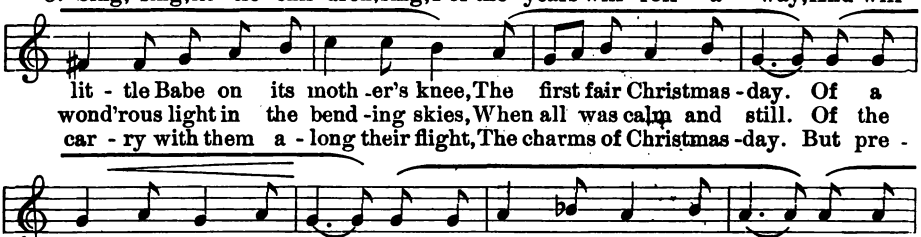
CHILDREN'S CAROL.

ALICE G. DYER. Dr. F. A. CHALLINOR.

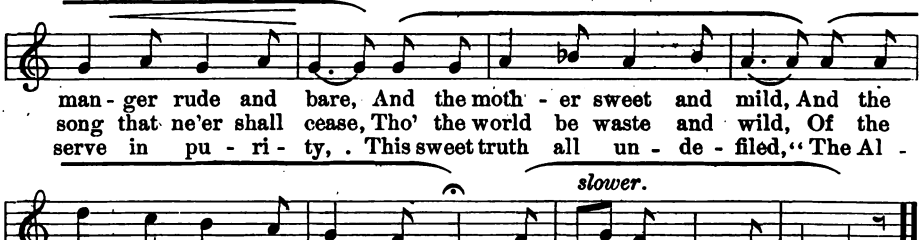
Slowly.



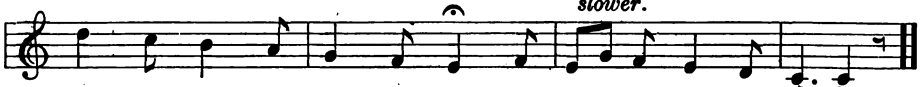
1. Sing, sing, lit - tle chil - dren, sing, Of a coun - try far a - way, Of a
2. Sing, sing, lit - tle chil - dren, sing, Of the shepherds on the hill, Of the
3. Sing, sing, lit - tle chil - dren, sing, For the years will roll a - way, And will



lit - tle Babe on its moth - er's knee, The first fair Christmas - day. Of a
wond'rous light in the bend - ing skies, When all was calm and still. Of the
car - ry with them a - long their flight, The charms of Christmas - day. But pre -



man - ger rude and bare, And the moth - er sweet and mild, And the
song that ne'er shall cease, Tho' the world be waste and wild, Of the
serve in pu - ri - ty, . This sweet truth all un - de - filed, "The Al -



soft - eyed ox - en stand - ing there, A - round the lit - tle child.
song that sings a realm of peace Ruled by a lit - tle child.
might - y Lord of earth and sea Was once a lit - tle child."

Mel. Third Rd.

WHILE HEAVEN IS BRIGHT.

P. J. KUNKEL.

Kind
Who
But

1. While heav'n is bright a - bove us, And earth a - round is fair,
2. Thus life is filled with pleas - ures; And he has store of wealth
3. For world-ly wealth must van - ish, And men from gold must part;

words from those who love us, Kind words from those who
counts a - mong his treas - ures, Who counts a - mong his
time shall nev - er ban - ish, But time shall nev - er

Kind words from those who love us, Kind words from those who
Who counts a - mong his treas - ures, Who counts a-mong his
But time shall nev - er ban - ish, But time shall nev - er

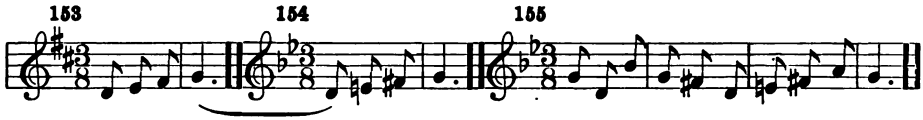
Kind words from those who love us,
Who counts a - mong his treas - ures,
But time shall nev - er ban - ish,

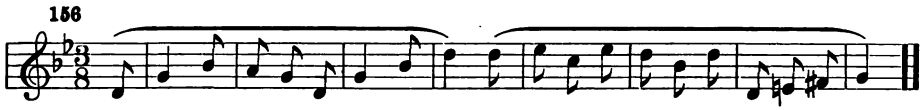
love . . us, Make mu - sic, make mu-sic, make mu - sic ev'r - y - where.
treas - ures Con-tent-ment, con-tent-ment, con-tentment, friends, and health.
ban - ish Af - fec - tion, af - fec-tion, af - fec - tion from the heart.

Mel. Third Rd,

Study of the Melodic Minor.

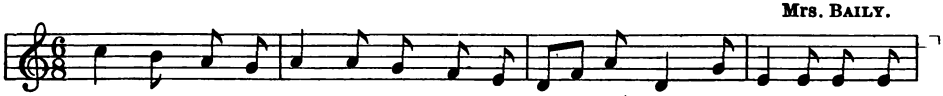
Place the model on the board and continue the practice until the tones are familiar. As soon as this form of the minor scale is recognized by the ear, the tones which appear as chromatics will assume their place as natural tones of the mode, and cause no difficulty.



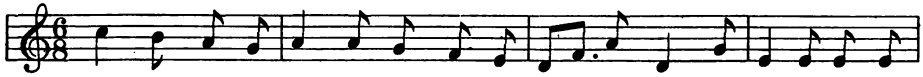


HOME.

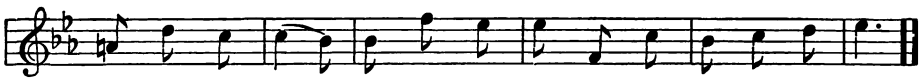
Mrs. Baily.



Chil - dren, wher - e'er you roam Far o - ver land and sea,
Then where - so - e'er you roam Far o - ver land and sea,



You'll find no place like home, so dear can be. 1. Ma - ny far grand - er
You'll find no place like home, so dear can be. 2. Or-chards will nev - er
3. Tales so en - chant - ing
4. Chil-dren try ev - er

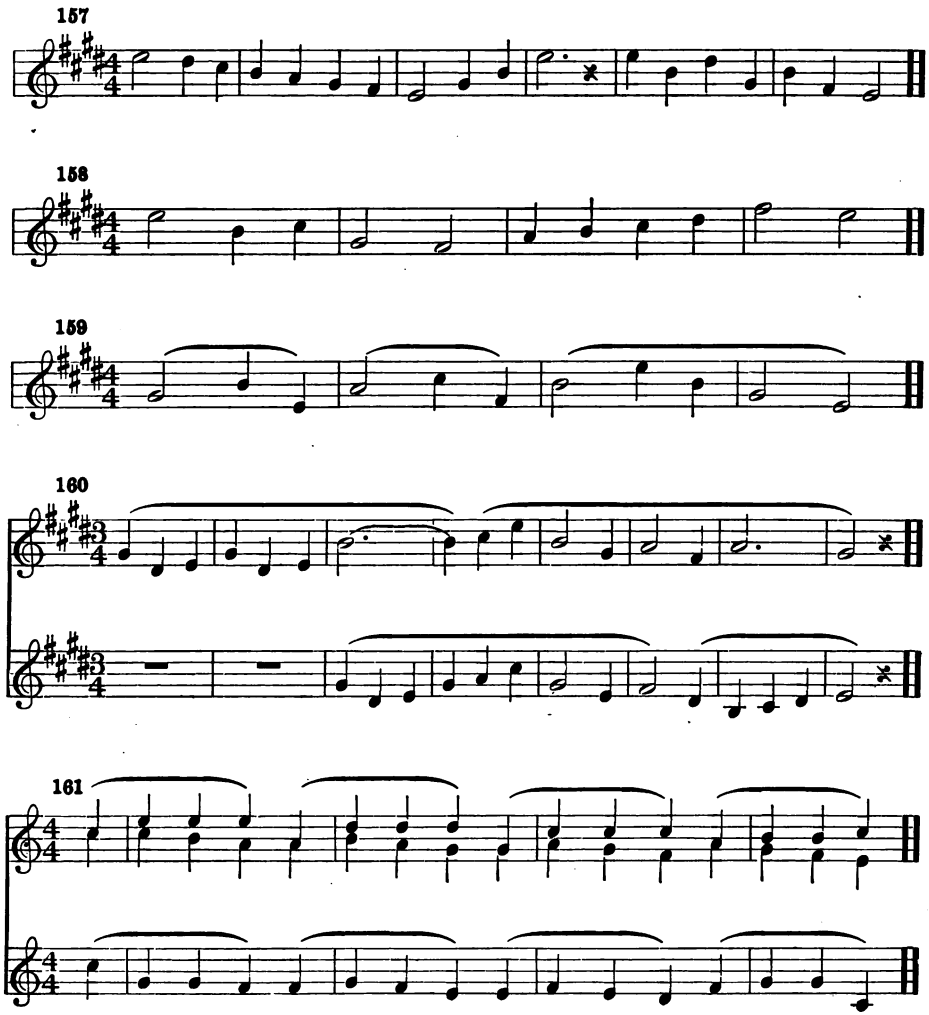


state - ly and tall, But the old dear home is sweet-er than all.
hang o'er your head Ap - ples so jui - cy, so tempt-ing and red.
nev - er can be, As the dear moth - er in - vent - ed for thee.
so good to be, That home may nev - er be sad-dened by thee.

Mel. Third Rd

Study of the Intervals of the Major Scale.

Place the scale on the board and practice taking each tone from every other. Use the pointer to guide the pupils, then practice the tones given in the model.



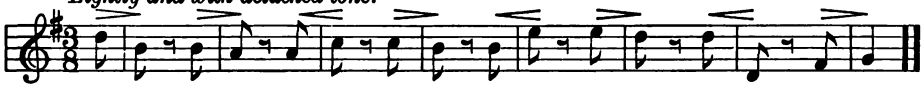
Study Showing the Effect of the Rest.

The study should be taken with one beat for each measure after the movement is mastered. This study prepares for the rapid reading of six-eight meter giving two beats to the measure.

Theme and Variations.

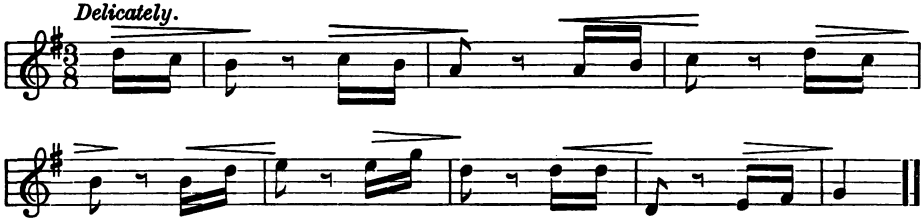
Theme.

Lightly and with detached tone.

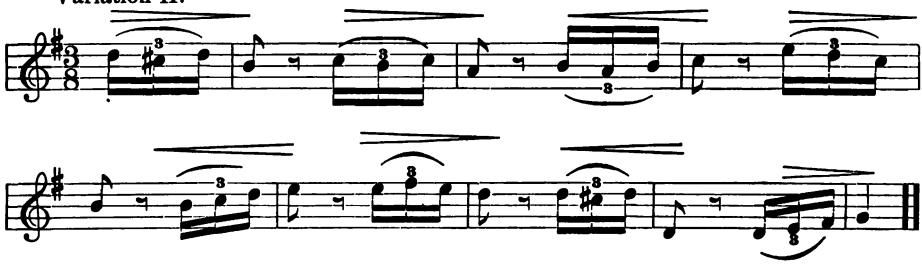


Variation I.

Delicately.



Variation II.



With sustained tone.

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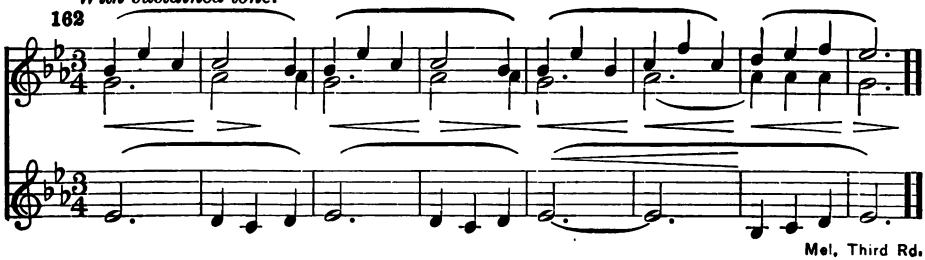
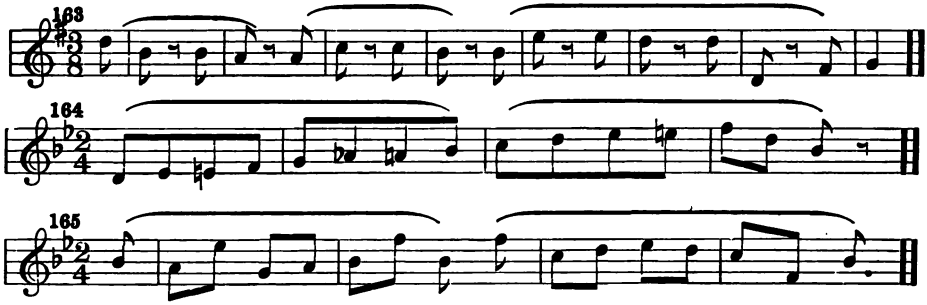


Study Involving Progression by Minor Seconds.

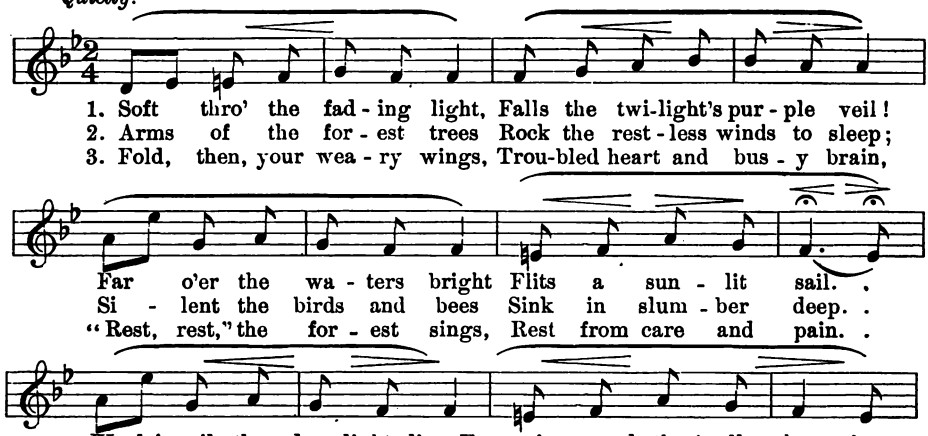
Practice the wider intervals from the scale written on the board, before taking the study.



FOREST SONG.

MARY A. LATHBURY.

Quietly.



1. Soft thro' the fad - ing light, Falls the twi-light's pur - ple veil!
2. Arms of the for - est trees Rock the rest - less winds to sleep;
3. Fold, then, your wea - ry wings, Trou-bled heart and bus - y brain,

Far o'er the wa - ters bright Flits a sun - lit sail.
Si - lent the birds and bees Sink in slum - ber deep.
"Rest, rest," the for - est sings, Rest from care and pain.

Hush! w ile the day - light dies. Even - ing sounds, thro' all the air,
"Rest," sings the for - est, "rest," Lis - ten to her lull - a - by,
"Rest," sings the wood-land still, While the si - lent shad - ows fall,

Oft on the si - lence rise, Like an an - gel's pray'r.
"Rest" on the Fa - ther's breast, 'Neath his watch - ful eye.
"Rest" rest from ev'r - y ill, God is o - ver all.

SPRING COMES A-CALLING.

GRACE WILBUR CONANT.

Gracefully.

1. Spring knocks at the door of the
2. "I . . know where the first . . shy
3. "I've a charm . that dropped from the

(KNOCKING.)

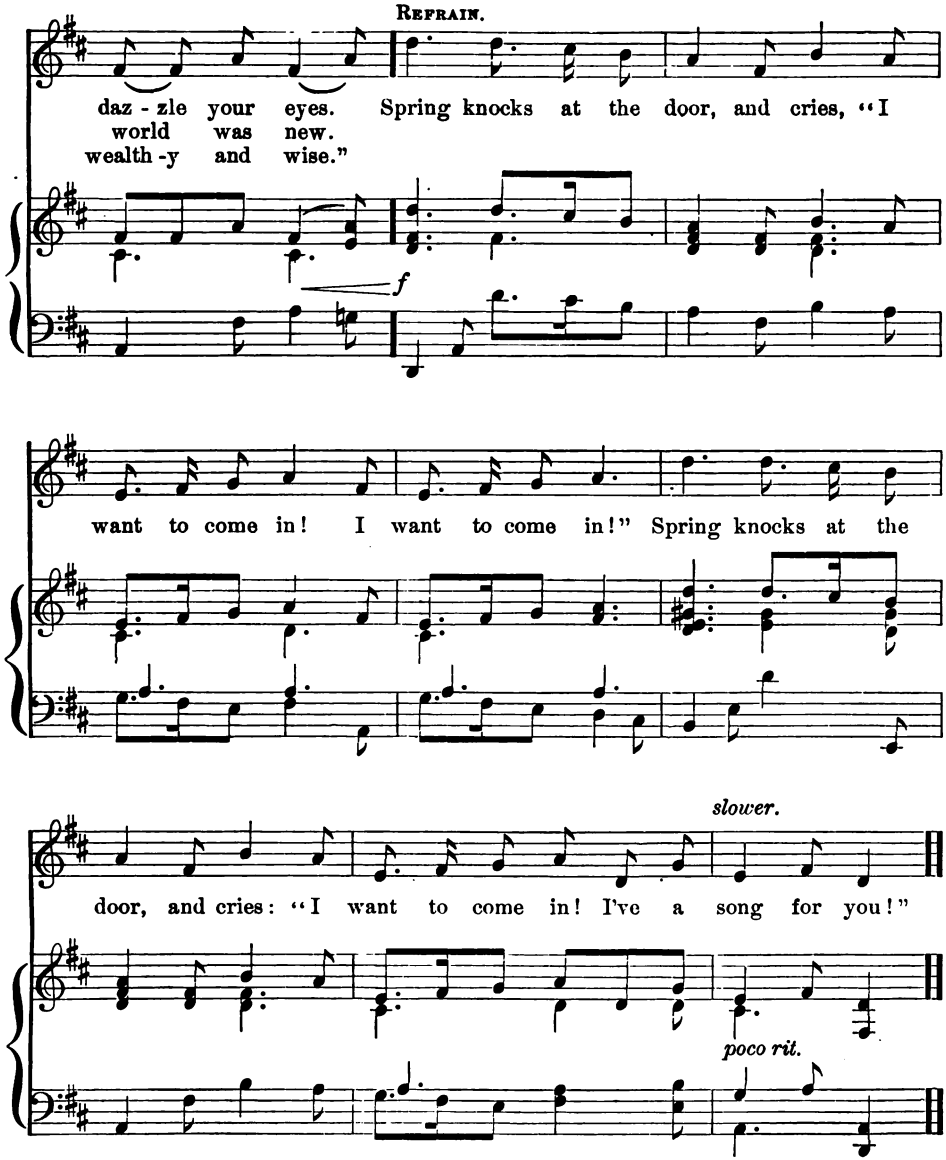
con pedale.

year, and cries: "I . . want to come in! I've a song for you; I've a
vio - let lies In its cra - dle of moss, and the May bloom, too! I've a
au - tumn skies Of . the year a - gone, and with mag - ic true . 'Twill

piu f

kir - tle green, and a bon - net blue, And jew - els of dew . . to
bas - ket full of the flow'rs you prize, And fresh as the dawn when the
gild the fields where the gold wheat grew, And make . you hap - py and

cres.


Refrain.
daz - zle your eyes. Spring knocks at the door, and cries, "I
world was new.
wealth -y and wise."
f
want to come in! I want to come in!" Spring knocks at the
slower.
door, and cries: "I want to come in! I've a song for you!"
poco rit.

OH, REST THEE, BABE.

Sir WALTER SCOTT. JOHN WHITTAKER.

Slowly.

1. Oh, hush thee, my ba - by! thy sire was a knight, Thy
2. Oh, fear not the bu - gle, tho' loud - ly it blows, It

moth - er a la - dy so love - ly and bright; The
calls but the ward - ers that guard thy re - pose; Their

woods and the glens from these tow'rs which we see, They
bows would be bend - ed, their blades would be red, Ere the

all are be - long - ing, dear ba - by, to thee. Oh, . .
step of the foe draws near to thy bed. Oh, . .

rest thee, babe, rest thee, babe, sleep on till day! Oh!

rest thee, babe, rest thee, babe, sleep while you may!

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Mel. Third Rd.

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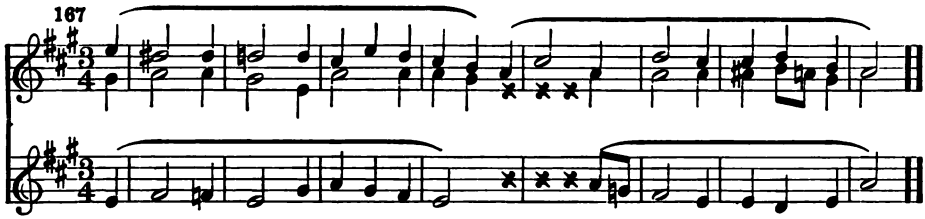
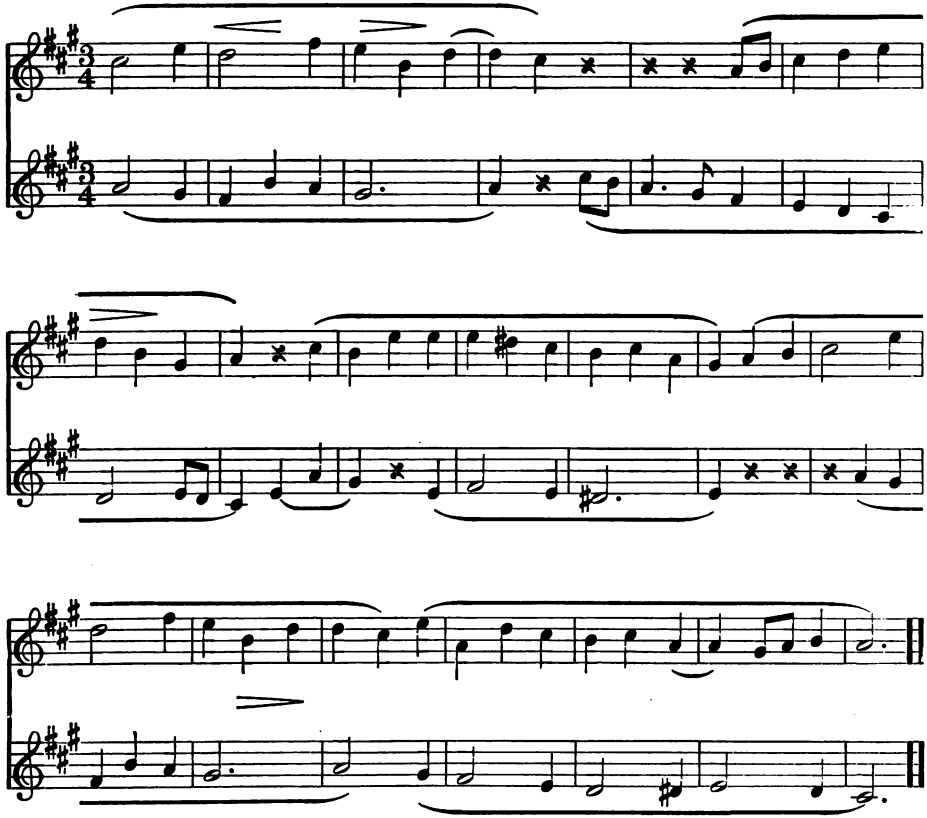


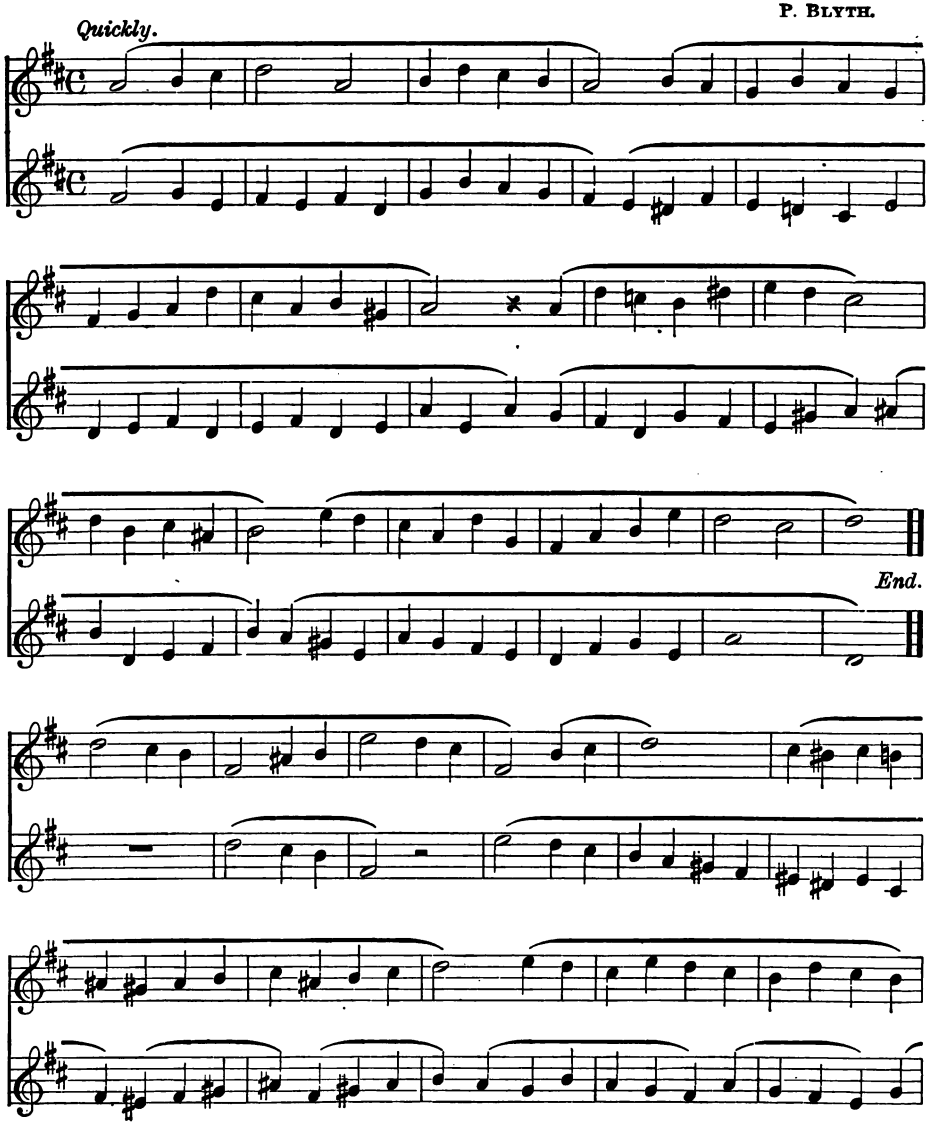
Solfeggio for Two Voices.

With even motion.

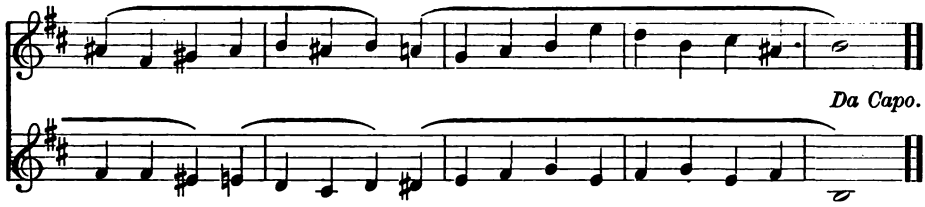


Solfeggio for Two Voices.

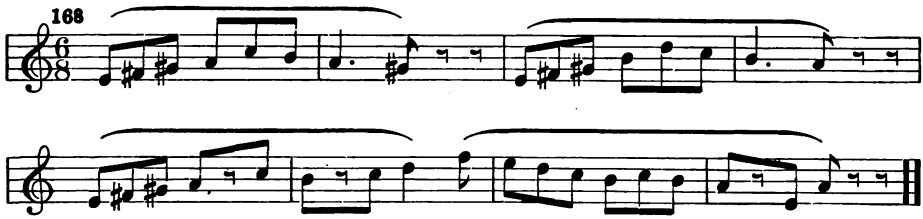
P. BLYTH.

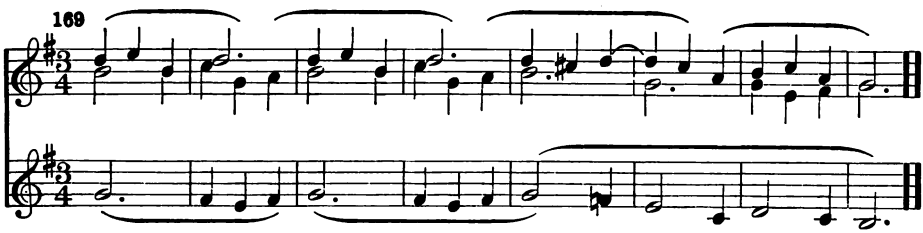


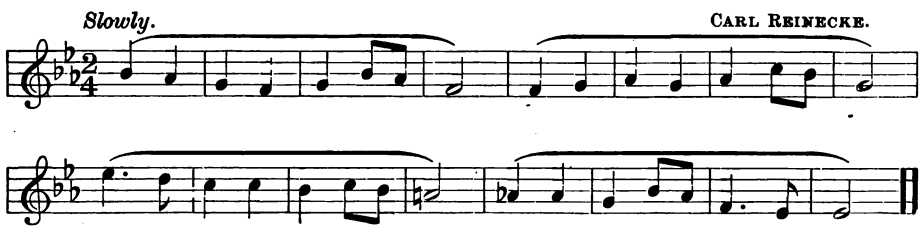
Mel. Third Rd.



Study continuing the use of the melodic form of the minor scale. Review the practice already given before taking the study. Give but two beats to each measure.



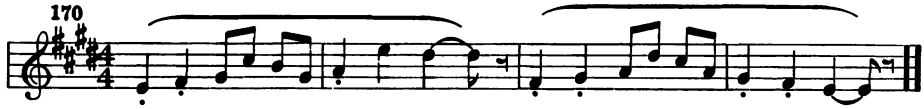




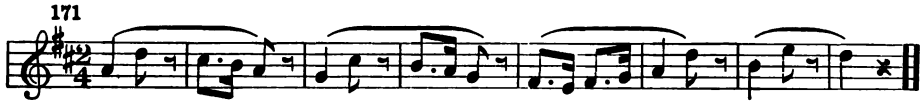
Study Involving Wider Intervals.

Place the scale from E on the board, and make a careful study of the intervals used before the study is sung.

170



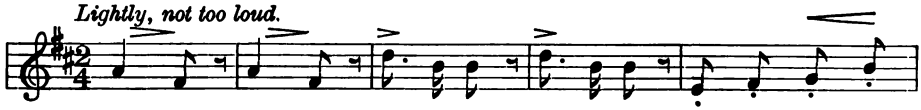
171



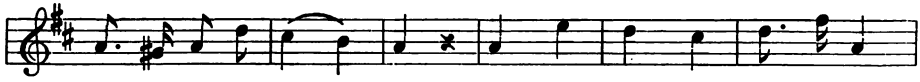
THE CAT AND THE BIRD.

G. C. Dieffenbach.

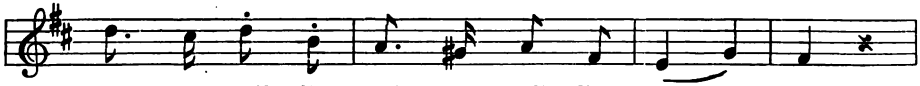
Lightly, not too loud.



1. Bird - ie, Bird - ie, have a care, have a care, Puss - y wants to
2. Soft - ly creep - ing round the tree, round the tree, Now she waits dis -
3. Puss - y, all your craft was vain, all in vain! Swift - ly bird - ie



catch thee, wants to catch . thee! She is tired of mice, be-ware!
creet - ly, waits dis - creet - ly, Thinks how sweet a bird must be
flies a-cross the hol - low! You, my dear, must here re-main,



Quick - ly she'll dis - patch thee, she'll dis - patch . thee!
When it sings so sweet - ly, sings so sweet - ly,
You've no wings, my pret - ty pet, to fol - low,

Quick - ly, ver - y quick - ly she'll dis - patch . thee!
When it sings so ver - y, ver - y sweet - ly.
You've no wings, my pret - ty pet, to fol - low.

172

173

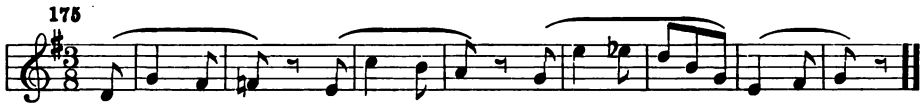
174

Mel. Third Rd.

Study Involving Progression Downward by Minor Seconds.

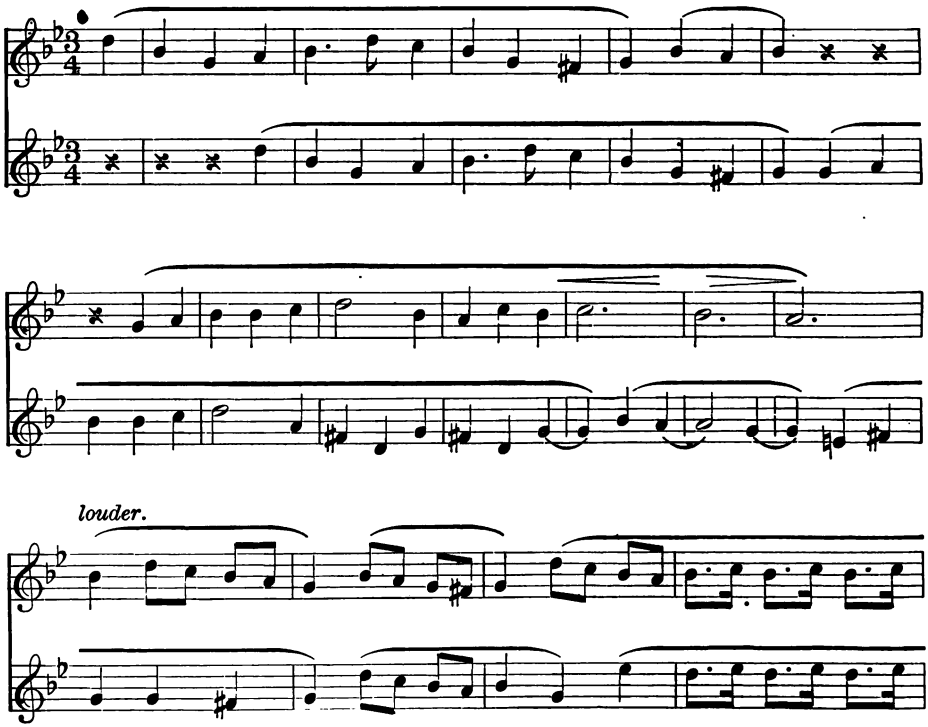
Study the larger intervals from a scale written on the board. Go over the exercise fixing the two tones which open each phrase. (1st phrase Sol do; 2d phrase La fa; 3d phrase, Do la.) Then pass lightly over the other tones. When the movement is felt, the minor seconds will fall naturally into their places.

175

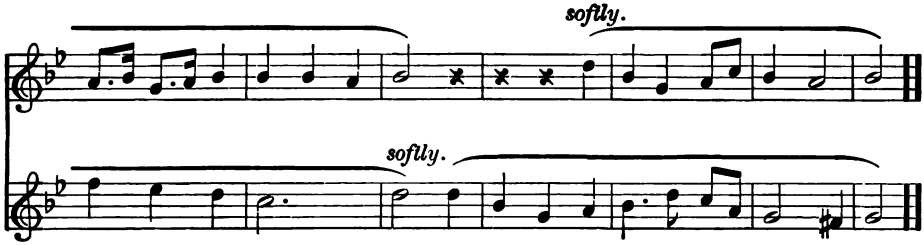


Solfeggio for Two Voices.

W. A. Barrett.

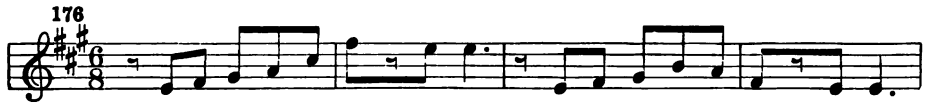


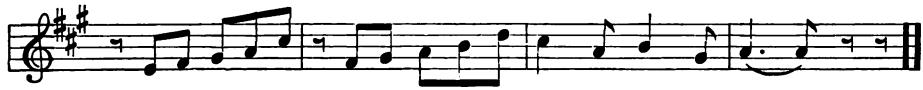
Mel. Third Rd.

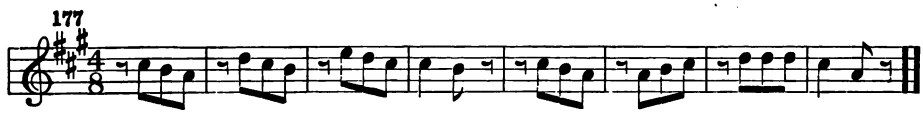


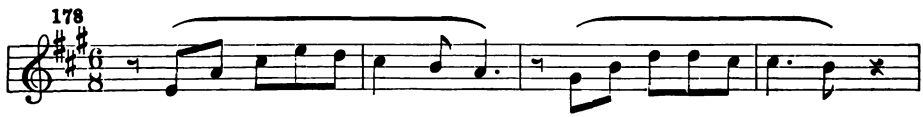
Study Involving Attack after the Beat.

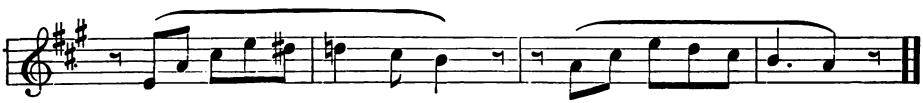
After interval practice from a scale on the board, the pupils should begin by pressing the finger down for the rest, and then giving the two tones for that beat as indicated. Sing the first measure over and over until the feeling of the movement is established, then take the whole exercise.





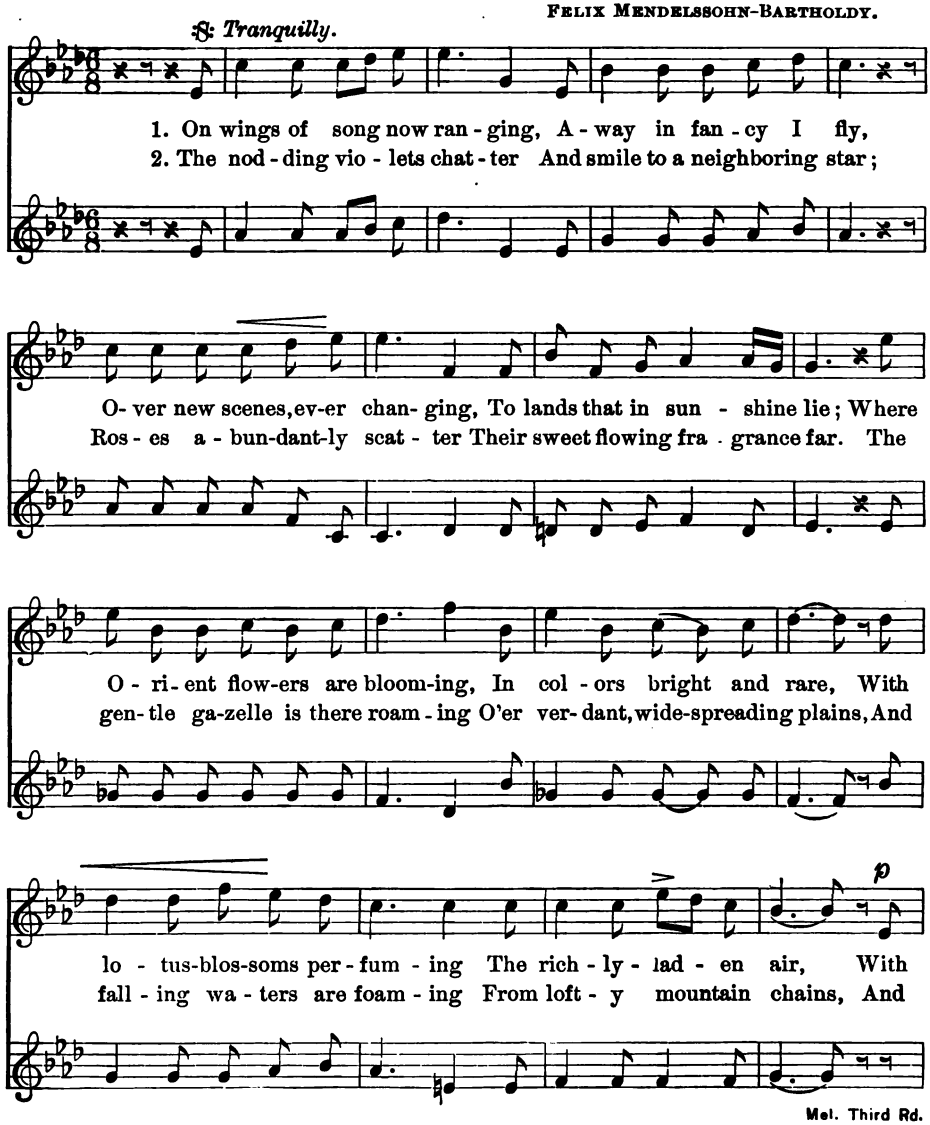






ON WINGS OF SONG.

FELIX MENDELSSOHN-BARTHOLDY.



D.C.v.2.

lo - tus-blossoms per-fum - - - ing The rich - ly- lad - en air.
fall - ing wa-ters are foam - - - ing O'er loft - y mountain chains.

With lo - tus blos-soms per-fum - ing The rich - ly - lad - en air.
And fall - ing wa- ters are foam - ing From loft - y moun- tain chains.

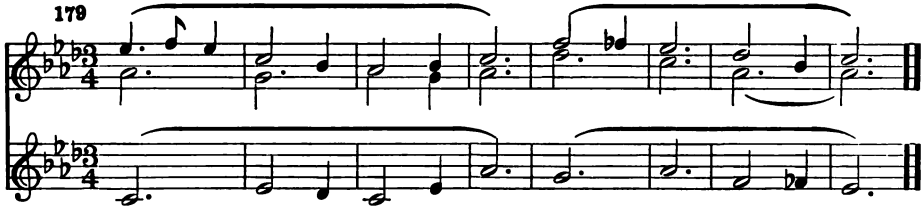
3. And there by the palm trees shad-ed, Free from life's cares and woes, Is

rest for spir- its jad - ed— Is sweet and last-ing re - pose, . . Is

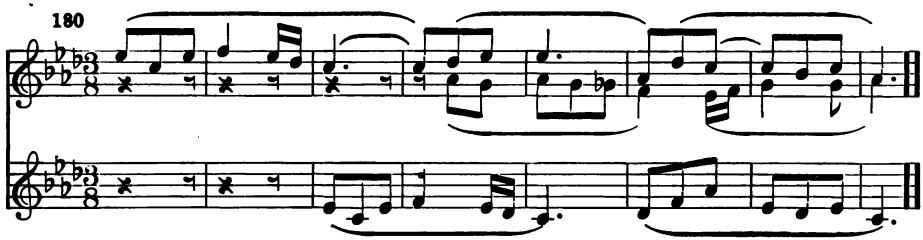
sweet and last - ing re - pose, sweet . . re - pose.

Mel. Third Rd.

179



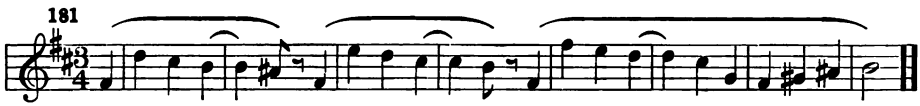
180



Study Involving the Melodic Minor Scale.

Note the phrasing carefully. Master the opening intervals of each phrase.

181



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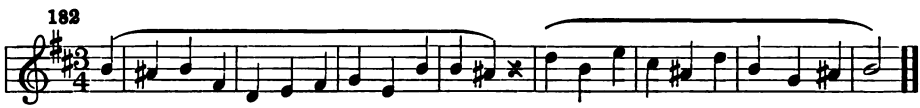

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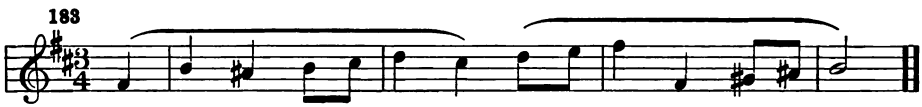

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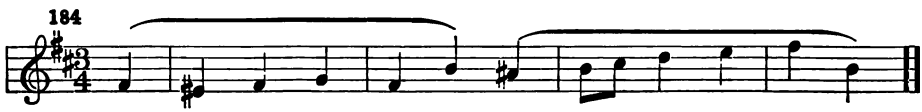
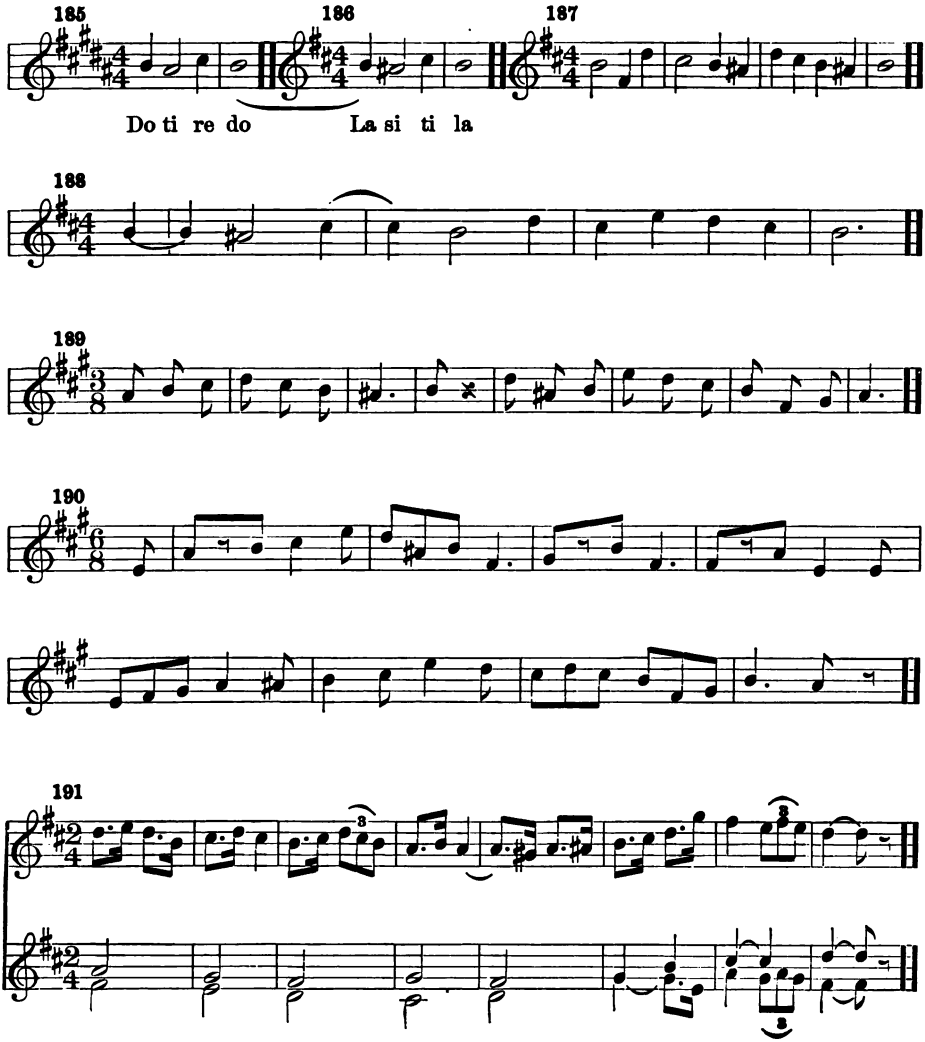


Study Involving Si Taken Skipwise.

Place the model on the board and study it carefully until the effect of Si is fixed on the ear. Extend the study to include the skip to and from Si to every other scale tone.



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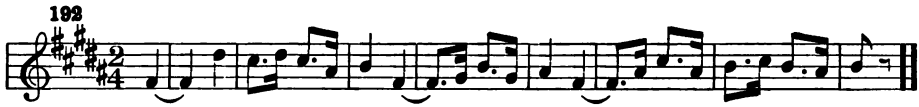

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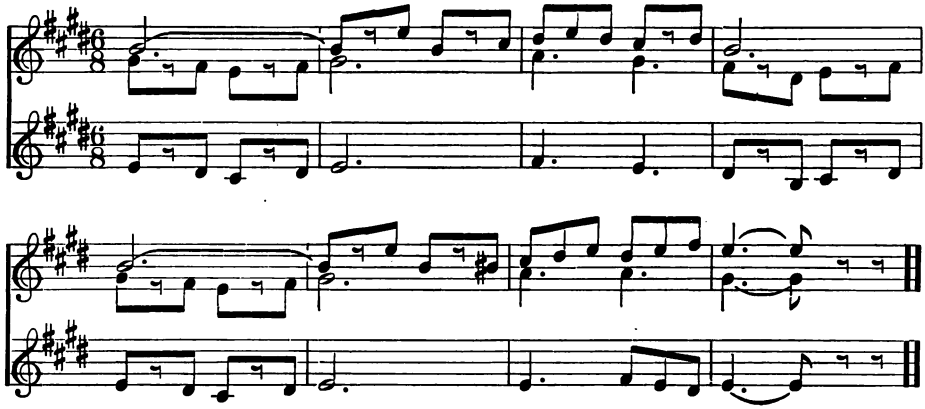
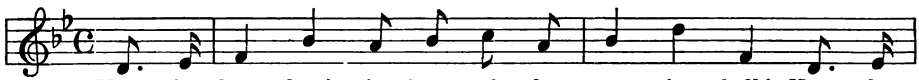
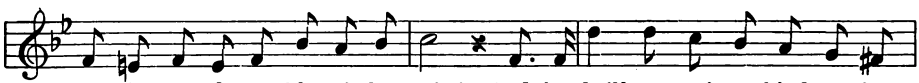


THE EXCURSION TRAIN.

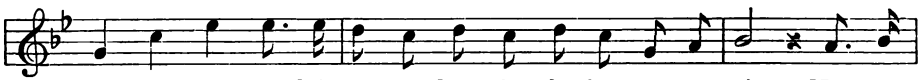
JAMES H. KIDDELL.



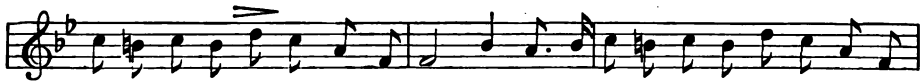
1. Hear the sharp loud ring-ing of the sta - tion bell! Hear the
2. Don't ye know, we're steam-ing to the far sea - side? Hear the
3. When at last we wan-der by the seeth - ing waves As they



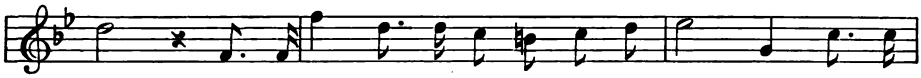
rum-ble, rum-ble, rumble of the train! And the shrill screaming whistle, as the
rum-ble, rum-ble, rumble of the train! And our songs and our cheerings are to
tum-ble, tum-ble, tum-ble, splash and roar; Oh! the joy! then our nois - i - ness in -



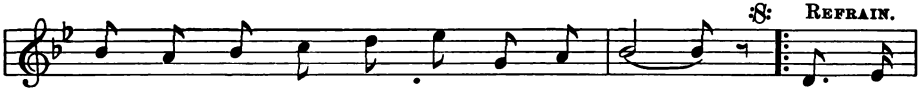
en-gine sweeps Round the curve and to the plat-form once a - gain. Not a
let folks know That we're happy to be go - ing there a - gain. Yes, we
creases ten - fold, As we dig, or bathe, or pad - dle by the shore. But all



min-ute now is left for us to en - ter; Not a min-ute for us each a seat to
chat-ter, chatter, chatter, as we pon - der Why the engine works and never wants to
hol - i - days, a - las! are quickly o - ver, Ver - y soon an end has come to our so -

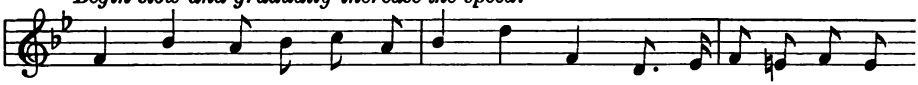


find: Time is up! there's the sig - nal to the peo - ple! Train is
play, Till our noise of - ten makes the peo - ple won - der What it
journ: Six o-clock! that's the hour for our de - par - ture, And the

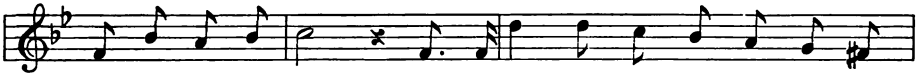


mov - ing! see we're off; so nev - er mind. . Hear the
is that makes us mer - ry on our way. . 'Tis the
time has now ar - rived for our re - turn. . Hear the

Begin slow and gradually increase the speed.

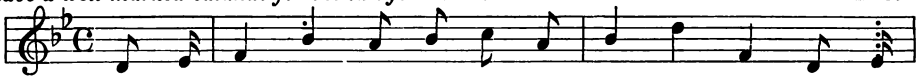


puff, puff, puff - ing of the en - gine, boys, And the rat - tle, girls, the
puff, puff, puff - ing of the en - gine, boys, And the rat - tle, girls, the
puff, puff, puff - ing of the en - gine, boys, And the rat - tle, girls, the



rat - tle of the train. Let us sing, laugh, and chat - ter, as we
rat - tle of the train. And the sun shin - ing bright-ly o'er the
rat - tle of the train. There's the loud warn - ing whis - tle! see we

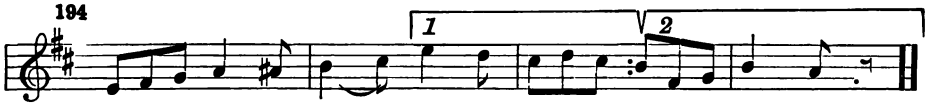
Repeat the Refrain, gradually accelerating the time, except for last verse, which should have a well marked calando for the last four bars. *D.S.*



roll a - long; 'Tis so jol - ly to be rid - ing in the train.
land - scape wide Makes it jol - ly to be rid - ing in the train.
slack - en speed! Now we're land-ed on the plat-form once a - gain.

Mel. Third Rd.

194

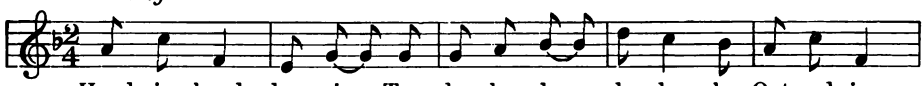


Study of the Intervals with Syncopation.

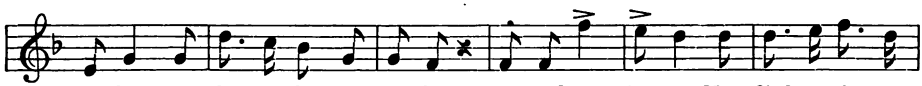
The effect of the syncopation is secured by regarding the quarter note as two eighth notes tied. Study the intervals from a scale on the board.

KRAKOVIAK.

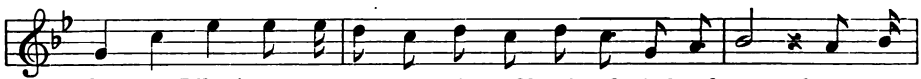
Lively. Polish National Song.



Hand in hand dan - cing, Tra - la - la - la - la - la - la, Out and in

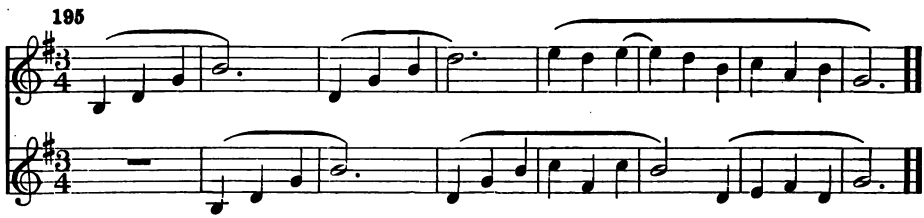


gay-ly, Tra - la - la - la - la - la - la! Heel and toe fast-er, Now lighter than a



feath-er: Lilt - ing to the mu - sic, Oh, hand in hand to - geth-er.

195



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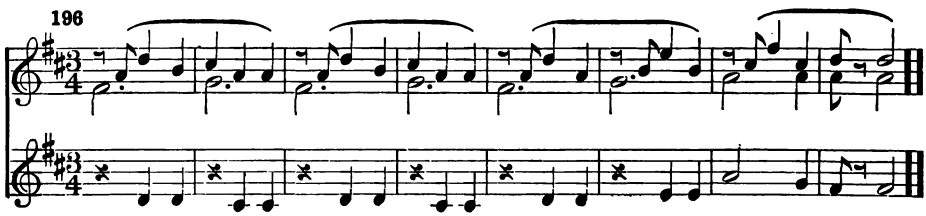


Mel. Third Rd.

A DRAGON-FLY GREEN.

A FIELD SONG.

CHRISTENE WOOD BULLWINKLE.

Brightly. *slower.*

A dragon fly green, once shook his head And called to his wife in the clover bed, "If the

sprightly.

wind blows east some rain will fall, If the wind blows west look out for a squall. So

slower.

come, my love, to the rice field near, Where we'll frolic and dance while the sky is clear—So

quickly.

come, my love, to the rice field near—Where we'll frolic while the sky is clear.

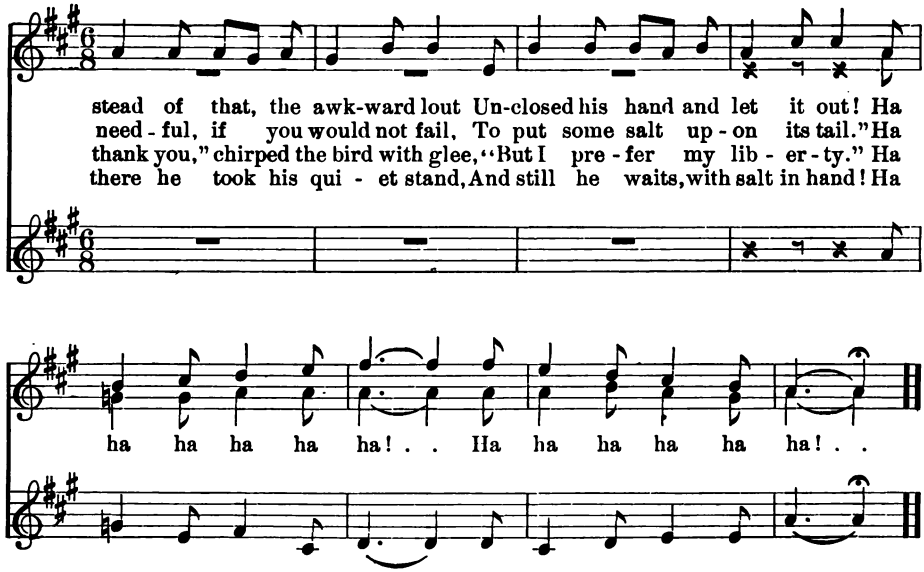
THE BOY AND BIRD.

F. Geyer.

1. A mer - ry sto - ry I have heard, Ha ha ha ha ha ha! A - bout a boy who caught a bird, Ha ha ha ha ha ha! He should have quick - ly caged it While still sur - prise en-gaged it; In
2. Of course the bird was full of joy, Ha ha ha ha ha ha! And thus it jeered the gap - ing boy: Ha ha ha ha ha ha! "When next you catch a bird, sir, You'll find, up - on my word, sir, 'Tis
3. The lad then hung his head in shame: Ha ha ha ha ha ha! "O bird, I see I've been to blame; Ha ha ha ha ha ha! If you'll come hith - er kind - ly, No more I'll act so blind - ly." "O
4. The boy pro - cured a pinch of salt, Ha ha ha ha ha ha! "I'll try," said he, "to mend my fault Ha ha ha ha ha ha! If pa - tient - ly I wait here, Some birds will meet their fate here." So

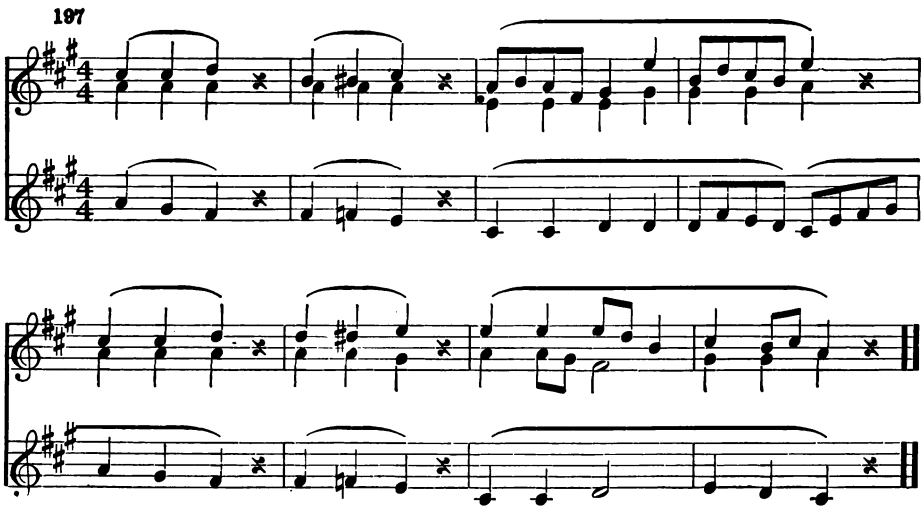
Ha ha! Ha ha!

Mel. Third Rd.



Studies in Part Singing.

197



THE BIRD AT SEA.

Mrs. Hemans.

1. Bird of the greenwood! O why art thou here? Leaves dance not o - ver thee, flow'rs bloom not near. All the sweet wa - ters far hence are at play, Bird of the greenwood, a - way! a - way!

2. 'Midst the wild bil - lows, Thy place must not be, As 'midst the wav - ings of wild rose and tree, How shoulds thou bat - tle with storm and with spray? Bird of the greenwood, a - way! a - way!

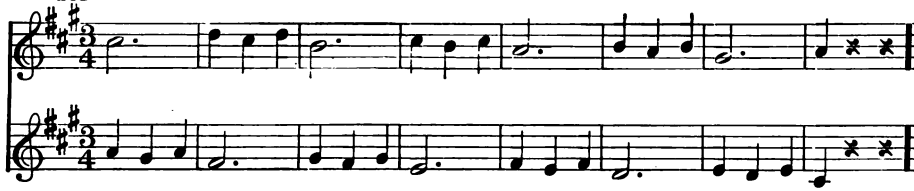
Review of the Dotted Quarter Note.

198

199

200

201



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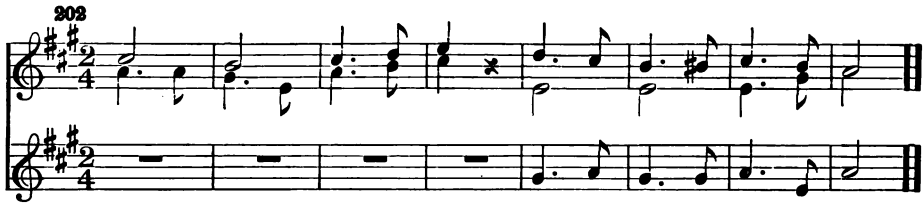
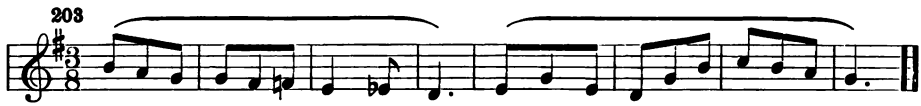


Review Study of Minor Seconds Descending.

203



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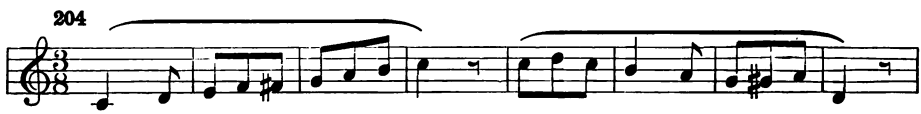
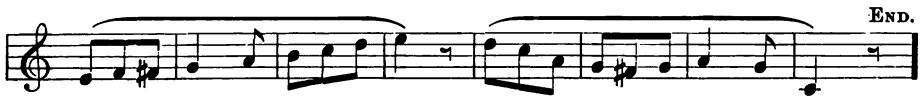
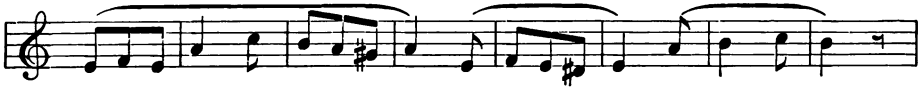
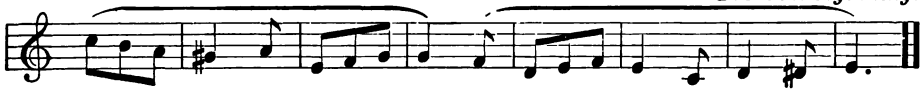




END.



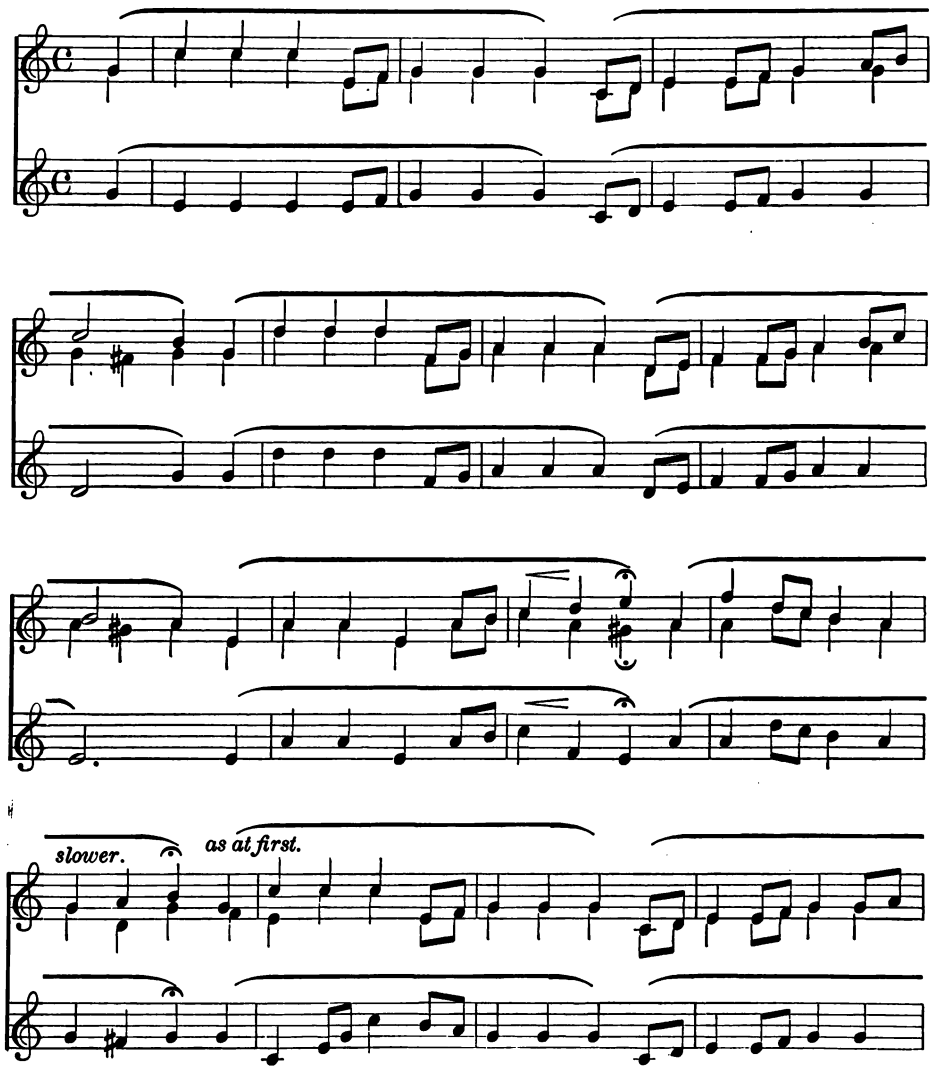
From the beginning.



Mel. Third Rd.

A Study in Choral Form.

FLORENCE A. MARSHALL (ATT.)



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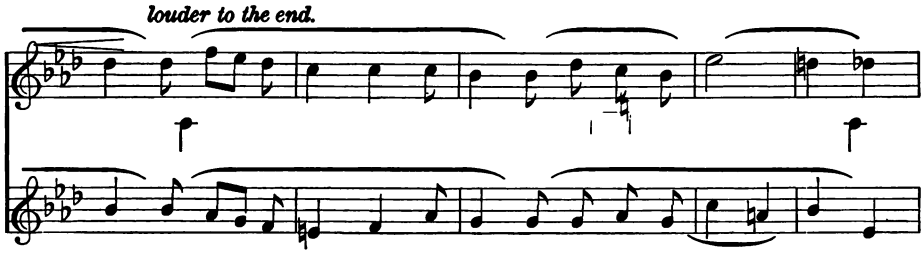

Study in $\frac{2}{2}$ Meter.

This requires the pupils to give two quarter notes to one beat. See that the meter is properly understood. The progression by minor seconds down and up is a review of the study on page 157

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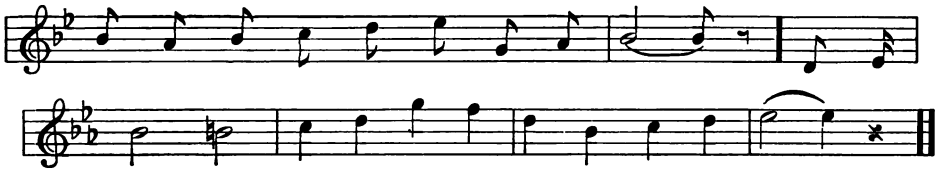
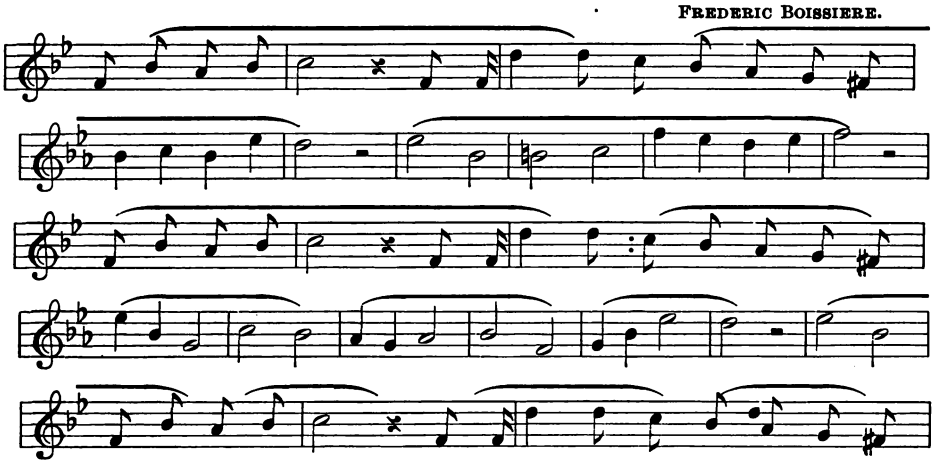




I WOULD THAT MY LOVE.

FELIX MENDELSSOHN-BARTHOLDY.

Cheerfully.

1. I would that my love were whis-per'd, Sweet, all . in a sin - gle
2. Ah, then . to thine ear the breez - es Would waft . that mes-sage, my

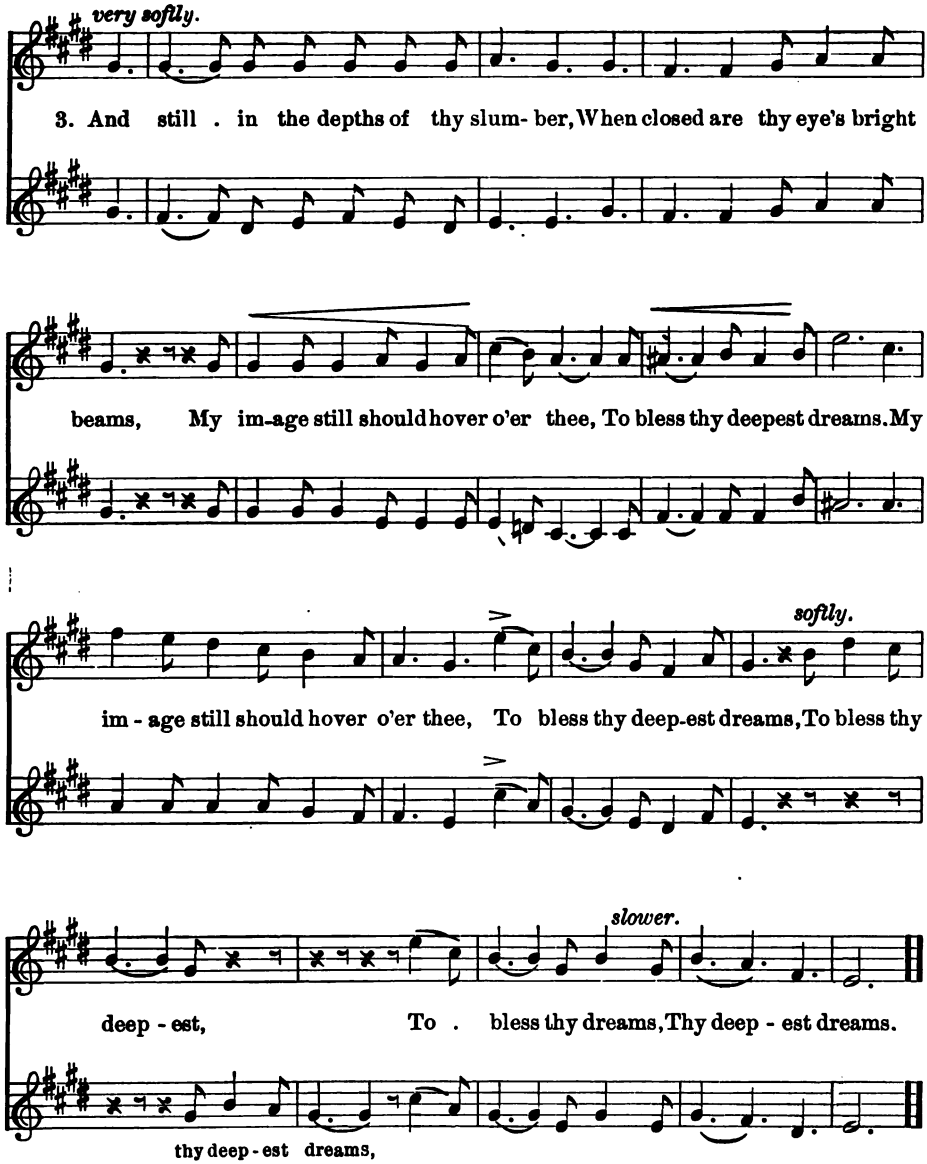
sigh, I'd . give it the winds to bear thee, Be - fore they should faint and
fair! Thou'dst hear it at ev'r - y mo - ment, Thou'dst hear it ev'r - y -

die! I'd give it the winds to bear thee, Be - fore they should faint and
where, Thou'dst hear it at ev'r - y mo-ment, And hear . it ev'r - y -

die, Should faint and die, Be - fore they should faint and die!
where. Yes! ev'r - y - where, Thou'dst hear it ev'r - y-where.

Should faint and die!
Yes! ev'r - y-where,

Mel. Third Rd.


very softly.
3. And still . in the depths of thy slum- ber, When closed are thy eye's bright
beams, My im-age still should hover o'er thee, To bless thy deepest dreams. My
softly.
im - age still should hover o'er thee, To bless thy deep-est dreams, To bless thy
slower.
deep - est, To . bless thy dreams, Thy deep - est dreams.
thy deep - est dreams,

MORNING SONG.

L. E. CHITTENDEN. E. R. KROEGER.

Merrily, not too loud.

Sound a - sleep from dark to light, Sun - shine bright

mf

Speed the night, Sing un - to the morn-ing new, Pearl'd with drops of

shin - ing dew, Glad - ly cry Day is nigh, Day . . is nigh.

f

END.

With animation.

Birds the morn - ing her - alds greet, Fly - ing swift and
Grow - ing things think by and by May be they will

con anima.

sing - ing sweet, Blos - soms grow far be - low,
touch the sky, Shall we try you and I,

1 2 *Repeat from the beginning to the End.*

Far . . . . be - low. You . . . and I? . .

Studies for Two Voices.

From HANDEL'S "Judas Maccabæus."

Slowly.

Come, ev-er smil-ing Lib-er-ty, come, smil-ing Lib-er-ty,

Come, ev - er smil-ing Lib - er - ty, smil - ing Lib - er - ty,

And with thee bring thy joc-und train, with thee bring thy jocund train.

And with thee bring thy joc-und train, with thee bring thy joc-und train.

From HANDEL'S "Israel in Egypt."

Slowly.

They oppress'd them with burdens, and made them serve, and made them

They oppress'd them with bur-dens and made them

serve, they oppress'd them with burdens and made them serve, and they made them serve.

serve, they made them serve, they oppress'd them with bur-dens and made them serve.

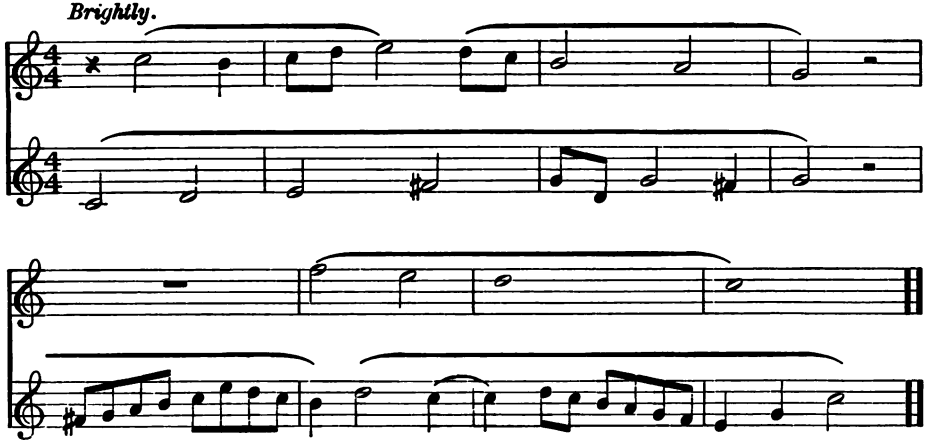
Mel. Third Rd.

Studies for Two Voices.

These studies combine skips, chromatics and syncopation. Pay particular attention to the phrasing.

A. PANSERON.

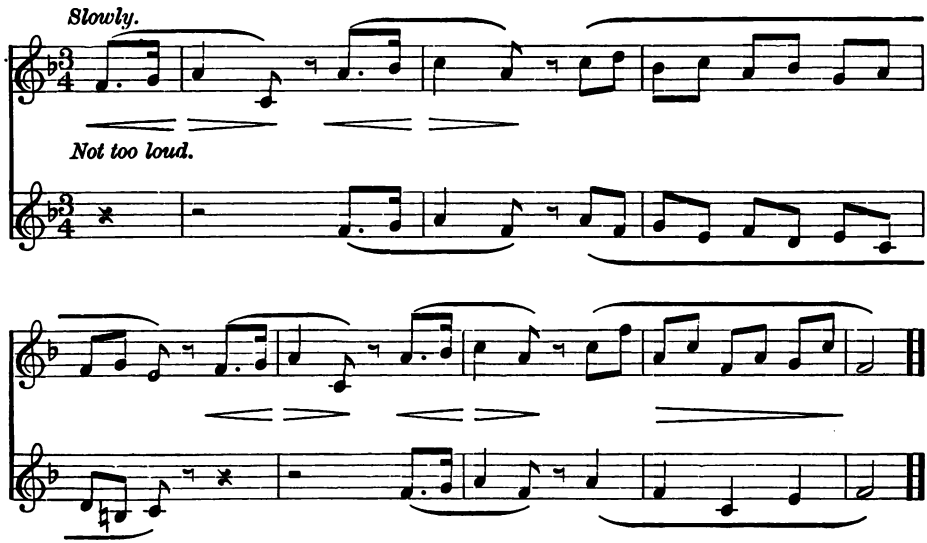
Brightly.



BORDESE.

Slowly.

Not too loud.



Mel. Third Rd.

Dr. NARES.

Slowly.

Hal - le - lu - jah, Hal - le - lu - jah, A - men, A - men, A - men,

Hal - le - lu - jah, Hal - le - lu - jah, A - - - men, A - men,

A - men, Hal - le - lu - jah, Hal - le - lu - jah, A - - -

A - men, Hal - le - lu - - jah, A - - - - - - - men,

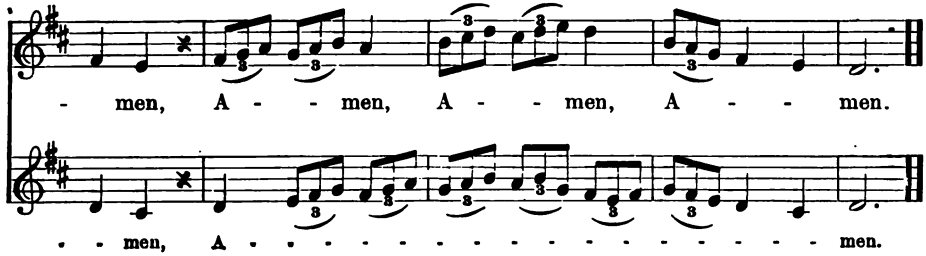
- - - men, A - - men, Hal - le - lu - jah,

A - - - - - - - - - men, Hal - le - lu - jah! Hal - le - lu - jah,

Hal - le - lu - jah, A - men, A - men, A - - -

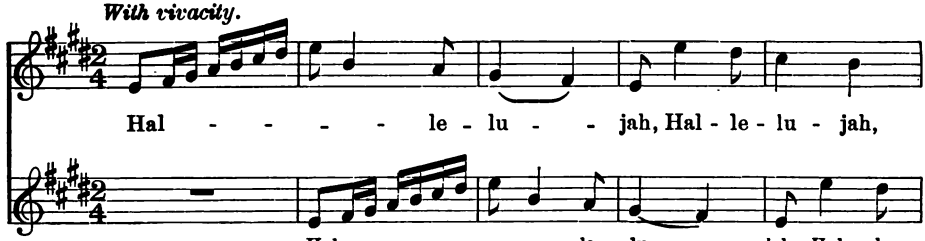
Hal - le - lu - jah, A - men. A - - - - - - men, A - -

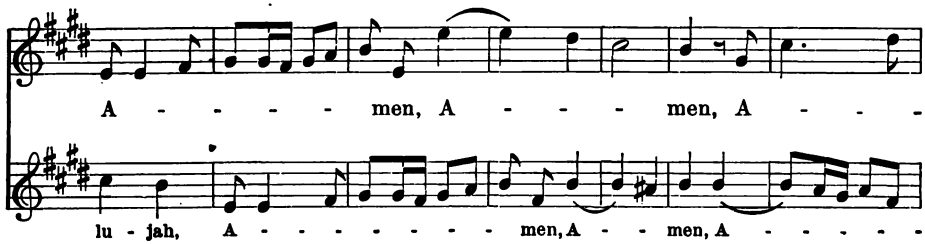
Mel. Third Rd.

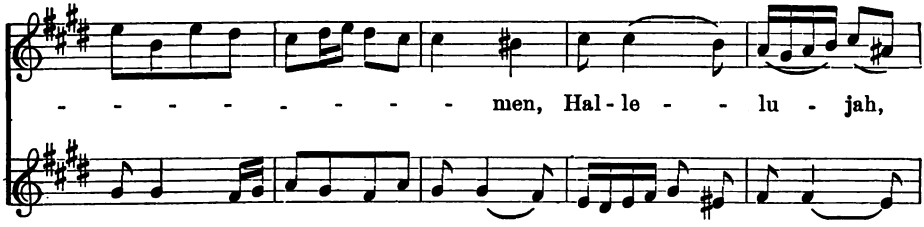


Dr. NARES.

With vivacity.







Mel. Third Rd.

Hal - le - lu - jah, Hal - - - le - lu - jah, Hal-le-lu-

A - - men, Hal - - - - - - - - - - le - lu - jah,

jah, Hal-le - lu - jah, Hal - - le - lu - jah.

Hal - le - lu - jah, Hal-le - lu - jah, Hal - le - lu - jah.

Studies in Three Parts.

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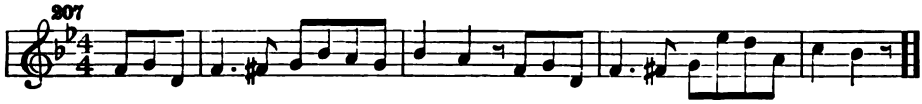
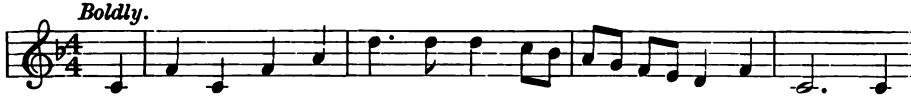


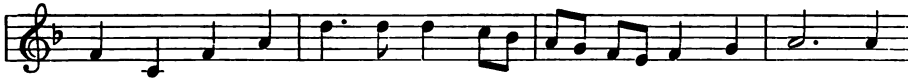
A WET SHEET AND A FLOWING SEA.

A. CUNNINGHAM. ARTHUR GEO. COLBORN.

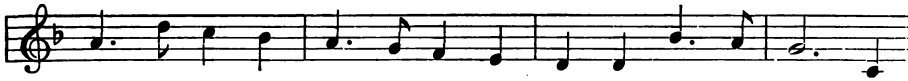
Boldly.



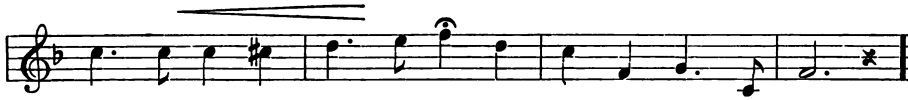
1. A wet sheet and a flow - ing sea, A wind that fol-lows fast, And
2. "Oh! for a soft and gen - tle wind!" I heard a fair one say; But
3. There's tem-pest in yon horn - ed moon, And light-ning in yon cloud; And



fills the white and rus - tling sail, And bends the gal - lant mast, And
give to me the swell-ing breeze, The white waves heav - ing high, The
hark, the mu - sic, mar - i - ners; The wind is wak-'ning loud, The



bends the gal - lant mast, my boys, While, like the ea - gle free, A -
white waves heav-ing high, my lads, The good ship tight and free; The
wind is wak-'ning loud, my boys, The light-ning flash - es free; The



way the good ship flies, and leaves Old Eng-land on the lee.
world of wa - ters is our home, And mer - ry men are we.
hol - low oak our pal - ace is, Our her - it - age the sea.

SIR SPRING'S CONCERT.

J. N. VOGL.

Merrily.

1. Sir Spring will give a con-cert rare In for - est green, I'm told, I'm told, I'm
2. A so - lo nev - er heard be - fore Is sung by the cuck-oo, cuck-oo, cuck-

told; And thith - er we may all re - pair To hear it,
oo; Yet mod - est - ly he keeps be - hind, Him - self he

young and old, yes, young and old. The young Miss Lark begins the
hides from view, he hides from view. Fair La - dy Thrush, Miss Starling

first To clear her tune - ful throat; And trust - ing in her old renown, Trills
too, As-sert their an - cient fame; And gen - tle - men and la - dies gay, And

Tee - tee, ... tee -

out her cheer-ful, cheer-ful note. ti - ri - li, ti - ri - li,
more, far more than I can name. ti - ri - li, ti - ri - li,

tee, ... tee tee,

ti - ri - li, ti - ri - li, ti - ri - li, ri - li, ri - li.

Mel. Third Rd.

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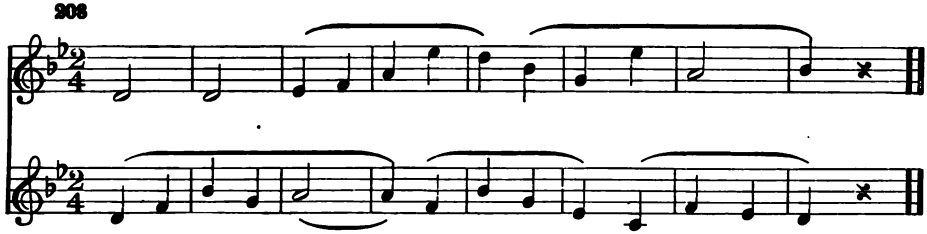
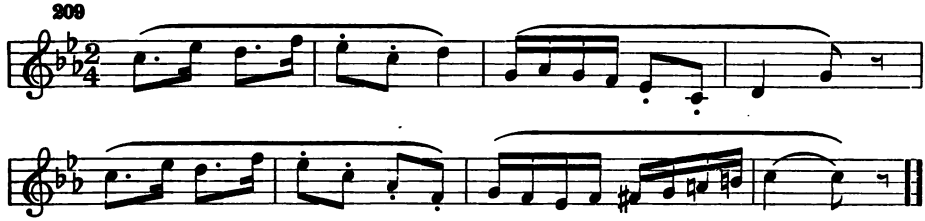


Study in the Minor Involving Various Rhythmic Forms.

In beating, hold the finger down while four tones are given, where so required.

209



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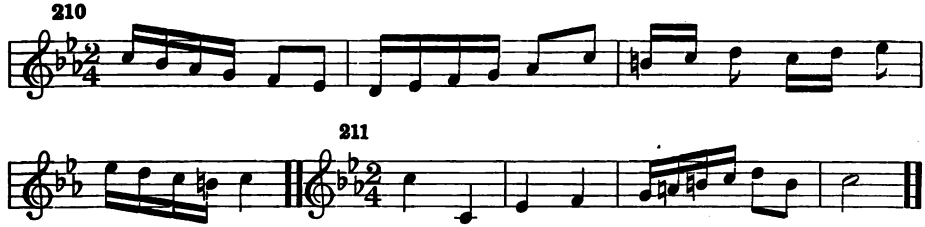

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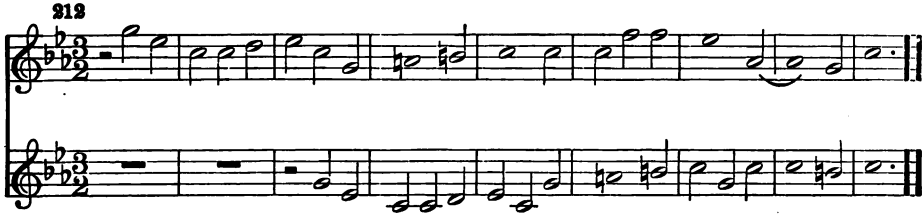

REMEMBER THY CREATOR.

Moderato. *mf*

1. Re-mem-ber thy Cre - a - tor While youth's fair spring is bright, Be -
2. While yet the sun shines o'er thee, While stars the dark-ness cheer, While

Be - fore . . .
While life . . .

fore thy cares are great - er, Be - fore comes a - ge's night.
life is all be - fore thee Thy great Cre - a - tor fear.
. . . . thy cares are great - er,
. . . . is all be - fore thee

THE DAISY.

Andante.

1. There is a flow-er, a lit - tle flow-er, With sil - ver crest and gold-en eye,
2. On waste and woodland, on rock and plain, Its hum-ble buds un-heed-ed rise;

That welcomes ev'r - y pass-ing hour, And weathers ev'r-y changeful sky.
The rose has but a sum-mer reign, The mod-est dai - sy nev - er dies.

Mel. Third Rd.

Syncopation.

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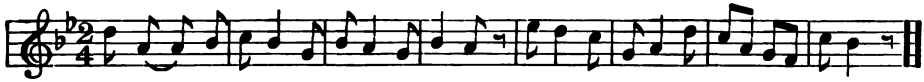
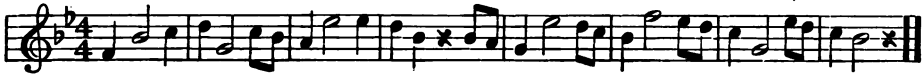
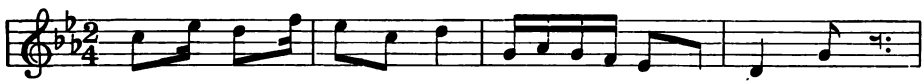


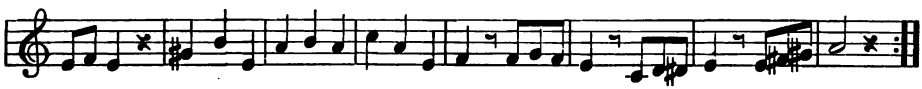
214



A Melodic Minor Study.

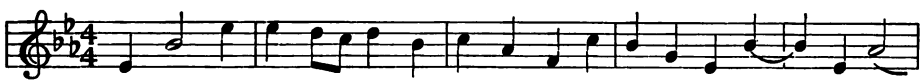
FREDERIC BOISSIERE.

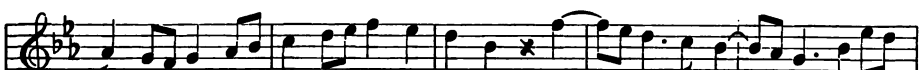


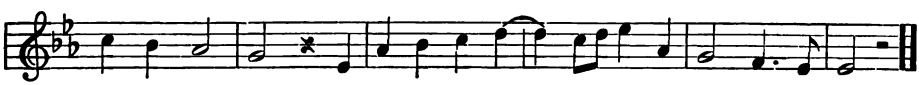


A Solfeggio.

F. A. GORE-OUSLEY.







Mel. Third Rd.

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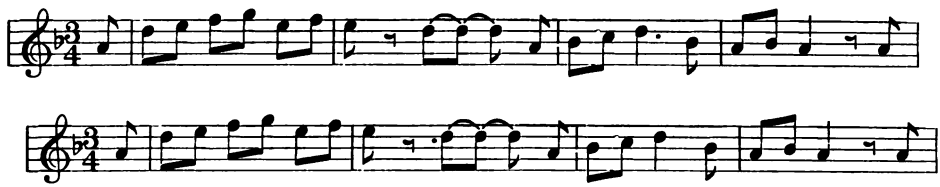

SPRING SONG.

F. KÜCKEN.

1. Spring, dear spring a-gain is com-ing; Sweet, his fra-grance fills the air,
2. Hence a-way, and be for-got-ten, Ev'r-y sor-row, ev'r-y care!
3. Come, ye chil-dren, to the mead-ows, To the woods, no lon-ger bare,

Life a-wak-ing, brown bees humming, Spring, dear spring again is com-ing.
Who could sigh when flow'rs are blooming, Spring, dear spring again is com-ing.
Sing-ing, dan-cing, leap-ing, run-ning, Spring, dear spring again is com-ing.

All a-gain is glad and fair, All a-gain is glad and fair.

THE BALMY AIR.

H. TRUHN.

Rather quickly.

1. When the balm - y air is blow - ing, And the sun - shine floods the sky, With the earth still fair - er grow - ing, As the sum - mer time is nigh, Then with - in me wakes a long - ing, And a thous - and tho'ts are throng-ing, Of the scenes which wait the eye, Now the summer time is nigh.

2. In the dis - tance I would wan- der, Far a - way from bus - y towns, O'er the moun-tain ran- ges yon - der, Or the broad and breez- y downs; There the free soul, bathed in brightness, Springs a- loft with joy - ous light-ness, And I smile at for-tune's frowns, On the broad and breez-y downs.

3. But the roll - ing, might - y o - cean Lures me on with dim-pled smiles. Here my crav - ing heart re - pos - es, And my thirst for roam- ing clos - es; Naught my spi- rit rec - on-ciles Like the o - cean's dimpled smiles.

Mel. Third Rd.

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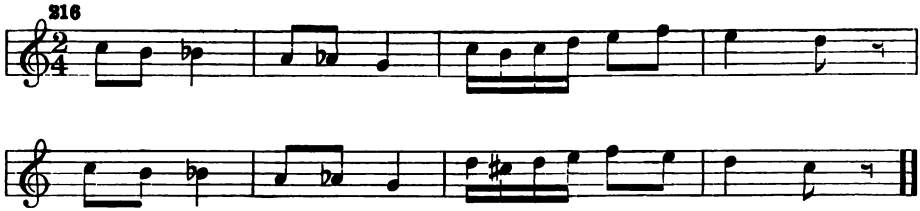

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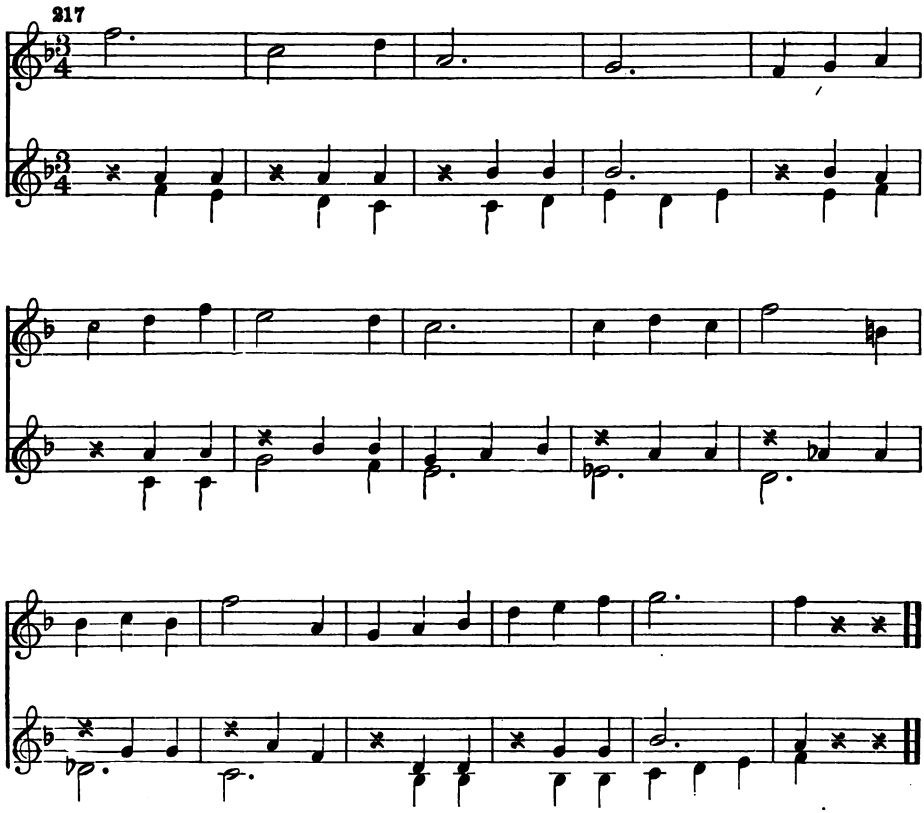

Mel. Third Rd.

A CANADIAN BOAT-SONG.

T. Moore. Arr. H. L. Heartz.

1. Faint - ly tolls the even - ing chime, As we keep tune, and
2. Why should we our sail un - furl? There's not a breath the

oars keep time; Soon as the woods on shore look dim, We'll
wave to curl; But when the wind blows off . the shore, We'll

sing at St. Anne's our part - ing hymn. Row, broth - ers, row, the
sweet - ly rest our wea - ry oar. Blow, breez - es, blow, the

stream runs fast, The Rap - ids are near, the day - light's past.

Mel. Third Rd.

EARLY SPRING.

Slowly.

ROBERT SCHUMANN.

1. O ten - der green of ear - ly spring, On trees and hedge - rows
2. O sweet - est hue of Na - ture's dress! O prom - ise bright of
3. And when a robe of liv - ing green On long - hid fields a -
4. When life is sad and drear to me, And friend-ship fails in

blos - som - ing; Wel - come to me thy beau - ty rare,
fruit - ful - ness! How ma - ny hearts will gain from thee
gain is seen, Then from the ice - im - pris - oned soul
sym - pa - thy; Na - ture a se - cret balm can give,

Wea - ry of win-ter, bleak and bare, Wea - ry of win-ter, bleak and bare.
Hope of a fu - ture, fair and free, Hope of a fu - ture, fair and free!
Oft will its chill - y bur - den roll, Oft will its chill - y bur - den roll.
Help-ing her wound-ed child to live, Help-ing her wound-ed child to live.

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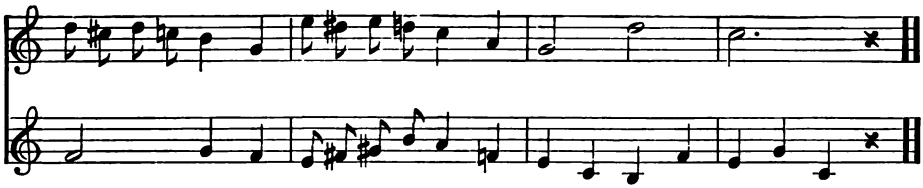

THE WINTRY WINDS.

ROBERT SCHUMANN.

Very moderate.

1. The win - try winds no lon - ger blow, Spring is quickly com - ing! The
2. A thou-sand wel - comes fill the air—Spring is quickly com - ing! The
3. Let mirth a-wake in ev'r - y heart—Spring is quickly com - ing! Bid

loit'ring streams be-gin to flow—Spring is quick-ly com-ing! Frost and snow are
voice of joy is ev-'rywhere—Spring is quick-ly com-ing! Hill and val-ley
gloom and sor- row hence depart—Spring is quick-ly com-ing! Earth a mighty

swept a - way, Clear - ing skies ad-mit a bright-er day, A brighter day.
catch the sound, Strains of gladness now re - ech - o round, Re - ech - o round.
song doth raise, We will of - fer up a no - bler praise, A no - bler praise.

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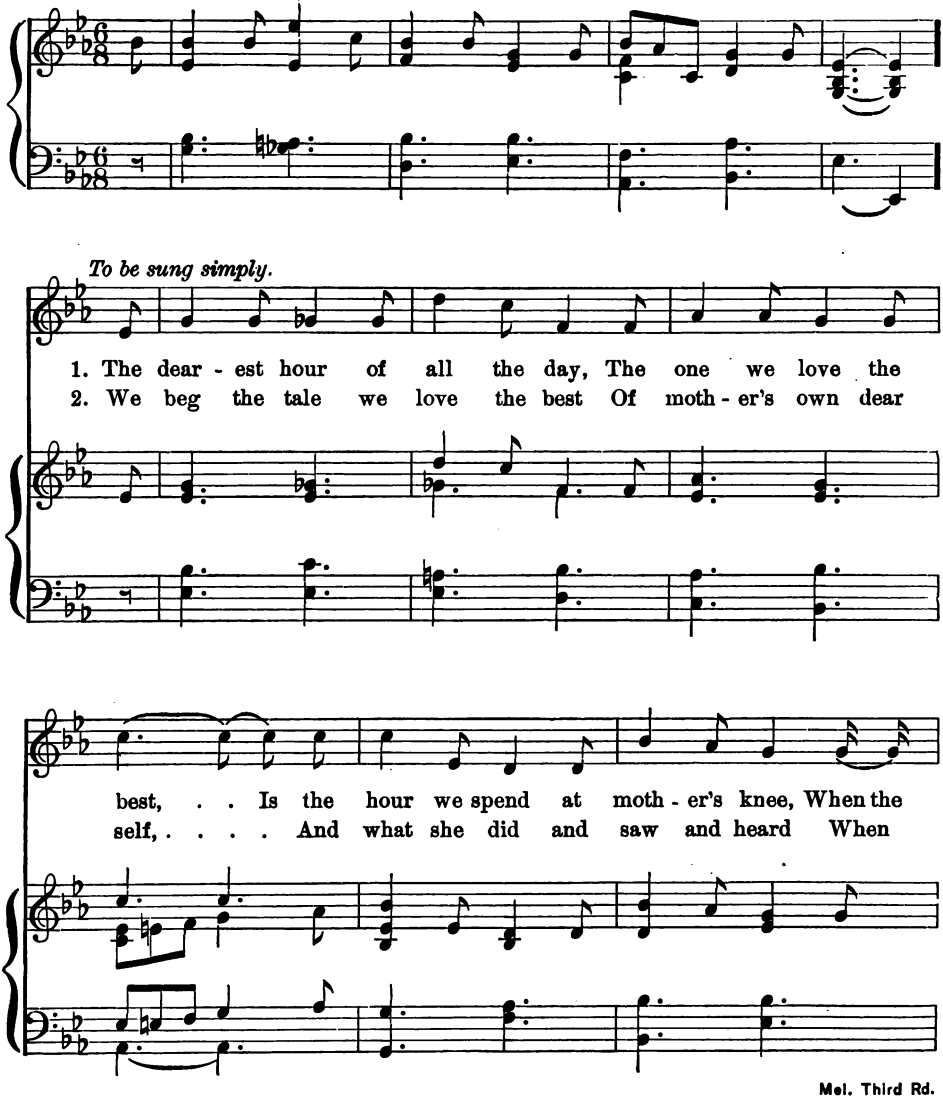
THE MOTHER'S HOUR.

JESSIE L. GAYNOR.



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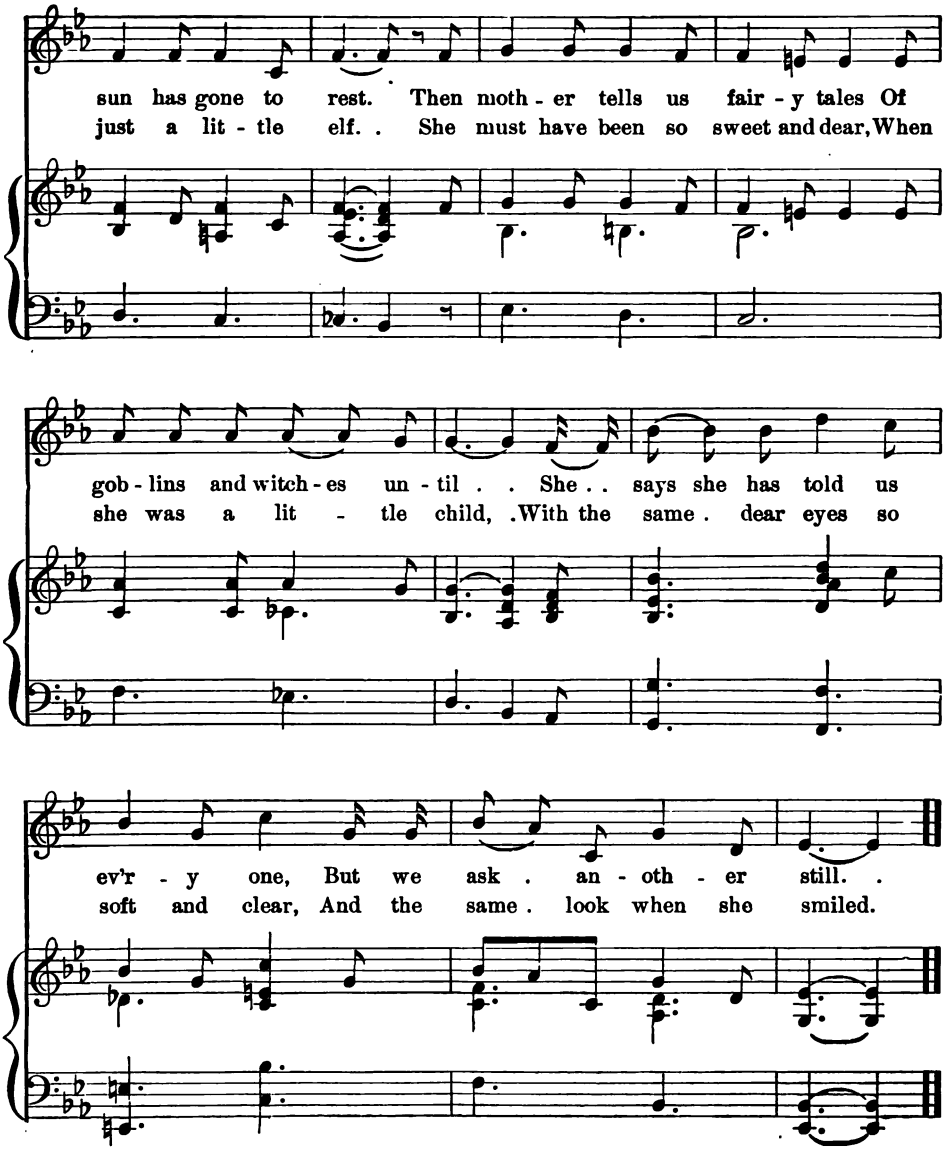
sun has gone to rest. Then moth - er tells us fair - y tales Of
just a lit - tle elf. . She must have been so sweet and dear, When
gob - lins and witch - es un - til . . She . . says she has told us
she was a lit - tle child, .With the same . dear eyes so
ev'r - y one, But we ask . an - oth - er still. .
soft and clear, And the same . look when she smiled.
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THE SLEIGH RIDE.

Merrily.

Lo! the met - tled cours - ers dash - ing, Lo! the met - tled cours - ers

dash - ing, Lo! the met - tled cours-ers dash - ing, O'er the snow like dia-monds

flash-ing, Bear a - long the mer - ry sleigh, Bear a - long the mer-ry sleigh.

Sleigh bells ring -

Sleigh bells ring - ing, hors - es pran - cing, Voi - ces

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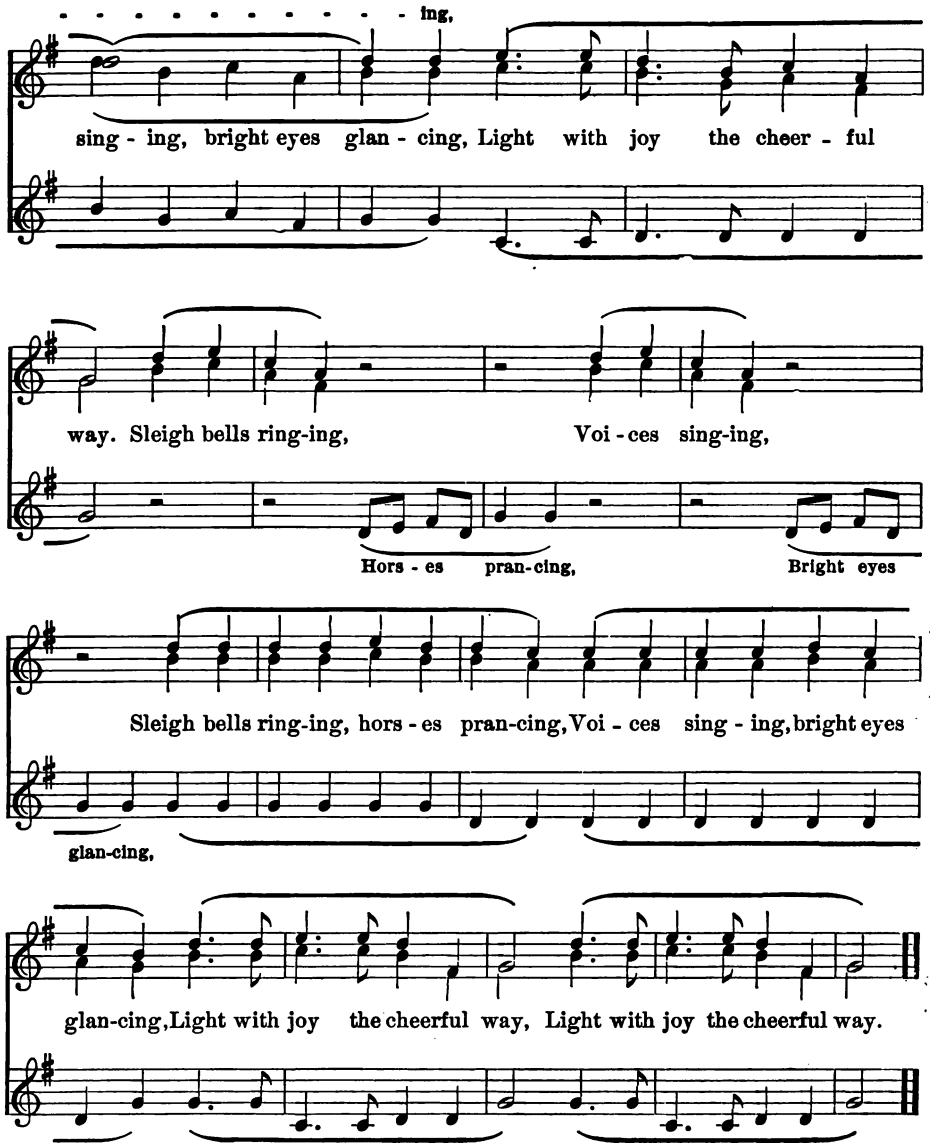
ing,
sing - ing, bright eyes glan - cing, Light with joy the cheer - ful
way. Sleigh bells ring-ing, Voi - ces sing-ing,
Hors - es pran-cing, Bright eyes
Sleigh bells ring-ing, hors - es pran-cing, Voi - ces sing - ing, bright eyes
glan-cing,
glan-cing, Light with joy the cheerful way, Light with joy the cheerful way.

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THE SWING.

R. L. STEVENSON. M. ESPOSITO.

Gayly.

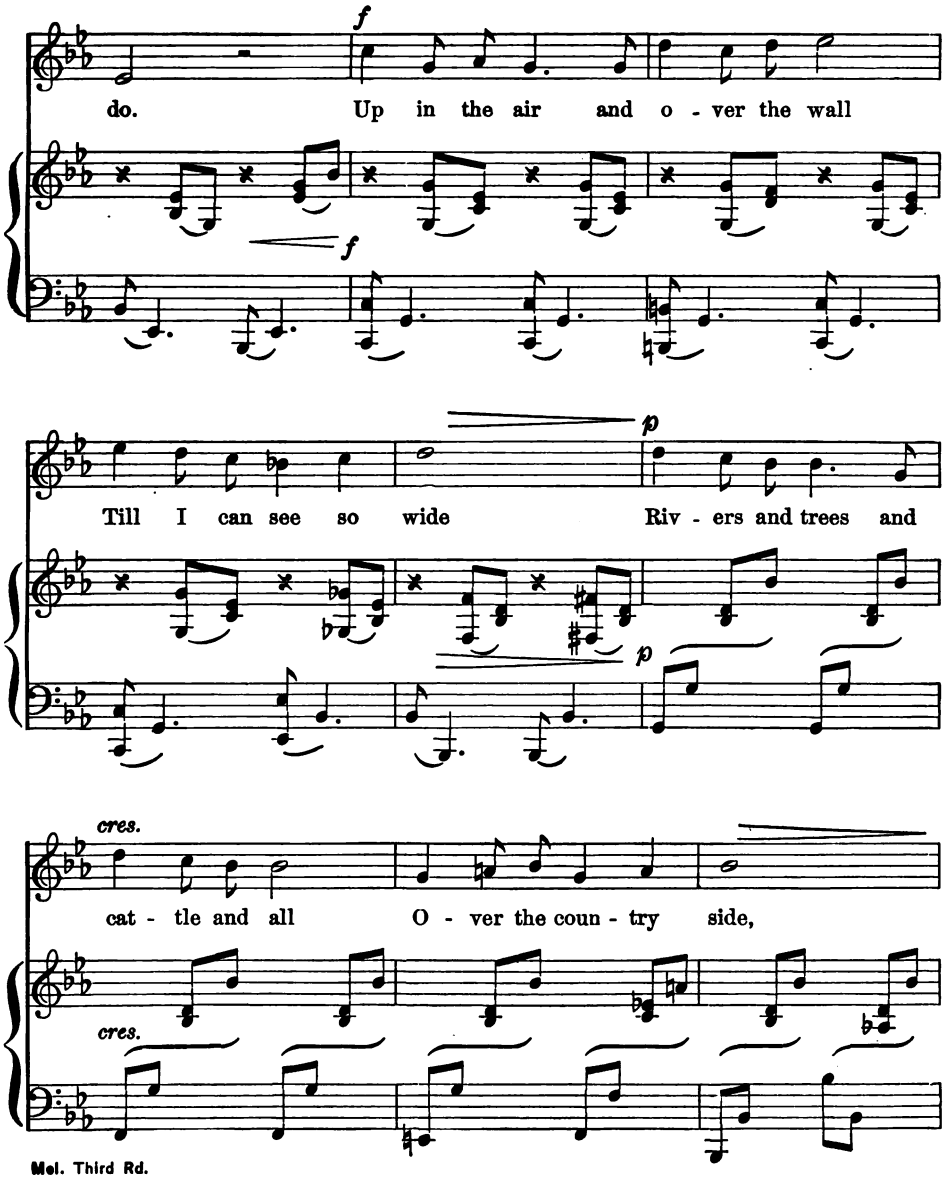
How do you like to go

p

up in a swing, Up in the air so blue? . . .

Oh! I do think it's the pleas-ant-est thing Ev - er a child can

p


f
do. Up in the air and o - ver the wall
f
p
Till I can see so wide Riv - ers and trees and
p
cres.
cat - tle and all O - ver the coun - try side,
cres.

Till I look down on the gar - den green, Down on the roof so

p

cres.

brown. . . Up in the air I go fly - ing a - gain,

cres.

Up in the air and down. . . . . .

f

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GOD GUARD COLUMBIA.

Rev. HENRY C. McCOOK, D.D. GEORGE B. NEVIN.

1. Al - might - y Lord of All, The na - tions rise and fall At
2. From Thee the sa - cred fires Here kin - dled by our sires, Their
3. We bless Thee for the hand That led the he - ro band Who
4. What time the clouds of woe Hung o'er us dark and low, Thou,

Thy com - mand. Our fa - ther's Staff and Stay, Keep Thou their
fer - vor draw,— Faith and Fra - ter - ni - ty, Vir - tue and
made us free; For ev'r - y val - iant son Whose life our
Lord, wast near. Still be our Staff and Stay; Hear Thou Thy

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c il-dren's way! od guard Co - lum - bi - a, Our Fa - ther - land!
In - dus - try, Love of the Truth and Thee, Free-dom and Law!
free - dom won, O God of Wash - ing-ton, We hon - or Thee!
peo - ple pray: God guard Co - lum - bi - a, Our Coun - try dear!

MORNING SONG.

Sicilian Hymn.

1. While the morn-ing bells are ring-ing, We to Thee our souls would raise,
2. When the night was fold - ed o'er us, Heav - y dark-ness shut us in;
3. Thanks to Thee, O heav'n-ly Fa - ther, For Thine all - pro - tect-ing arm;

Thank-ing Thee for Thy pro - tec-tion, Lift-ing to Thee notes of praise.
But we slept in peace-ful qui - et, Thou our night-ly guard hast been.
Thro' the day, we pray Thee, keep us Free from e - vil, safe from harm.

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AMERICA.

Rev. S. F. Smith. Henry Carey.

1. My coun - try, 'tis of thee, Sweet land of lib - er - ty,
2. My na - tive coun - try thee, Land of the no - ble free,
3. Let mu - sic swell the breeze, And ring from all the trees,
4. Our fa - thers' God, to Thee, Au - thor of lib - er - ty,

Of thee I sing; Land where my fa - thers died, Land of the
Thy name I love; I love thy rocks and rills, Thy woods and
Sweet free - dom's song; Let mor - tal tongues a - wake; Let all that
To Thee we sing: Long may our land be bright With free-dom's

pil - grims' pride, From ev'r - y moun - tain side Let free-dom ring!
tem - pled hills; My heart with rap - ture thrills Like that a - bove.
breathe par-take; Let rocks their si - lence break, The sound pro - long.
ho - ly light; Pro - tect us by thy might, Great God, our King!

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